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King ARTHUR.

An Heroick

P O E M.

In Twelve BOOKS.

B Y

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A N D

One of His Majesty's Physicians in Ordinary.

To which is Annexed,

An INDEX, Explaining the Names of
Countrys, Citys, and Rivers, &c.

L O N D O N:

Printed for *Awnsham* and *John Churchill* at the *Black Swan* in
Pater-Noster-Row, and *Jacob Tonson* at the *Judges Head* near
the *Inner-Temple-gate* in *Fleet-street*, MDCXCVII.

T H E
P R E F A C E .

WHen I had written *Prince Arthur*, a Poem that came abroad two years ago, I was so diffident of the Performance, that I continu'd unresolv'd for many Weeks, whether I should let it appear, or wholly suppress it, till the Judgment of others, for which I had a great Deference, determin'd me to make it Publick. The Favour and Approbation it met with, was much greater, and far more Universal, even among great Names, and establish'd, uncontested Judges, than I had ever the Vanity to expect. Nor was I in the least surpris'd or troubled, that it met with some Opposers. For I must have been extremely ignorant of the nature of Humane Passions, if I had not certainly foreseen, that not only the Design of the Poem, but likewise the Provoking Preface to it, must needs have engag'd a Considerable Party, among whom were several Men of Wit and Parts, to use their utmost Endeavours to sink its Reputation; if indeed it should deserve any.

Besides, when I consider'd that I was so great a stranger to the Muses, and by no means free of the Poets Company, having never Kiss'd
A
their

their Governour's hands, nor made the least Court to the Committee that sits in Convent Garden; and that therefore mine was not so much as a Permission Poem, but a pure, downright Interloper, it was but natural to conclude, that those Gentlemen, who by Assisting, Crying up, Excusing and Complementing one another, carry on their Poetical Trade in a Joynt-stock, would certainly do what they could to sink and ruin an unlicens'd Adventurer; notwithstanding I disturb'd none of their Factories, nor import'd any Goods they had ever dealt in. I knew that I ran a very great Risk, while I was so hardy to venture abroad Naked and Unguarded, when none of the Company went out without a notable Convoy of Criticks and Applauders, who were constantly in their Service; Men tho' singly of no great Force, yet when united, considerable for their Numbers. Accordingly when the Poem came forth they attack'd it, tho' perhaps not with all the Discretion, yet with all the Fury Imaginable; But all their Strokes were lost, and all their Efforts made in vain. Impartial Readers, with great Generosity, protected the strange Mule from their rude Insults; and rescu'd her from their Noise and Violence. For their Character and Temper, as well as the Grounds and Reasons of their Outcries and Opposition were so well known, that they could by no means pass for imbiass'd and Disinterested Judges; and therefore all their Attempts either prov'd Unsuccessful, or produc'd a quite contrary Effect; and instead of lessening the Credit of the Poem,

in many Instances they very much advanc'd it.

These Gentlemen pretend to be displeas'd with Prince Arthur, because they have discover'd so many Faults in it: But there is good reason to believe they would have been more displeas'd, if they had discover'd fewer. But they say, they have very nicely and carefully compar'd this Poem with Virgil's, and they find that famous Roman has abundantly the advantage of Prince Arthur. This they are Confident of, and are ready to maintain against all Mankind what I must confess, I never in the least doubted of. But in the meantime, the making of that Comparison, and the very starting of the Debate, is a greater Honour done to the Poem than could have been expected from the enemies of it. But they seem to have given it yet a greater Reputation, inasmuch as they have not adventur'd to say or maintain, that either Homer himself the Prince and Father of the Epick Poets, or any of his Successors, Virgil excepted, has shewn a more regular Conduct, or a more perfect Model, how much greater Genius soever do's appear in their Writings.

After all it must be acknowledg'd, that setting aside abundance of Frivolous, Frolicksom, and Groundless Objections which the Enemies of Prince Arthur have made, that several considerable Defects are to be found in that Poem. I was conscious to my self, that the Second and Third Books were too long before I publish'd them, tho' they were not made before the First, as some have imagin'd, but hoping that they would not prove tedious to any impartial Readers, and that

it might be an useful Entertainment to many, I was contented to let that Indecorum pass. And several Friends to Prince Arthur did very early convince me, that in several Instances the Descriptions, Digressions, and Similes, were lyable to the same Objection. I was likewise soon after the Publishing satisfy'd, that I had not well consider'd the Recital made by Lucius in the Fourth Book; and particularly that it began too high; as likewise of many other Faults and Indecencies of less Importance.

'Tis certain, that none could expect from me an Epick Poem in all degrees of Perfection, there is no faultless Writer of that Kind, has ever appear'd in the World, not Virgil himself excepted, tho' his Poem was a labour'd Piece; the Work of great part of his Life; and after revis'd by two Eminent Criticks Tucca and Varius. And as for the great Homer, if any Gentleman is pleas'd to read Rapin's Comparison of him with Virgil, he will be soon convinc'd that the Poems of this Wonderful Man have many considerable Defects. But the Criticks, and particularly the famous Longinus have an Apology that will easily get him off: They say of Writers of the first Rank, such as Homer and Demosthenes, that one or two of their extraordinary and admirable Thoughts will Atone for all their Faults, and that a great Man is incapable of attending with anxious Care to matters of little Importance.

And if a slow, pragmatical Critick would spend a Years time in searching after Objections

to either of these Authours, he might perhaps find a great deal to say; but nothing that would lessen their Reputation.

The faults in Prince Arthur proceeded partly from defect of Judgment and Genius equal to, and sufficient for so great and difficult an Undertaking; partly from want of Leisure and Retirement, to consider coolly ever part of that Writing, and partly from the hasty Dispatch of it; it having been Begun, Carry'd on and Completed, as in the Preface was Suggested, in less than two years time, and by such catches and starts, and in such occasional, uncertain hours, as the Business of my Profession would afford me. And therefore for the greatest part that Poem was written in Coffee-houses, and in passing up and down the Streets; because I had little leisure elsewhere to apply to it.

Another reason of the Defects that appear in that writing is this, That when I undertook it I had been long a stranger to the Muses. I had read but little Poetry throughout my whole Life, and in fifteen years before, I had not, as I can remember, wrote a hundred Lines in Verse, excepting a Copy of Latine Verses in honour of a Friend's Book.

As this Apology will perhaps take off the severity of the Reader's Censure as to Prince Arthur, so I hope it may likewise have the same Effect, as to the following Poem; for all the same things, except the last, can be said to excuse the Defects that shall appear in this. And if it shall be demanded why it was so hastily publish'd, all

that I shall say is this, that the Judicious Reader will soon find in the Poem it self, the true Reason why I could keep it no longer by me ; which if I could have done, it would, perhaps, have appear'd with more Advantages.

The Reasons which induc'd me to make the former, did likewise engage me in this second Attempt in Epick Poetry ; and among the rest, particularly this, that the young Gentlemen and Ladys who are delighted with Poetry might have a useful, at least a harmless Entertainment, which in our Modern Plays and Poems cannot ordinarily be found. The Candor of the Age has made my Design in a great measure successful, whereby I am abundantly convinc'd that those Poets are under a great mistake, that think there is no other, but that lewd and abominable way of writing which was encourag'd in the late Reigns, that will please the Nation. This is a meer Pretence of ill Poets, whose Imaginations are fill'd only with base and contemptible Ideas ; Men of a poor and narrow Genius, scarce above the level of Writers of Farce, who would not have Images enough left in their Minds to furnish out a Poem, if the prophane and obscene ones were struck out. And tho' these mischievous ways of Writing are still endur'd, to the great prejudice of Religion and good Manners, yet if ever the English Nation recovers it's ancient Vertue, and a just Taste of these Matters, I do not doubt but most of those Writers who have been esteem'd and applauded in the late loose and vicious Times, will be rejected with

with Indignation and Contempt, as the Dishonour of the Muses, and the Underminers of the Publick Good. But I am carry'd on to a Subject of which I have spoken enough heretofore.

Since the writing of this, I have seen a Tragedy call'd the Mourning Bride; which I think my self oblig'd to take notice of in this place. This Poem has receiv'd, and in my Opinion very justly, Universal Applause ; being look'd on as the most perfect Tragedy that has been wrote in this Age. The Fable, as far as I can judge at first sight, is a very Artful and Masterly Contrivance. The Characters are well chosen, and well delineated. That of Zara is admirable. The Passions are well touch'd, and skillfully wrought up. The Diction is Proper, Clear, Beautiful, Noble, and diversify'd agreeably to the variety of the Subject. Vice, as it ought to be, is punish'd, and Opprest Innocence at last Rewarded. Nature appears very happily imitated, excepting one or two doubtful Instances, thro' the whole Piece, in all which there are no immodest Images or Expressions, no wild, unnatural Rants, but some few Exceptions being allow'd, all things are Chast, Just, and Decent. This Tragedy, as I said before, has mightily obtain'd ; and that without the unnatural and foolish mixture of Farce and Buffoonry, without so much as a Song, or Dance to make it more agreeable. By this it appears, that as a sufficient Genius can recommend it self, and furnish out abundant matter of Pleasure and Admiration without the pauntry helps

helps above nam'd, so likewise that the Taste of the Nation is not so far deprav'd, but that a Regular and Chast Play will not only be forgiven, but highly Applauded. And now there is some reason to hope that our Poets will follow this excellent Example, and that hereafter no slovenly Writer will be so hardy as to offer to our Publick Audiences his obscene and prophane Pollutions, to the great Offence of all Persons of Vertue and good Sense. The common pretence that the Audience will not be otherwise pleas'd, is now wholly remov'd; for here is a notorious Instance to the contrary. And it must be look'd on hereafter as the Poet's fault, and not the People's, if we have not better Performances. All men must now conclude that 'tis for want of Wit and Judgment to support them, that our Poets for the Stage apply themselves to such low and unworthy ways to recommend their Writings; and therefore I cannot but conceive Great Hopes that every good Genius for the future will look on it self debas'd by condescending to Write in that leud Manner, that has been of late years introduc'd, and too long Encourag'd. And if this comes to pass the Writers in the late Reigns will be asham'd of their own Works, and wish they had their Plays in again, as well as their fulsome Dedications.

Some Persons have demanded the Reason, seeing I had a Fancy to be an Author, why I had not written on some useful Subject in Physic or Philosophy: this they imagin'd would have become me better than the engaging my Thoughts

on a Subject so far distant from the Business of my Profession. I desire these Gentlemen to receive this answer; First, That the writing of this, as well as the former Poem was not Business, but Diversion and Recreation; an Innocent Amusement to entertain me in such leisure hours which were usually past away before in Conversation, and unprofitable hearing and telling of News. But if I had set my self to writing on matters of Physic or Philosophy, this would not have been a Recreation, but another Business and Labour, for which I was unfit, and that requir'd the Liberty of my Books and Closet, and some sort of Retirement, which the Continual Dutys of my Profession would not allow me. But I have also another Reason to give to the Persons who ask the Question above mention'd; and that is, that I am so far saln out with all Hypotheses in Philosophy, and all Doctrines of Physic which are built upon them, that in such matters I am almost reduc'd to a Sceptical Despair. The Almighty's Creation is like his Providence, unsearchable; his Works, and his Ways are equally past finding out; the raising of an Hypothesis in Philosophy obtains little more Credit with me, than the erecting a Scheme in Astrology; and the Judgments and Decisions that are given upon them seem to me alike Precarious and uncertain. I was once enamour'd with the Cartesian System, but the warmth of my Passion is quite extinguish'd. It may indeed make a Man capable of entertaining and amusing others, but not of quieting and satisfying himself. All Knowledge

is valuable according to it's degree of Usefulness, as it do's more or less promote the benefit of Mankind, and for this Reason 'tis a great mortification to consider how little the Pains and Time I have bestow'd in Philosophical Enquirys, have contributed to my knowledge in Curing Diseases. I am now inclin'd to think, that 'tis an Injury to a Man of good sense and natural Sagacity, to be hamper'd with any Hypothesis before he comes to the Practice of Physic. For this prepossession obstructs the Freedom of his Judgement, puts a strong Byass on his Thoughts, and obliges him to make all the Observations that occur to him in his Practice, to comply with, and humour his pre-conceived Opinions; whereas in Reason, his Observations on Nature should be first made, before any Hypotheses should be establish'd. A clear and penetrating Understanding, Cultivated and Matur'd by repeated, Diligent Observation, will in my Opinion, make a more able and accomplish'd Physitian, than any Philosophical Scheme that has yet obtain'd in the World. And what useful Knowledge, I have gain'd this way in my Profession, may perhaps sometime be made Publick.

I look on my self to have greater obligations to the Studies of Logic and Metaphysicks; where-in I was carefully instructed in the University, which improve and advance our reasoning Faculty, teach us to think clearly and distinctly, to speak pertinently, closely, and justly; and thereby fit a Man for any kind of Business or Profession, than to all the Searches which I have made after the Reasons and Causes of Natural Phenomena.

I am very sensible, that these Studies are in great Contempt with many Ingenious Men; the subject of much Raillery, and the great Abomination of the Wits. But I am likewise very sensible, that these merry Men very rarely become eminently useful in any sort of Profession; for the most part they continue Triflers all their Days; and a meer Jester, when he comes abroad into the World, makes a very mean Figure among Men of Business. 'Tis remarkable that those Idle, and almost illiterate Young Men, that are call'd Wits in our Universities, are very inconsiderable Things elsewhere; for Mankind will never be perswaded to have those Men, who can only make them laugh, in equal Esteem with those that can do them Good.

Thus much in answer to those who have demanded, Why a Physician instead of communicating his Knowledge and Experience in his Profession, busys himself in Writing Heroic Poems.

As to the following Performance, tho' the Hero be the same, yet 'tis another entire Poem, distinct from the former: For 'tis the Diversity of the Action, and not of the Hero, that diversifies the Poem. And that the Reader may better observe whence the Action of this takes its Rise, I will tell in short King Arthur's Story, as 'tis related by Geofry of Monmouth. That there was about the end of the Fourth, or the beginning of the Fifth Century, a King of Britain nam'd Arthur; a Prince of extraordinary Qualities, and Famous for his Martial Achievements,

chievements, who succeeded his Father Uter Pendragon, all our Historians agree; and the eminently learned Bishop of Worcester in his *Origines Britannicæ*, do's acknowledge it. And tho' the above-cited Geofry of Monmouth is indeed a Fabulous Author, yet his Authority, especially considering that there was such a War-like Prince as Arthur, is a sufficient Foundation for an Epick Poem. This Author says, that after King Arthur had Conquer'd the Saxons, who being call'd in by Vortigern to protect him against the Incursions and Depredations of the Scots and Picts, took the advantage, and settled themselves in this Island; he prepar'd a Royal Navy, Embark'd his Troops, and directed his Course to the Coasts of Norway; then called, according to Cluverius, Nerigon, or the Western Part of Scandinavia. This Kingdom being subdued, he carried his Arms into the Country now call'd Denmark, then inhabited by the Cimbri: And by the Writers of the Age in which Geofry of Monmouth liv'd, call'd commonly, but erroneously, Dacia. This Kingdom he likewise quickly overrun: For it seems nothing could stand before him. This done, he return'd home in Triumph, and having for a while, entertain'd at his Court with great Splendor and Magnificence, multitudes of Foreign Princes, and Knights famous for Chivalry, who came to signalize their Valour at the Jufts and Tournaments which King Arthur had proclaim'd; He Embark'd his Army to Invade Gallia, sate down before Lutetia, once the

the Capital City of the Parisij, and in Arthur's days of the Frangi, and soon made himself Master of the Place. This Expedition, and the Conquest of Lutetia, is the Subject of the following Poem.

The Model of it is New, and therefore now I hope I shall not be Censur'd for an Imitator, tho' I must confess, I cannot believe my Imitation of Virgil in the former Poem to be the least dishonour. Would the famous Sir Godfry Knelser think it a Reproach if any should say, that his Pencil too nearly follow'd that of Raphael Urbino? Or can it be imagin'd, that Sir Christopher Wren would be offended, if it should be objected to him, that in his building of St. Paul's Church he too much imitated Michael Angelo.

And as I had not my Eye upon any other Model, so I am not conscious to my Self of having us'd any Author's Thoughts or Expressions, excepting two or three Images taken from Homer, and a few allusions to some Inventions of Milton, whom I look on as a very Extraordinary Genius. If there be any other Thoughts that are not my own, they are taken from the Sacred Writers of the Bible, which I hope I shall not be condemn'd for. I have in the Sixth Book adventur'd on an Allegory, finding Homer has done the like in his Story of Circe. His Example, I imagin, as well as the Nature and Design of Epick Poetry will justify that Attempt, especially since I have not dwelt long upon it.

Whether the Fable of this Poem be a regular Contrivance, whether there be but One, Unbroken

broken, Compleat Action, *whether the Choice, the Conduct, Connexion, and Extension of the Episodes, and whether the Diction and Narration be such as the Rules of Epick Poetry require, must be left to the Decision of the Judicious Reader.* It would be a wild Imagination to think of pleasing all the Criticks who are no better agreed among themselves. Till the Rules of Writing are Settled by some Infallible Judge of Controversys among Poets, there will be different Opinions and disagreeing Sects in Parnassus, who will always treat and persecute one another as Obstinate Hereticks. The Essential and Fundamental Articles, for want of which a Poet is justly condemn'd, are very few. There are Abundance of probable Doctrines which the Schoolmen of Parnassus and the Poets in Speculation may hold affirmatively or negatively, as they please, and yet be look'd on as very good Sons of the Muses. If there appears enough in this Poem to Entertain those candid Readers who were not pleas'd with the Former, I shall be abundantly satisfy'd, and easily pass by the Censures of those who are declared Enemys before hand. The Ingenious part of Mankind will not fall unmercifully on a Writer of Epick Poetry, wherein only two Men, I mean Homer and Virgil have succeeded. Whatever Genius others have discover'd, none have left any Thing that came near to a perfect Model, but these two great Masters: and I do not think it amiss in this place to make a Comparison between them, with which I shall end this Preface.

Homer

Homer excels in Genius, Virgil in Judgment. Homer as conscious of his great Riches and Fullness entertains the Reader with great Splendor and Magnificent Profusion. Virgil's Dishes are well chosen, and tho' not Rich and Numerous, yet serv'd up in great Order and Decency. Homer's Imagination is Strong, Vast and Boundless, an unexhausted Treasure of all kinds of Images; which made his Admirers and Commentators in all Ages affirm, that all sorts of Learning were to be found in his Poems. Virgil's Imagination is not so Capacious, tho' his Ideas are Clear, Noble, and of great Conformity to their Objects. Homer has more of the Poetical Inspiration. His Fire burns with extraordinary Heat and Vehemence, and often breaks out in Flashes, which Surprise, Dazzle and Astonish the Reader: Virgil's is a clearer and a chaster Flame, which pleases and delights, but never blazes in that extraordinary and surprising manner. Methinks there is the same Difference between these two great Poets, as there is between their Heros. Homer's Hero, Achilles, is Vehement, Raging and Impetuous. He is always on Fire, and transported with an immoderate and resistless Fury, performs every where Miraculous Achievements, and like a rapid Torrent overturns all things in his way. Æneas, the Hero of the Latine Poet, is a calm, Sedate Warriour. He does not want Courage, neither has he any to spare: and the Poet might have allowed him a little more Fire, without overheating him. As for Invention, 'tis evident the

Greek

Greek Poet *has mightily the advantage.* Nothing is more Rich and Fertile than Homer's Fancy. He is Full, Abundant, and Dissuave above all others. Virgil on the other hand is rather dry, than fruitful. 'Tis plain the Latin Poet in all his famous *Æneis*, has very little, if any Design of his own. The Recital of the Destruction of Troy, and the Story of the Wooden Horse, Macrobius says, is almost word for word taken from Pisander. The Navigation of *Æneas*, and his Dangers and Adventures by Sea, are drawn from the example of Homer's Ulysses. His Descent into Hell, which makes the Noble Sixth Book, is likewise in Imitation of the Hero before-nam'd. The Shield of *Æneas* is form'd by that of Achilles. The Battels in the *Æneis* very much resemble those in the *Ilias*. A great many of the Pictures are taken from thence, and abundance of the Warriours are the same with those who fought before the Walls of Troy.

And tho' 'tis true the Story of *Æneas* and Dido is not to be trac'd in Homer's Works, yet Macrobius tells us in his *Saturnalia*, that this likewise is borrow'd from what is said of Jason and Medea in the Fourth Book of Apollonius his *Argonautica*. Those who are willing to see how much Virgil is indebted to Homer, and the rest of the Greek Poets, and also to the Latins themselves, as Ennius, Lucretius, Varius, &c. from whom he has taken his Designs, or his particular Images; or whose very Lines he has Translated almost word for word,

of

of which an Incredible number of Instances may be given, may consult the before nam'd Macrobius in his *Saturnalia*, Fulvius Ursinus his *Comparatio Virgilij cum Scriptoribus Græcis* & Guellius, his Comments on this great Poet. They will then see plainly, that Virgil's Materials were all borrow'd, tho' the Noble Structure be his own. The Excellency of this Extraordinary Man lay in his Judicious Contrivance, Regular Conduct, the Skilful Accomodation of other Mens Conceptions to his own Purpose, and in the Propriety, Decency, Beauty and Majesty of his Expression, which in the finish'd Parts of his Poem are Admirable and Inimitable. If therefore the Question be, who had the greater Genius, Homer or Virgil, there is no doubt but Homer must be Prefer'd? But if it be whether Virgil's be a more Regular, Artful and Judicious Poem than either of Homers, then Virgil must be acknowledg'd to have the advantage?

ERRATA.

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KING ARTHUR.

BOOK I.

Celestial Muse, Instruct me how to sing
 The generous Pity of the British King,
 Who mov'd by *Gallia's* crys, and Heav'n's Command,
 Sustain'd excessive toyl by Sea and Land,
 The *Gallic* Christians Freedom to restore,
 And save *Neustrofia's* Realm from *Clotar's* power.

The Valiant Briton from the *Cimbrian* Coast
 Was newly landed with his Conq'ring Host,
 Leading his Spoils and Captive Lords along
Augusta's Streets, amidst th' applauding throng,
 Who sung his Triumphs and proclaim'd aloud
 His mighty Deeds on *Byder's* wond'ring Flood:
 When num'rous Envoys drawn by *Arthur's* fame,
 From distant Kingdoms to *Augusta* came.
 Faces so strange, and Habits so unknown,
 Had ne'er before pass'd thro' th' admiring Town.
 They made their publick Entrys at her Gate
 With great Magnificence and Princely State.
 They strove in Pomp each other to out-do,
 And who should most their Master's Greatness shew.
 Thick at the Court did Forreign Lords appear,
 Some by Affection brought, but more by Fear.

Some Leagues of lasting Friendship offer'd, some
 Did for Protection from Oppressors come :
 But all, O *Albion*, did applaud thy fate
 Bleft with so just a Prince to guide thy State.

The Night her Sable Banner did display,
 And from the Air to chase the Light away
 Drew out her must'ring Shades in black Array :
 When *Britain's* King dissolv'd in balmy rest
 Dismiss'd the Cares of Empire from his Breast.
 But Heav'n mean time, which such a Noble Mind
 For Dangers, and for glorious toyl design'd,
 Did by a Dream sent in the silent Night,
 To fresh Heroic Deeds the King excite :
 Its Springs divinely touch'd, his lab'ring Brain
 Did this Celestial Vision entertain.

The pious King seem'd in his Dream to stand
 On *Albion's* Shore, and to the adverse Strand
 Looking across the interposing Tyde
 Which do's the *Briton* from the *Frank* divide,
 He saw upon the Beach Sev'n Men appear
 Of Noble Form, and more than Vulgar Air.
 Advancing to the Margin of the Flood,
 And lifting up their hands they cry'd aloud,
 Oh, come and help us, come victorious King;
 And quick Assistance to th' afflicted bring.
 The strong Impression Sleep's soft Fetters broke,
 And from his Dream the *British* King awoke :
 Who in his thoughts revolv'd what Heav'n should mean
 By this surprizing Visionary Scene.

When

When the fair Morn had shot her early ray,
 And spread her Purple Loom with dawning Day :
 Four Noble *Gallic* Lords who had surviv'd
 King *Clotar's* Rage, at *Arthur's* Court arriv'd;
 To move the *Briton's* Pity, and to crave
 His mighty Aid their linking State to save.
 Then on his Throne his Scepter in his hand
 Great *Arthur* sat, but first he gave command
 That these to have the Audience which they sought,
 Before his high Tribunal should be brought.

Soon as the *Franks* came onward to relate
 King *Clotar's* Rage, and *Gallia's* wretched fate,
Arthur perceiv'd by Face, and Drefs, and Mein
 That he the Men had in his Vision seen.

The *Gallic* Peers advanc'd, and at their head
 Great *Clovix* came in Arms and Suffrings bred.
 So soft his Air, so graceful was his Port,
 As he had practis'd nothing but the Court :
 And yet so brave in Arms, and so much skill'd,
 As he had ne'er been absent from the Field.
 He spok to all the high Concerns of State,
 As in the Council he had ever sat,
 And when amidst the Men that wore the Gown;
 The Schools admir'd, and thought him all their own.
 But his Religious Zeal and Pure Belief
 Crown'd with Immortal Praise the Pious Chief.
 The Noblest *British* mixt with *Gallic* Blood
 To make th' uncommon Man together flow'd :

B 2

For

For by the Father's he was near ally'd
 To *Gallia's* King, and by the Mothers fide
 He from the *Catuclanian* Princes came
 A house in *Albion* of Illustrious Fame.
 He with a Mournful and Pathetic Air
 To *Britain's* King address'd this humble prayer.

When Heav'n with deep Compassion mov'd to see
 Mankind Destroy'd by raging Tyranny,
 Is pleas'd to raise some mighty Chief, to ease
 Kingdoms laid wast, and Captives to release ;
 To pull proud Monarchs and Oppressors down
 And Right, and Liberty to re-enthroned,
 When such a Gift Divine from Heav'n is sent,
 The Poor, th' Opprest, th' Afflicted Innocent
 Think they have Right to tell to him their Grief;
 And from his generous Arms to crave Relief :
 Heros are Blessings on the World bestow'd,
 They reap the Honour, but Mankind the Good.

Torn by a fierce Destroyer's bloody Jaws,
 And grip'd between Oppressions Iron Claws,
 Tormented with unsufferable Pains,
 Bow'd down with Grief, and laden with our Chains,
 Low at your feet, we for your Pity cry,
 To whom th' Afflicted for Protection fly.
 We ask Redress from your Victorious Sword,
 To ease sad *Gallia's* Realm your Aid afford.
 Th' Oppressor *Clotar* with a cruel hand,
 Spreads fearful Desolation thro' our Land,

He

He mocks his Gods, their Laws he disregards,
 And scorns alike their Vengeance and Rewards.
 Our Noblest Virgins from their Parents torn
 Are to his Bed with Barb'rous Outrage born.
 In every Town unheard of Rapes assuage
 His Lust, as endless Murders do his Rage.
 His dreadful Court, like a *Cyclopien* Den,
 Is fill'd with Rapine, and half-eaten Men ;
 Where lies of mangled Limbs an endless store,
 And wide mouth'd Caldrons flow with Humane Gore.
 For he his Subjects on his Table sets,
 And their raw Limbs (a horrid Banquet) eats :
 With Savage Riot on th' unnatural food
 He pours down mighty Bowls of reeking Blood.
 Pleas'd with the monstrous Luxury he draws
 Into a hideous Smile his squallid Jaws.
 Vast Magazines appear within his Court
 Where Torments are dispos'd of various sort ;
 Where Cruelty with bloody Trophys crown'd
 Views all her Deaths and Tortures spread around :
 Wheels, Crosses, Racks by able Masters wrought
 Who had with Hellish Skill and anxious thought,
 Refin'd Destruction to Perfection brought.
 And here their Curst Inventions all remain
 Which Death improve, and manage ling'ring Pain.
 Th' Oppressor teaches Fate a slower pace,
 And rarely gives the Deadly stroke of Grace.
 He thinks to those he does Compassion show,
 Who die but once, and at a single blow.

His

His Guards the bloody Servants of his will
 With Spoil and Ruin all our Cities fill.
 These Ministers of Hell with Sword in hand
 Infult our Doors, and all our Wealth demand.
 The Farmer sweats and tills in vain the Soil,
 These reap the Harvest and enjoy his Toil.
 Merchants who Foreign Treasures bring are lost
 Upon their own unhospitable Coast.
 Those who escape loud Tempests, Rocks, and Waves
 The inexorable *Clotar* never saves.
 Our Sons and Daughters to the Mountains fly,
 Where Grass and Roots their want of Bread supply.
 The Men in Heaps are spread upon the Ground,
 And half chewn Herbs within their Mouths are found.
 Our Towns are Empty, and the tender Grass
 Springs in the unfrequented Market-place.
 If to our Cruel Masters we complain,
 They mock our Sufferings, and increase our Pain.
 Licentious Troops not sparing Sex or Age,
 Leave all the marks of their unbridled Rage.
 Bloody Assassins force our Doors by Night,
 And stab the Children in the Parents sight.
 Matrons and Maids together die, when first
 They've been dishonor'd by the Murderer's Lust.
 Some the Destroyer puts off from the Shore
 In Barks, without a Rudder Sail or Oar,
 To be convey'd, as Winds and Billows please,
 'Midst all th' amazing Terrors of the Seas.
 Some Gally Slaves with Endless labour sweat,
 And on the Ocean's back their strokes repeat,

While

While from their cruel Masters they receive
 More frequent wounds, than to the Seas they give.
 The Christians are in Christian Temples slain,
 And the Priest's blood do's his own Altar stain.
 Some doom'd in Mines to subterranean toyl,
 Enrich th' Oppressor with the wealthy spoil.
 To Prisons some are drag'd in ponderous chains,
 Where Ruffians Whips inflict tormenting pains.
 In Dungeons some 'midst loathsome Vermin lie,
 Some by the Rack, some by the Jav'lin die.
 Thy *Nero's* and thy *Maximins*, O *Rome*,
 And all the Spoilers which thy savage womb
 Fruitful of Monsters ever yet brought forth,
 Are all out-done by *Clotar's* single birth.
 His unexampled Cruelties surpass
 The Deeds of all thy Persecuting Race.
 Ages to come will their weak Rage forget,
 And only *Clotar's* Violence repeat.
 They seem'd contented only to destroy,
 And Death and Torment did their Fury cloy.
 But none of all th' Inexorable kind
 With *Clotar's* Genius Cruelty refin'd :
 No Master Tyrant had so vast a reach
 To find new Plagues, none so much Zeal to reach
 His Ministers strange Methods to destroy,
 None e'er before with such transporting joy
 O'er tortur'd Innocents insulting flood,
 None with such Pleasure bath'd himself in blood,
 Or in Tormenting e'er such Judgment shew'd.

What

What Monarch e'er before stood scoffing by,
 To see his Subjects in slow Torments dy,
 And told the Sufferers there was no pretence
 To blame such soft and gentle Violence :
 Such mild inlight'ning Pains, that might display
 O'er their Erroneous Minds Celestial Day,
 All who these barb'rous Cruelties survive,
 The bloody Ruffians to their Altar drive;
 Down their Reluctant throats they thrust the Meat,
 And force them of their Sacrifice to eat.
 Conversions are by Arm'd Invaders made,
 Who with resistless Arguments perfwade
 Who for Conviction shed the People's blood
 And ruin wretched Mortals for their Good.
 The mocking Hypocrite's unjust pretence
 Is, to reduce by Racks and Violence
 Perverted Judgments to a righter Sense.
 The Converts of the Sword Compliance show,
 And full of horror to their Idols bow;
 By this they hope the Conq'rou's Sword to stay,
 And to secure their Lives their Faith betray:
 But that infernal Malice may be cloy'd,
 That Soul and Body both may be destroy'd,
 The Cruel Infidel with Sword in hand
 O'er the new Convert do's triumphant stand :
 Then in his Bowels do's the Weapon sheath,
 Who loses both his Innocence and Breath,
 Rack'd with the torments of Despair and Death.
 Some fore distressed to Wilds and Desarts fly,
 In Caves and Rocks, in Woods and Mountains ly.

Whole

While, like the Jews abandon'd Nation, some
 Thro' Foreign Regions poor and naked roam.
 What Kingdom is not conscious of our Moans ?
 Who have not seen our Tears, or heard our Groans ?
 Do's the laborious Sun survey a Soil,
 In his Diurnal, or his Annual toil,
 Which to our Fugitives ne'er gave Relief,
 And never entertain'd our wandering Grief.

This is the *Gallic* Christians wretched fate,
 Which not the liveliest Accents can relate.
 And now the Moon twice dips her silver horns,
 And with fresh rays her changing face adorns;
 Since I, and these sad Friends together met,
 Resolving from *Lutetia* to retreat,
 And seek in Foreign Climes a milder feat.
 Then while our Country's fate we did lament,
 And flowing Tears gave to our sorrow vent;
 A glorious Form like some Inferior God,
 Newly descended from his blest abode
 Ent'ring the Room, Celestial Lustre spread
 From his Immortal Eyes, and radiant Head.
 A Heav'nly bloom adorn'd his youthful Face,
 And Starry Robes did his bright Limbs embrace :
 When first the Lovely Stranger did appear,
 We bow'd with Rev'rence, and we shook with fear.
 Then strait th' Illustrious Person silence broke,
 And thus my trembling Friends and me bespoke.

next

C

The

The God who rules as well the spacious Sky,
 As this low Ball, who from his Throne on high
 Encompass'd with impenetrable Day,
 Do's all his Worlds with one quick glance survey;
 Who loves the Proud and Haughty to debase,
 And sets the Meek and Humble in their place;
 Touch'd with Compassion hears your mournful Crys;
 Which mixt with dying groans to Heav'n arise.
 He now Decrees th' Oppressor *Clotar's* fall;
 Whose full grown Crimes for swift Destruction call:
 For tho' his Vengefull Thunder rises slow,
 'Tis to discharge a more tremendous blow.
 Indulgent Heav'n by *Arthur's* hand has broke
Britannia's Fetters, and Tyrannic Yoke.
 His Pious Arms shall ease *Lutetia's* Pains,
 Release her Sons, and break their pondrous Chains.
 This Great Deliv'rer shall *Europa* save,
 Which haughty Monarchs labour to enslave.
 Then shall Religion rear her starry head,
 And Light Divine o'er all the Nations spread.
 Quickly embark and steer for *Albion's* Shore
 To seek King *Arthur*, and his Aid implore.
 Your prayer shall move, that Pity in his breast;
 Which shall engage his Arms to give you rest.
 He said, and strait the glorious Youth withdrew,
 Display'd his shining Wings, and Upward flew.

Cheer'd with his words we with our utmost care
 Did all things for the Voyage soon prepare.

When

When thrice the Sun had his mild splendor shed,
 And o'er the East Ethereal purple spread:
 We all embark, and soon to *Albion's* Coast
 Born with a prosperous Gale the Ocean coast.
 Thus the Celestial Message we obey'd,
 Sent by Supream Command, to crave your Aid.

He ceas'd. King *Arthur* carefully suppress'd
 The generous Passion struggling in his breast.
 He look'd on this as on a Call Divine
 Which did this noble Enterprize enjoin,
 The *Gallic* Christians Freedom to restore,
 And give that Aid the Sufferers did implore.
 Then to the *Franks* the *Briton* thus reply'd,
 Your Prayer is neither granted, nor deny'd:
 What you have now propos'd I'll duly weigh,
 And then my Answer give without delay.
 The *Franks* withdrawn, the Hero order gave
 That *Neustria's* Lords should next Admission have:
 Soon as the Monarch did the *Neustrians* see,
 He strait discern'd these were the other three,
 Who in the Heav'nly Dream the Night before
 To give them Aid his Pity did implore.
 They to the Throne advanc'd when thus begun
 Wife *Oleron Giranda's* Noble Son.

Victorious Prince!
 We know what Miracles your Arms have shown
 In *Neustria's* Soil, what greater in your own.

C 2

From

From East to West loud fame extends her Wings,
 And thro' th' applauding World your triumph sings.
 Your mighty Deeds by wondring Moors are nam'd,
 From Zone to Zone, from Pole to Pole proclaim'd.
 Commiseration fills your Pious Breast
 To wretched States by heavy Yokes oppress'd.
 Mov'd by the groans of dying Liberty,
 You arm'd to set afflicted *Europe* free.
 You are by Heav'n a great Deliverer sent,
 The World's entire Destruction to prevent.
 Empires from Desolation to secure,
 From savage Rage, and wild unbounded Power.
 From all the dire Calamities that reign
 Where no fixt Laws th' Oppressor's Lust restrain.
 The wafst World has long with fervent Cry,
 With groans, and tears sollicitd the Skys,
 To give fierce Tyranny a fatal stroke,
 To break her Murd'ring Teeth, and Iron Yoke:
 With th' universal prayer kind Heav'n complices,
 Causing so great a Monarch to arise,
 Whose Soul is bent to stay the Fury's course,
 And whose *Herculean* Arm alone exceeds her force.
 In vain with rage her turgid Volumes swell,
 In vain around her womb her Monsters Yell,
 You all the Hydra's hissing heads despise,
 All her wide Jaws, sharp Tongues, and fiery Eyes.
 Your mighty Arm will give the deadly wound,
 And leave th' expiring Monster on the ground.
 Fertile in Death your Sword Destruction spreads
 Fast as her fruitful Necks can bring forth heads.

Besides

Besides you lead a Nation brave in Fight
 Pleas'd to procure to injur'd States their Right.
 When such a Prince with such a People takes
 The Field in arms, the pale Oppressor shakes.
 In Liberty's defence the warmest Zeal
 The nobly Jealous *Britons* still reveal;
 Asserting with their Lives her sacred Cause,
 They justly gain th' admiring World's applause.
 While neigh'ring Nations Tyrants never check,
 But bow to take the Yoke, their passive Neck;
 The *Britons* stem Ambitions rapid course,
 Defeating secret frauds, and open force.
 Designing Princes still they have withstood,
 To Guard the Rights, bought by their Fathers Blood
 But Liberty which they to Lifep refer,
 Could not escape the *Saxon* Ravisher.
 Rifled and spoil'd of all her Heav'nly Charms,
 She had expir'd in the rough Conq'rour's Arms;
 And *Albion* soon had shar'd her Neighbours fate,
 And felt the Mischiefs of a slavish State:
 Had not your generous Arms and noble Toyl,
 Sav'd from Destruction this despairing Isle.
 Had you not chas'd Tyrannic Lords away,
 And from their griping Arms releas'd the trembling Prey.
 Blest Isle! that in the lowest Ebb of fate,
 Found this strong Arm to prop her sinking State.
 Happy *Britannia*, did thy Sons but know,
 What to their brave Deliverer they owe!

And

And now, Dread Monarch, whose victorious Arms
 Have freed *Britannia* from her Foes alarms ;
 Whose great Example do's her Sons inflame
 To aim at Glory, and their ancient Fame ;
 Unhappy *Neustria* by her Prince betray'd,
 Implores Deliv'rance from your pow'rful Aid.
 Scarce had you sail'd from grateful *Neustria's* Shore,
 Which ne'er receiv'd so great a Guest before,
 Where first your Sword Immortal Laurels won ;
 And the first Triumphs of your Youth begun :
 When sudden Death, King *Odar* did remove,
 From *Neustria's* throne to the blest Seats above,
Sardan his Brother to his Crown Succeeds,
 Not to his Vertues, and Illustrious Deeds.
 This Prince Luxurious, and Effeminate,
 Averse to Arms, and Business of the State,
 Do's Vertue more than Arms, or Business hate.
 Uninterrupted Riots only please
 His Mind dissolv'd in long inglorious Ease.
 While Neighb'ring Kings their Course of Glory run,
 With Laurels crown'd from Vanquish'd Nations won :
 Ours Bacchanalian wreaths can only boast,
 Only the Triumphs of his mighty Lust.
 Our Wives and Noblest Virgins are abus'd,
 Compell'd by force, or by his wiles seduc'd.
 Lascivious Concubines their Prince surround,
 They're in his Bed, and in his Counsels found.
 These Female Ministers by turns create
 Our Judges, Captains, Officers of State :

Our

Our Priests themselves their vile submission make
 To the soft Fav'rites, for Promotion's sake.
 Jesters for Statesmen in his Council sit,
 Not chosen for their Wisdom, but their Wit ;
 Empty Buffoons, unequal to the weight
 Of all th' important Business of the State.
 Those Ministers he thinks can serve him best,
 Who flatter most, and know their Business least :
 Who all Debates to please their Prince decide,
 And from the People's Int'rest, his divide.
 This feeble Race attends this Monarch's Throne,
 Whose Wit and Vice resemble most his own.
 Th' *Augean* Stables, cleaner than the Court,
 Whither the Vicious and the Lewd resort ;
 Th' infectious Plague by *Sardan's* Influence fed,
 Do's o'er our Noble Youth restless spread.
 Poets the most Flagitious, and Profane,
Neustria e'er fed, his bounty do's maintain.
 Who by their Wit procure to Vice applause,
 And loud Derision draw on Vertue's Cause.
 They easy Nature with fit Baits excite,
 And Youth to Crimes too prone before, invite.
 By artful Eloquence they strive to show
 Those Pleasures Lawful, which they wish were so.
 Against their Country they their Wit engage,
 Refine our Language, but corrupt the Age.
 Our Noble Youth enervated with Vice,
 Abhor the Field and Martial Fame despise.
 The Sacred Muses, and the Letter'd Train
 They Mock, and Camps and Schools alike disdain.

Riot,

Riot, Debauch, Masks and Unmanly Sport,
 Are all the Triumphs our soft Hero's Court.
Sardan all marks of Lust of Empire gave;
 None more desir'd his Country to Enslave:
 But the designing Monarch was afraid
 With open force, our Freedom to invade.
 His want of Courage his Ambition checkt;
 And his strong Fears his People did Protect.
 Oft on the Banks of *Rubicon* he stood,
 But ne'er was bold enough to leap the Flood:
 But that with crafty Arts he might prevail,
 And undermine the Fort, he durst not Scale:
 That those he could not force he might decoy,
 He labour'd *Neustria's* Virtue to destroy.
 His great design was to Emascuate
 Our Martial Youth, and then destroy the State.
 Thus he believ'd he might *Neustria* bring,
 Beneath the Yoke of *Gaul's* aspiring King.
 Whose growing Power he did with pleasure view,
 And gave him Aid his Neighbours to subdue.
 Whence he contracted Everlasting Shame,
 And future Ages must despise his name.
 So ill he wish'd to the *Neustrian* State,
 So much he courted *Clotar's* prosperous Fate,
 That to advance the Triumphs of his Crown,
 He sacrific'd the Int'rests of his own.
 He therefore sent to *Clotar* to demand,
 A force sufficient to subdue the Land.
Clotar whose numerous Armies ready lay,
 Watching a season fit to seize the Prey,

Invades

Invades our Coasts, and soon was Master made
 Of our strong Places to his hands betray'd.
 Thus did he force *Neustria* to obey
 A Neighb'ring Monarch's Arbitrary Sway.
Sardan was pleas'd so *Neustria* was undone
 To wear himself a Tributary Crown.
 Since that, our Land the worst of Plagues torment,
 Which Power could e'er inflict, or Wit invent.
 This mighty Prince is our Afflicted State,
 These the deep Sufferings, which our Grief create.

We pray by that Immortal Fame you won,
 By all your Wonders in *Neustria* done:
 We pray by yours, we pray by *Odar's* name,
 And by your ancient Friendship's sacred flame:
 To *Neustria's* Sons their ravish'd Rights restore,
 And free her Soil from cruel *Clotar's* Power.
 From her gaul'd Neck remove th' uneasy Yoke,
 Only by Valiant *Arthur* to be broke.

He ceas'd. The King from his high Throne descends,
 Mov'd with Compassion to his ancient Friends.
 Declaring e'er he rose, he would prepare
 A speedy answer to th' important prayer.

Twice on the World the Sun his beams bestow'd,
 And twice his glorious tyde had ebb'd, and flow'd:
 When *Franks* and *Neustrians* at the King's Command
 Call'd to attend before his Throne did stand,

D

The

The Pious Monarch this kind answer made
 To these sad Strangers who had crav'd his aid.
 The Christians Suffrings by Tyrannic might
 Against the Laws of Heav'n, and civil Right,
 All who with kindly to Mankind lament,
 And Christian Kings more deeply must relent.
 My Troops I'll therefore for the *Neustrian* Shore
 Embark, your Rights and Freedoms to restore.
 Where if propitious Heav'n affords us Aid,
 Our Arms shall next the haughty *Frank* invade.

He ceas'd, the Captains did for Arms declare
 Nobly impatient of the Righteous War.
 Heroic Ardor all their Vitals warm'd,
 And on the Plains the must'ring Cohorts swarm'd.
 A War with *Gaul* so much, so long desir'd
 The joyful *Britons* with fresh Life inspir'd.
 Long had they wish'd to see on *Britain's* Throne
 A warlike Prince, one that himself would own
 To be the Christians chief Protecting Head,
 Who would the *British* Troops to *Gallia* lead.
 Indulgent Heav'n at last their wishes grants,
 Raising a Prince who answers all their wants.
 One that to *Albion's* eager Youth will show
 The *Gallie* Fields, and their old haughty Foe.
 Each brandishes his Spear, his Fauchion weilds,
 And seems already in *Lutetia's* Fields.
 The Noise of Arms and marching Soldiers toyl
 And Warlike Preparations fill the Isle.

The

The Trumpet's Voice do's *Britain's* Sons excite,
 And waving Banners to the Field invite.
 The Shepherd on the Hills his Flock forsakes,
 Casts by his Crook, and the bright Javelin takes.
 The Husbandman do's from his labour leap,
 To plough the Seas, and *Gallie* Laurels reap.
 He beats his Ploughshares into Helms and Shields,
 Deferts his Harvest, and his flowry Fields,
 Neglects his Tillage, and his Rural Gains,
 To plant with *British* Spears Parisian Plains.
 The Lords forsake their Woods, and Sylvan Sport,
 And from the Forrest to the Camp report.
 They leave the Mountains, and the flying Game
 To follow Honour, and Immortal Fame.
 Some few Inglorious Youths for Arms unfit
 Refus'd the Pleasures of the Stage to quit.
 Who only War in Theaters have seen,
 And Camps and Battles only on the Scene.
 Fit only shows and Laurels to prepare
 For *Arthur* come victorious from the War:
 To run, and shout amidst th' applauding throng,
 As *Britain's* Sons in Triumph pass along.
 Refulgent Arms *Augusta's* Merchants weild
 And to the busy *Change* prefer the Field.
 These brave Adventurers in the noble War,
 Will Honour fetch, as well as Wealth from far.
 Some mount their Steeds, and to the Field advance,
 Some shake the Spear, and some the Warlike Lance.
 Part arm'd with feather'd Death their Quivers throw
 Across their Shoulders, and new string their Bow.

D 2

Some

Some round their Necks the martial Coflet clasp,
 Some the broad Shield, and glittering Javelin grasp.
 Part on their heads the burnish'd Helmet lace,
 And all in Plate their vig'rous Limbs encase.

The Royal Fleet with equal haft and care,
 The rigid Captains of the Sea prepare.
 The craggy Rocks and crooked Shores around
 With labour, and promiscuous crys refund.
 The Saylor's toil fills every Beach and Strand,
 And the Sea-Clamours vye with those by Land.
 Some from their Magazines draw Naval Stores;
 Long trembling Mafts, and Cordage to the Shores.
 Some in the Hills with loud repeated strokes,
 Dismember nodding Pines and groaning Oaks.
 The lifted Axe thro' all the Mountain sounds
 To heal the Navy's with the Forest's Wounds.
 For Mafts, and Planks, they fell the faireft Trees;
 The rest, for supplemental Ribs and Knees.
 They draw the Spoils from the dishonour'd Wood,
 Whose Trees, that once fixt and unshaken stood,
 Must now find Wings to fly upon the Flood.
 Some from wide Bellows mouths whole Tempests blow;
 To make vast Anchors in the Forges glow;
 Then choak'd with flame and smoke, and smear'd with sweat,
Vulcanian Youth the Red-hot Iron beat.
 Some on the Strand Careen, and fresh adorn
 The Ships grown foul, and with their labour worn.
 Some new ones Launch, which with surprizing Art
 From all their Bands, and Wooden Fetters start:

They

They break away, and from their Cradles flee
 Now to be rock'd upon the restless Sea.
 Some carry Arms, and Warlike Stores aboard,
 Some in the Ship's deep Caves Provisions hoard.
 Whole Herds of fatted Swine and Oxen dy,
 The Ships capacious Bellys to supply,
 Furnish'd by old *Polcaran's* toilful care,
 The first that cloy'd the hungry mouth of War.

Then all th' expected Equipage on Board,
 Their Topsails loos'd, and all the Ships unmoor'd;
 The Royal Navy on the Billows rode,
 And prest with heavy War th' uneasy Flood.
 The fierce Commanders stand in awful State,
 On their high Decks, and *Arthur's* coming wait.
 The Monarch with his valiant Troops arrives,
 And strait t' embark his Army order gives.
 The *British* Cohorts at the King's Command,
 Mount their tall Ships, and long for *Neustrian* Land.
 Loud *Boreas* to extend the spacious Sails,
 From Northern Prisons frees his chosen Gales,
 All bold and vig'rous, and refresh'd with ease,
 All vers'd in toil, and conscious of the Seas.
 These swell the Canvass with their utmost force,
 And strait to *Neustria's* Shore direct their course.
 The panting Winds to shove the Navy strain,
 And of the Squadrons weight in Signs complain,
 The Labour of the Air, and Burden of the Main.
 The bounding Castles on the Billows dance,
 And in long Order on the Deep advance.

While

While wanton Dolphins round the Squadrons play,
 And sporting Courfe each other o'er the Sea.
 Huge Porpoises and the great Lords that reign
 O'er all the Scaly People of the Main,
 Attend the Navy with an endless train.
 The Finny Murd'ers that the Deep infest,
 Forsake their Prey, and give the Ocean rest :
 While they at distance gaze, and fawning roll
 To Court the Prince who do's their Seas controul ;
 Feating the great Deliv'rer came to free
 The watry Nations too from Tyranny.

On the high Cliffs in throngs the *Neustrians* stood,
 And on the Sandy Margin of the Flood,
 Advanc'd, as far as VVaves permit, to meet
Europe's Restorer and his Potent Fleet.
 And when they saw, the Navy under Sail
 Advancing to them with a prosperous Gale,
 VVith such loud Shouts they made the Mountains ring,
 As sunk the Winds which should their wishes bring.
 So Thund'ring Cannons, when two Fleets engage,
 With their loud roar the angry Seas asswage,
 Awe lifting Winds, and calm their weaker rage.
 King *Arthur's* Navy made the *Neustrian* Land,
 And strait the *Britons* leap'd upon the Strand :
 Their warlike Ensigns on the Hills display'd
 Declare th' arrival of th' expected Aid.

Now Mute the Names of those great Hero's sing,
 And mighty Chiefs, who with the *British* King

On

On this illustrious Expedition went,
 And pitch'd in *Neustrian* Fields the warlike Tent.

Shobar was first, sprung from a Noble Line,
 Which dwelt upon the Banks of rapid *Rhine*.
 His martial Genius early did appear,
 Danger he knew, but knew not how to fear.
 Eager of fame he fought with studious care
 Battles, and Camps, and all the Seats of War.
 His valiant Deeds won Universal Fame,
 And every Soil his Triumphs did proclaim.
 His mighty Name was thro' *Europa* spread,
 All Armys strove to have him for their head,
 For those were sure of Conquest, which he led.
 A noble Fire did in his Veins abide,
 And the severest Wisdom was its Guide.
 His Camp the only School of War was thought,
 Which all young Hero's for Instruction sought,
 For none had Martial Art to such Perfection brought.
 But worn with Labour, Battles, Camps, and Age
 The Hoary Warriour left the bloody Stage.
 Back to his Fields, and Rural Seat he came
 Laden with Laurels and Immortal Fame.
 Resolving, far remov'd from noise and strife,
 To spend in Peace his short Remains of Life.
 But when he heard how *Arthur's* Arms were prais'd,
 And what a great Restorer Heav'n had rais'd,
 Nations oppress'd from Bondage to release,
 And to procure to suffering Christians, Ease ;

The

The Pious Chief resumes his Sword and Shield,
 And once again resolves to take the Field.
 The ancient Warriour felt a youthful flame,
 And from the Rhine to find King Arthur came.
Arthur who knew what Deeds he had achiev'd,
 With high respect the brave Old Man receiv'd.
 He always to his Counsels did attend,
 Call'd him his Father, and his Faithful Friend.

Next mighty *Solmar* who was near ally'd
 To pious *Arthur* by the Mother's side;
 Who by his Strength and Skill in Arms had won
 Authority, Esteem, and great Renown,
 Brother to *Meridoc*, of glorious fame
 With th' *Ordovician* youth to *Arthur* came,

Next faithful *Lucius Arthur's* fav'rite Knight,
 An able Statesman, and as brave in Fight.
 Who from his Youth his Monarch serv'd and lov'd,
 And in the greatest Streights his Zeal approv'd,
 No Servant from a Monarch e'er before
 Receiv'd more Love, and none deserv'd it more;
 He the *Silures* from their Country led,
 O'er whom the King had plac'd him as their head.

The stout *Cornavians* to engage the Foes,
 The Region left where fam'd *Sabrina* flows.
 The fertile Soil where *Elocetum* stands,
 And which obeys *Branonium's* high Commands.
 Some left *Presidium* still a noble Town,
 And the rich Soil, that did her Empire own.

And

And some the Citys, that on *Devus* lay,
 And where fair *Deva* do's her Streams convey,
 Thro' smiling Vallies to th' *Hibernian* Sea.
 The *Atrebatian* and *Dobunian* Lords
 Brought their Battalions from *Sabrina's* Fords.
 And from the Soil where *Ouze* and *Tama* meet,
 The Muses Garden now, and high Imperial Seat:
 Prince *Ofor* worthy of his noble Line,
 Whose mighty Deeds in *Albion's* story shine,
 Warm with a generous and Heroic flame,
 Fearless of Death, and fond of warlike Fame,
 Zealous to give the suffering Christian rest,
 To break th' Oppressor, and defend th' Opprest
 Into the field these Various Nations brought,
 Who arm'd with Spears, and Battle Axes fought.
Ofor so high in *Arthur's* Favour stood
 For Martial Vertue, and Illustrious Blood,
 That he the Youth to ancient Chiefs prefer'd,
 And Gen'ral of the Cavalry declar'd.

Malgo King *Arthur's* Master of the Horse
 Fam'd for his Courage, and his wondrous force,
 Whose Courteous Manners and Deportment won
 No less Applauses, than his Sword had done,
 The brave *Dimetians* to the Army led,
 All valiant Troops to warlike labour bred.
 The *Trinobantes* with the Region blest,
 Which the Victorious *Saxon* once possess'd,
 Left the Delightful Banks of *Thamisis*,
 The Seat of Plenty and Terrestrial Bliss.

E

They

They left *Augusta* which by *Arthur's* Sword
 To Truth divine, to Right, and Law restor'd,
 From Pagan Gods, and from th' Oppressor freed,
 Reer'd up to Heav'n her high Imperial head :
 For stately Domes and lofty Tow'rs renown'd,
 With Arts and Arms, and Wealth and Empire crown'd.
Capellan valu'd for his Youthful Charms,
 For his high Birch, and forward Zeal in Arms:
 The warlike Deeds of whose Illustrious Line,
 As well as Suffrings, in our Annals shine,
 Into the field the *Trinobantes* led,
 And thone in splendid Armour at their head.
 Some bore the glitt'ring Spear, and some the Bow
 All bold in Arms, and pleas'd to meet the Foe.

The warlike Youth rul'd by *Icenian* Lords,
 Some arm'd with Halberts, some with two edg'd Swords,
 Left all the Citys which adorn the Coast,
 Where the *Germanic* Ocean's waves are tost.
 The *Catuclanian* Cohorts left the Soil,
 That lay the inmost of the *British* Isle.
 Those who in *Lactodorum* did reside,
 Which *Ufa's* Stream did in the midst divide.
 And those who all the Region round possesst
 Adorn'd with Citys, and with Riches blest.
 These valiant Squadrons arm'd with Slings and Bows,
 Brave *Talmar* led to charge the *Gallie* Foes.
 A truly martial, but impetuous Fire
 Did with immoderate heat his breast inspire.

Nobly

Nobly impatient of unbounded Power,
 He strove *Britannia's* Freedom to secure.
 A brave Assertor of her ancient Laws,
 Of Pious *Arthur's*, and the Christian Cause.
 Onwards he always prest, and Danger sought,
 Patient of toyl, and fearless to a fault.
 His Courteous Manners, easy, free Address,
 Th' indulgent care he did for all express
 Providing due supplies for all their Wants,
 And kindly hearing all their just Complaints.
 Made the brave Chief the *British* Youths Delight
 Of *Arthur's* Camp the most applauded Knight.

The *Ottadenians* left *Alaurus* flood,
 Near which the famous *Roman* Bullwark stood,
 Rais'd with prodigious labour to protect
 The *Frontier*, from th' *Jernian*, and the *Pict*.
 With these the stout *Brigantes* who confin'd
 On th' *Ottadenian* Towns, their Ensigns joyn'd.
 They from *Galatum* on *Ituna's* Stream,
 And from delightful *Aballaba* came.
 With these appear'd the fierce *Arbeian* Youth,
 And those who dwelt near *Moricambe's* Mouth.
 Fair *Gabrofantum* did her Squadrons send,
 As did the Towns that on her Power depend.
 The Troops *Mancunium* left, and all the Fields
 To which *Merseia* verdant Riches yields.

These *Maca* led a *Caledonian* Knight,
 Long vers'd in Arms, Sedate, yet brave in Fight.

E 2 .

He

He still advanc'd by Military Rule,
 Vig'rous in Action, but in Counsel cool.
 He all the *British* Captains did out-shine
 For pure Devotion, Zeal and Love divine.
 Just, Upright, Faithful, and with Vice unflain'd
 Eu'n in a Camp the Pious Chief remain'd:
 And nobler heats Religion do's inspire,
 Than what from Honour spring, and native Fire.
 These aim at transient Empire and Renown,
 But those at Heav'n, and an Immortal Crown.

Coril a valiant *Durotrigian* Knight,
 Who ever made the Camp his chief delight;
 A great Commander, to the Soldier dear,
 Void of all Pride, incapable of Fear,
 Brought his bold Troops from *Durnávaria's* Fields,
 With mighty Fauchions Arm'd, and spacious Shields.

The *Regnian* Troops came from the Hilly Land,
 Which lies direct against the *Neufrian* Strand.
 From all the Citys, Castles, and the Towns,
 Or in the Vales, or in the airy Downs
 Which stretch on great *Augusta's* Southern side,
 Between the Ocean, and fair *Isis* tyde.
 With these the *Belgian Britons* did unite,
 Who did in Battles and in Camps delight.
 These came from *Venta*, and the Citys found
 On the delightful Plains which lye around.
 Great *Cutar* Viceroy of fair *Vetla's* Isle,
 Brought these Battalions from their native Soil.

A generous Impulse, and a noble Flame
 Urg'd the brave Man to seek Immortal Fame.
 Ravish'd with War's and Danger's horrid Charms,
 He with impetuous Ardor flew to Arms.
 Triumphant Conquerors with their Laurels crown'd,
 Not more delight, than he in Combate found.
 He midst the Foe the hottest Battle fought,
 And grown with Death familiar, fearles fought.
 His strong desire of Arms was never cloy'd,
 With such a Relish Danger he enjoy'd.
 Soon as the rang'd Battalions came in fight,
 He felt fierce Joy, and terrible Delight,
 And shudder'd with his eagerness to Fight.
 What flames flew from his Eyes, when he from far
 View'd the fowr Brows, and murth'ring Jaws of War?
 He midst the Heros was for Valour fam'd,
 And midst the Bards, with envy'd Honour nam'd.
 He by his matchless Song, as well as Sword
 The Laurel gain'd, and loud Applause procur'd.

The *Cangian Britons* left the wealthy Soil,
 Which with abundance crowns the Farmer's toil.
 Where fair *Uzella* rolls her noble tyde,
 And o'er the Meads unfolds her silver pride.
 They left the Citys rais'd on *Thona's* flood,
 And on the Fields round *Cotmaur's* spacious Wood.
 From all the Towns round airy *Camelet*,
 Which bears the name even now, of *Arthur's* feat;
 Where winding *Bruis* with her lazy Stream
 Surrounds *Glascona's* Isle, where antient fame

Has plac'd the Seat of th' *Arimathean* Saint,
 Who first in *Albion* did Religion plant :
 Which do's with pious Sepulchers abound,
 And where King *Arthur's* blest Remains were found.
 From high *Mendippa* and the spacious Plains
 Blest with rich Entrails, and Metallic veins.
 Where rapid Floods flow roaring under ground,
 Where the fam'd Grotto *Ochi Hol* is found ;
 Which do's *Parthenope* all thine out-do,
 That of *Lucullus*, and the *Sybiis* too.
 The warlike Youth from *Aqua Solis* came,
 Whose wholfom Baths give Sinews to the Lame.
 Their Healing Power the wife affirm proceeds,
 From unform'd Minerals, and Metallic Seeds,
 Which wash'd away from Subterranean Caves
 Impregnate with their Heat the flowing Waves.
 Whether these Seeds which in the Water strive,
 Or some good Angel do's the Vertue give,
 'Tis sure that Health and Vigour they impart
 Above the reach of *Æsculapian* Art.
 Witness the Spoils and Trophys which are shown
 From vanquish'd Death, and from Diseases won.
Erla of Lands of great extent possess,
 With Ease, with Honour, with Abundance blest,
 By Pity mov'd, and martial Ardor warm'd,
 To aid th' opprest *Lutetian* Christians Arm'd.
 For Danger, and for Honourable toil
 He left his Ease, his Wealth, and Native Soil.

The

The bold *Danmonians* did attend their Lord,
 Each took his Shield and wav'd his threat'ning Sword.
 Active and vig'rous they advanc'd their Names
 By Wrestling, Whorlbat, old Heroic Games.
 They left the Southern, and the Northern Shore,
 Where *British* Seas, or where th' *Hibernian* roar.
 Th' undaunted Youth from fair *Tamara* came,
 And from the Flood that gave the Town its name.
 They left *Voluba*, and *Cenonis* Mouth,
 The most applauded Haven of the South.
 They left the Banks of *Ifca* and the Town
 For Commerce, Wealth, and Power, of great renown.
 These mighty Men to warlike labour bred,
 Came from their hilly Land by *Trelon* led.
 For old indulgent *Cador* at his Death
 To Pious *Arthur* did his Realm bequeath.
 Viceroy of which King *Arthur Trelon* made,
 Whom the *Danmonians* as their Head obey'd.
 His Martial Vertue do's in Story Shine,
 A Vertue common to his ancient Line :
 For *Trelon's* Noble House was so renown'd,
 For mighty Deeds, that none was ever found
 Who wanted Valour, or did e'er debase
 By one inglorious Deed the Martial Race !
 True Eagles they, when Infants, could behold
 A Burnish'd Helm, or blazing Shield of Gold :
 Ev'n then no horrid object mov'd their fear,
 And their first play was with a Sword, or Spear.

The

The *Coritians* left the Towns that stood,
 Along the Banks of swift *Aufon*'s flood.
 Their Squadrons left the fat and fertile Land,
 Where *Verometum*'s Tow'rs and *Raga*'s stand.
 Where *Margidunum* from the Mountain's brow
 Proudly surveys the wide stretcht Vale below.
 Where *Lindum* reers her antient, awful head,
 By all the Fenny Region round obey'd.
 Where famous *Pontis* stood an ancient Town
 By *Roman* Coins and checker'd Pavements known:
 Brave *Stannel* patient of Heroic toil,
 Sprung from a Race of Kings whom *Mona*'s Isle
 Insulted by the wild *Hibernian* Sea,
 But blest with temperate Empire, did obey:
 Who always for his Country bravely fought,
 To *Neustrian* Fields the *Coritians* brought.

The valiant Youth advanc'd their warlike Ranks
 From noble *Abum*'s, and *Darventio*'s Banks.
 Some from *Calcaria* came, from *Danum* some,
 Some from the Tow'rs of high *Eboracum*.
Gotric a Chief Majestic, Awful, Grave,
 Wise in the Senate, and in Battle brave;
 Of unstain'd Honour, and uncommon worth,
 Brought in these bold *Brigantes* from the North.
 All Men of Courage and of subtle Wit,
 All for the Camp, and some for Counsel fit.

The warlike Squadrons from *Meldunum* came, *malintus*
 Almost encompass'd by *Antona*'s Stream. *the Lower room*

From

From old *Verlucio*, and the fertile Land, *Verlucio*
 Where *Leckham* now, and ancient *Cofam* stand:
Cofam, with Plenty blest and temperate Air, *Cofam*
 To me a Soil above all others dear.
 The valiant Youth from *Sorbiodunum* came, *Sorbiodunum*
 Of all their Towns the Chief, in Power and Fame.
 Whose gilded Domes and Towers amidst the Sky,
 With all but those of great *Augusta* vy. *Augusta*
 Around her Walls lie stretcht the famous Plains,
 Which *Eccho* with the toil of joyful Swains,
 Where happy Shepherds with more Flocks are blest,
 Than the *Sicilian* Mountains e'er possess;
 Who fill the Air with loud, and sweeter Lays
 Than those which once did fam'd *Arcadia* raise.
 They left the Bourns; and all the fertile Plain
 Where the high Monuments do still remain
 Of *Albion*'s Lords by *Saxon* Treach'ry slain.
 An awful Pile wondrous in every part,
 Not wholly wrought by Nature, nor by Art.
 The Stones are all of such prodigious weight,
 And raise their heads to such amazing height,
 Such is the Structure's rude Magnificence,
 And proud Disorder, that it makes pretence
 To be Gigantic work, wherein are shown
 High Rocks on Rocks with careless labour thrown.
 Where now th' admiring Trav'ler may behold
 What mighty Men *Britannia* bred of Old.
 They left *Cunetio* still a noble Town *Cunetio*
 Rais'd on a fair, delightful, spacious Down,

F

Which

Which over-looks the Vale, whose fruitful Crops
Out-do the greedy Farmer's utmost hopes.

Vebba a *Cangian*: Chief of great Renown,

Who by his Arms had frequent Laurels won ;

A Leader worthy of the high Command,

Brought to King *Arthur*'s Camp this *Cangian* Band.

These mighty Warriors from the *British* Isle,

Attended *Arthur* to his Foreign toil.

King

KING ARTHUR.

BOOK II.

S Trait thro' the neighb'ring Citys welcom Fame
King *Arthur*'s Landing did aloud proclaim.
The *Neustrein* Youth by *Gallic* Power oppress'd,
Reviving Hopes, and wondrous joy exprest.
In shouting throngs they left the *Oazy* Coast,
And Inland Towns to joyn King *Arthur*'s Host.
They came from *Juliobana* and the Land
Which *Breviodunum*'s Castles did Command.
From all the Towers and pleasant Towns that stood
On the sweet Banks of fam'd *Sequana*'s flood.
Gomar and *Rollo* two illustrious Lords
Whose Deeds adorn *Neustrofia*'s old Records ;
Who lov'd their Country and its Freedom fought,
To joyn the *Briton* their Battalions brought.
Arthur advanc'd, and all *Neustrofia*'s Fields
Shone bright wick polish'd Helms and blazing Shields.
The Host in warlike Columns took the way
To the rich Fields where *Rotomagum* lay.

Mean time the *Gauls* who *Neustrofia*'s Soil possess
By *Sardan* entertain'd, and much carest,
Did *Arthur*'s fame and valiant Army dread,
Deserted *Neustrofia*, and to *Clotar* fled.

With these inglorious *Sardan*, who the fight
Of Swords and Spears detested, took his Flight.
Arthur did soon the *Gallic* Frontier gain,
And lay encamp'd along *Lutetia's* Plain.

There stood a Dome whose Pinnacles did rise
Above the Clouds, and enter'd far the Skys,
Surveying proud *Lutetia* far and wide,
Which aw'd the Nations with Imperial pride.
Along the flowry Banks the City stood
Where silver *Sein* rolls down her noble flood.
The Prince of Darkness from the Temple's head
View'd *Arthur's* Army o'er the Vally spread.
Enormous Rage distended every vein,
And all Hell's Furies o'er his Breast did reign.
Swoln with Revenge his blood-shot Eyes did glare
Like Ruddy Meteors blazing in the Air!
He gnash'd his Teeth and his black Brows he beat;
Then thus he spake to give his Anger vent.

How great and wide is my Imperial Sway,
Whom all the Peers of Hell's dark Realms obey?
I over all th' Aerial Powers preside,
Who raise loud Storms, and on wild Whirlwinds ride.
These Powers at my Command the World Affail
With blended Ruin, Thunder, Rain and Hail.
All the dire Ministers of Death and Hell
That chain'd in gloomy Prisons howl and yell;
All the fierce Furies fly at my Command,
To spoil a Town, or waft a fruitful Land.

My

My hollow Caves and Magazines contain
Endless variety of Grief and Pain.
Where panting Thirst with ghastly Famine dwells,
And poisonous Damps in raw unwholesome Cells
Engender livid Plagues; where how to moan
Sad Grief first learnt, and Torment how to groan.
Here uninstructed Death first learnt her Arts,
First strung her Bows, and pointed first her Darts.
These all obey me, in my Court beside,
Haughty Ambition, Riot, Lust and Pride,
Revenge and Envy my Domesticks dwell,
My favorite Plagues, that all the rest excel,
And vastly have enlarg'd the power of Hell.
These always foremost in my Troops appear,
And for my following Plagues the passage clear.
These make th' Assault, and all my Furies teach
To mount the Walls where they have made the Breach.
Their mighty Triumphs and Victorious fame
Kingdoms laid waste and ruin'd Worlds proclaim.
What blest Destruction have th' Invaders spread
O'er Christian Realms by me their Monarch led?
What States have they attack'd and not prevail'd,
Who have escap'd their Arts, if Power has fail'd?
And shall this *Briton* still advance his Arms,
And shake my Temples with his proud alarms?
Shall he my Priests from my high Altars chase,
And dispossess the *Franks* Victorious Race,
Who such a Passion for my Empire show,
And are so dear to all the Powers below?

Shall

Shall this fair City, this new *Babylon*,
 This other nobler *Rome*, this pious Town,
 Where all in prostrate Adoration ly
 Before our Shrines, and for Protection cry,
 Where with such strains of pure Devotion all
 Our Temples fill, and us their Guardians call;
 Shall *Arthur*'s impious Arms this Town deface
 And thro' her Streets in haughty Triumph pass?
 Shall the proud Christian this fair Region gain?
 Expel my *Franks*, and o'er *Lutetia* reign?
 Shall these sweet Vineyards, this delightful Soil
 With a rich Vintage crown the *Briton*'s toil?
 Then I in vain Immortal vigor boast,
 My Scepter's gone, and all my Empire lost.
 All will Revolt who now obey my Laws,
 And *Rome* her self desert my righteous Cause.
 Nor Vot'rys here, nor Subjects will below,
 To me, as to their God, or Monarch bow.
 By any means, by Stratagem, or Force,
 I must arrest th' ambitious *Briton*'s Course.
 If all Hell's Power thy Empire can sustain,
Lutetia, thou thy Greatness shalt maintain.
 But whether Force or Fraud we shall employ
 In this Conjunction *Arthur* to destroy,
 Must be debated and consider'd well,
 On this I must Consult the Powers of Hell.

He said, and strait th' enrag'd Arch-Traytor flies
 To Hell's Abyss, and leaves the Crystal Skys.

As

As when an Eagle from a Mountain's head
 Surveys the flowry Vale around him spread,
 And sees a Snake along the Meadow play
 Enliven'd with the Spring's reviving Ray;
 The Eagle stoops down from the Mountain's top,
 And in a moment takes the Viper up:
 The twining Beast his crooked Pounces bear
 Wriggling and hissing swiftly thro' the Air.
 So swift a flight the wing'd Apostate made,
 And in a moment reach'd th' Infernal Shade.
 High on the gloomy Banks of *Lethe*'s flood
 The haughty Monarch's awful Palace stood;
 Built with Angelic Art and cost immense,
 With fearful Pomp, and vast Magnificence.
 The lofty Roof, amazing to behold,
 Was all of burnish'd, fine, *Tartarean* Gold,
 Which dismal Glory did around display
 Thro' the Dun Air, and made a hideous Day.
 The high rais'd Pillars were of *Stygian* Jet,
 Of *Doric* Order in high Ranges set.
 The Walls were Marble, streak'd with bloody stains:
 And Azure intermixt with Purple veins.
 Around thick Groves of shady Cypress grew,
 O'er which prodigious Bats, and croaking Ravens flew.
 Poppys the Gardens bore, and Holloaks,
 Henbane, and Nightshade and unwholsom Box.

Hither the summon'd Spirits did resort,
 And with their numbers fill'd their Prince's Court.

Th'

Th' Assembly made a murn'ring hollow sound,
 Like that of Torrents rolling under ground ;
 But all the busy Spirits, when they saw
 Their Monarch enter, with a silent Awe
 Attentive waited, he ascends his Throne,
 Which high erected o'er the Assembly shone:
 Then with a frowning Look yet haughty Air
 He thus began. High States of Hell, th' Affair
 Which now demands your Counsel, I'll declare.
Britannia's Monarch our Inveterate Foe,
 Who do's such hatred to our Empire show,
 Who has our Temples and our Groves laid wast,
 Destroy'd our Vot'rys and our Shrines defac'd,
 To storm *Lutetia* has the Ocean crost
 And shakes our Altars with his impious Host.
 All means yet us'd his Progress to oppose
 Have fruitless been, the *Briton* greater grows.
 He has eluded all our deep Designs
 And now in Arms before *Lutetia* Shines.
 Against her Towers his Ensigns are display'd,
 And our fierce *Franks* are of his Fame afraid.
 If by the *Briton* this fair City's won,
Gallia farewell, that Realm from Hell is gone.
 There, we no more shall be as Gods ador'd,
 No praise return'd, no more our Aid implor'd.
 No Victims more shall at our Altars dye,
 No Vot'rys more before us prostrate lye.
 No more your Pamper'd Nostriks shall be fed
 With fatty steams from burning Entrails spread.

No more you'll wanton in aspiring flames,
 Nor revel more in blood of Goats and Rams.
 In your high Groves you must no longer stay,
 Nor in sweet Clouds of rising Incense play.
 If *Gallia's* lost, *Iberia* may be too,
Aufonia next the Conqueror will subdue.
 If this Success attends th' Ambitious Foe,
 Illustrious Peers, say whither will you go ?
 If to the Frozen or the Burning Zone,
 To Heats and Colds not much unlike your own.
 Or shall we always here despairing ly,
 Freeze on this Ice, or in these Burnings fry ?
 Shall we take up with this Infernal Shade,
 Content no milder Regions to invade ?
 Did we such wondrous Labour undergo,
 Such God-like Wit, and God-like Courage show,
 To win this Province from th' Almighty Foe ;
 And shall we tamely yield the noble Spoil,
 And just Reward of all our ancient toil ?
 Speak, Princes, how shall we *Lutetia* Aid,
 Whether by Art or Power we shall invade
 The *British* King ; propound the likeliest way
 To check his Arms, and his swift Progress stay.

He said, and straightway *Belus* rose, outdone
 In Fierceness, Pride and Insolence by none
 Of all th' Apostate Spirits, who combin'd
 To take up Arms against th' Eternal Mind :
 Who with th' Almighty for Dominion strove
 Troubling with Civil War the Realms above.

Fir'd with excessive Rage he Silence broke,
And thus th' attentive Senators bespoke.

Prudent, Considering Spirits may destroy
Thole whom their Arts and subtle Wiles decoy :
I hate your wife Expedients, I declare
For generous Arms, and honourable War.
Tricks amongst Angels must our fame debase,
And stain the Glory of our Heav'nly Race.
Our Mould's Divine, of pure Etherial Light,
We the first Offspring of Eternal Might.
An unextinguish'd flame dilates our Veins,
And thro' our Limbs Immortal Vigour reigns.
Shall such a Race to Shifts and Cunning fly,
And not on Power, and matchless Strength rely ?
I scorn a sordid un-Angelic course,
Unworthy of our Birth, and of our Force.
In our first Wars what Courage did we show
Shaking the Throne of our Almighty Foe ?
'Tis true we fell, but yet the glorious Field
Do's greater fame than thousand Conquests yield
Won from Created, Vulgar Enemies ;
Great was th' Attempt, and bold the Enterprize.
Success we wanted, but the brave Design
In Heav'n's and Hell's Records shall ever shine.
And shall we think our Strength and Courage less,
And by our Shifts our Impotence confess ?
That which perhaps may Cautious Spirits damp
Is this, that drawn out round the *British* Camp

Of

Of the Seraphic Guards a Party stands,
Which *Michael* our old Enemy Commands.
We know this *Hallelujah* singing Host,
Who such Devotion and Religion boast :
Who look on us, Curse on their Gracious Sect
As Reprobates, with scorn and proud neglect.
They would not with our Arms their Forces joyn,
T' assert our Right, and gain our high Design.
They would no Succours to our Army send,
But still their tender Conscience did pretend.
Yet Conscienctions *Michael* and the rest
Who such abhorrence of our Cause exprest,
Beneath the Veil of Sanctity and Zeal
Falshood, Revenge, Malice and Pride conceal.
On Heav'n with open Arms they will not fall,
For this the timorous Saints Rebellion call.
But oft I've heard their best Arch Angels Ly,
I know their Fraud, and deep Hypocrisy.
These Godly Seraphs let our Arms attack,
And to their Praying Regions chase them back.
To us their Numbers and their Strength are known,
We know their Courage, and we know our own.
Thro' Hells dark Realms let's found the loud alarm,
And give Command for all our Youth to Arm.
Your Ensigns on the Dusky Plains display,
And draw your Legions out in long Array :
Legions that Life, and Strength Immortal feel,
Arm'd all in Adamant and treble Steel.
Let's empty all our Arsenals, and drain
Our stores of Death, and Magazins of Pain.

G 2

We'll

We'll draw out all th' Artillery of Hell,
 Artillery, like that by which we fell.
 We'll ride in flaming Tempests thro' the Air,
 And on the Foe discharge amazing War.
 Blue flames we'll carry from these Sulphurous Caves;
 And lave into the Air these boiling Waves.
 With this Tormenting Fire the Foe we'll burn,
 And against Heav'n, will Heav'n's own Vengeance turn!
 Up from their Roots these burning Hills we'll tear,
 And Hell's tremendous Spoils aloft we'll bear,
 And hurl our Racks and Tortures thro' the Air. }
 With Storms of Fire, with Thunder, Rain and Hail,
 Mingled Destruction, we'll their Camp assail.
 For our great Prince is Monarch of the Air,
 Our Empire still is uncontested there:
 Thus we th' Angelic Guards will soon remove,
 And send them to excuse themselves above.
 When they dismay'd back to their Seats are fled
 We'll o'er the *Britons* dire Destruction spread.
 Thus we'll *Lutetia* save, and Blood and Spoil
 Shall sooth our Torments, and our Pains beguile.

He said. Then *Rimmon* rose up from his Place;
 Of noble Stature, and Majestic Grace.
 In Eloquence and soft persuasive charms
 He much excell'd, but little car'd for Arms.
 No Seraph of a vaster Genius fell
 From the blest Regions to the Gulph of Hell.

No Lord, that in th' Infernal Council fate
 Sustain'd with greater skill a high debate,
 Or seem'd more fit for Business of the State. }
 None spoke with so much Ease, and such Address,
 None Business better knew, or lov'd it less.
 Dissolv'd in Luxury, in Sloth and Ease,
 He War declin'd, and pleaded still for Peace.
 No nobler Presence in the Court appear'd,
 None by the Senators was better heard.
 They knew his falshood, yet th' attentive throng
 Lov'd the soft Music of his charming Tongue.

Who thus begun. Immortal Potentates,
 Illustrious Princes, high Seraphic States!
 T' uphold this ancient Monarchy, a Zeal
 Greater than mine no Seraph can reveal.
 None to Obedience more Reluctance show,
 Or greater Hate to our Almighty Foe.
 None more t' enlarge our Empire can desire,
 None feel more sensibly this painful Fire.
 Who more delights in a Terrestrial Seat,
 That from our Torment yields a mild retreat?
 Scorcht with corroding flame no Seraph loves
 More to frequent our cool refreshing Groves.
 Who's pleas'd with Incense more and od'rous Gums,
 Or the sweet Steams of burning Hecatombs?
 Therefore no likely means I would neglect
 To save our Altars, and our Priests protect.
Arthur assisted with Celestial Aids
 Our Empire with resistless course invades.

He his bold Cohorts round *Lutetia* pouters,
 And threatens with his Arms her lofty Towers.
 A Guard of Seraphs round his Army stands,
 Celestial Sabres flaming in their hands.
 Now valiant *Belus* wondrous Courage shows,
 Offering in Arms t' assault our potent Foes.
 I'm not for Arms by long experience taught;
 What have we gain'd by all our Battles fought?
 In Heavenly plains fir'd with a noble rage
 Our Troops did all the Almighty's Host engage.
 Of which brave Deed what Seraph can Repent;
 But when our Strength and all our Arms were spent,
 You all remember *Michael's* dreadful Sword,
 What fiery Darts we felt, what Thunder roard.
 As drunk with wrath divine our Army reel'd,
 And with Celestial Spoils o'erspread the Field,
 Seraph on Seraph heap'd, and Shield on Shield.
 Then did the Chariots which our Troops did chase,
 O'er faln Arch Angels Necks, and growling Cherubs pass!
 Ignoble Rout deform'd th' Etherial Plain,
 When wounded Seraphs first had sense of Pain.
 Close on the Reer th' insulting Conq'rors hung,
 And with the pointed Lightnings which they flung,
 With massy Bolts and Darts of poison'd Steel,
 From which our Limbs did raging Anguish feel,
 Cross the steep Gulph they chas'd us till we fell
 To scape these Torments, down to these of Hell.
 This Fire, these Shades are all our Arms have won,
 The sad Reward that do's our labour crown.

This

This Language is not to reproach our Flight,
 For who can stand against Eternal Might?
 But to diswade you from unequal Fight.
 Since first this famous War broke out in Heav'n,
 Since our fierce Troops from those mild seats were driv'n,
 We've oft with all our force the Foe assail'd,
 With wondrous Brav'ry, yet we ne're prevail'd;
 But Art has prosper'd, where our Arms have fail'd.
 We the Terrestrial World by Art did gain,
 And must by Art our Conquest still maintain.
 Well laid Temptations and enticing Charms,
 Which propagate our Guilt, are our successful Arms.
 Here lye our Strength, by these we must support
 The Power and Greatness of th' Infernal Court.
 We with our Heav'nly Foes engage in vain,
 For those who know no Guilt, can feel no pain.
 Invulnerable they no hurt receive,
 Nor can they feel deep wounds, like those they give.
 But we can suffer, we can Torment feel,
 From wounds inflict'd by their glittering steel.
 Our penetrable Plate and brittle Shield,
 Will to their keen Etherial Weapons yield.
 In these strange Flames by skill divine prepar'd,
 Our Mould grows tender, as our hearts grow hard.
 Such disadvantage justly may perswade,
 No more with force their Armies to invade.
 Let us known Arts and try'd Temptations use,
 That may from Heav'n the Britous Minds seduce.
 If our Enticements take, we gain our Cause,
 For Heav'n from Rebels strait its Aid withdraws.

Then

Then you may Chase the *Briton* to his Isle,
And spread *Lutetia's* Fields with Christian Spoil.

Then *Milcom* rose full of Revenge and Scorn
A ghastly, meagre Fiend with Envy worn ;
His pale, lean Cheeks his restless Mind express;
And Spite and Spleen his hollow Eyes possess.
His wrinkled Forehead, fowr and fullen Brow
Did deadly Hate, and deep Repentment show.
He Seeds of Strife and sharp Contention sow'd,
And call'd his Private Quarrel, Publick Good.
With execrable Words and desperate Speech
Th' Apostate still th' Almighty did impeach.
No ruin'd Angel so audacious seem'd,
Or with so black a Tongue his God blasphem'd.
Ev'n when in Heav'n blest with his Maker's Smile,
The mocking Spirit would his Lord revile.
Cast down from Heav'n he rav'd and curst the Blest
Who still their Thrones and Innocence possess:
Above the rest he show'd his Discontent,
And more impatient seem'd of Punishment.
None yet was found thro' all the Courts of Hell
So Enterprizing, more Implacable.
None of th' Apostate Host would sooner joyn
To carry on a bold and black Design.

And thus he spoke. Lords of Celestial Race,
Let not our Fears Seraphic Might disgrace.
I'll to th' Almighty ne'er be reconcil'd,
Who of our Thrones our Birthright, us despoil'd,

And

And in Exchange has made Arch-Angels take
A low black Prison and a fiery Lake.
I'd be reveng'd for this unrighteous Deed,
And still attack him tho' I ne'er succeed.
Whate'er, Seraphic Heros, be your Fate,
Appear true Patriots of th' Infernal State.
I would, as generous *Belus* do's propose
With Arms and Force invade our Godly Foes.
I would, tho' they our Arms should still defeat,
The noble War eternally repeat.
I would alarm, assault, molest, annoy
And still disturb the Foe, I can't destroy :
For this an endless Pleasure would create,
And with Revenge sooth our Immortal Hate.
Why should we fly to Frauds, will Frauds obtain
A Conquest which by Power we cannot gain ?
Do's not th' Eternal Foe as much excel
In Wisdom, as in Strength the Peers of Hell ?
Will not his Circumspection undermine
What you believe a deep and wise Design ?
Some have 'tis true succeeded by their Fraud,
But I th' Ignoble Way could ne'er applaud.
Let us, as *Belus* urg'd for Arms declare,
Our Forces Muster, and denounce the War.
Our eager Troops will cheerfully obey,
I'd be reveng'd, and War's the quickest way.
I long the pious Squadrons to engage----
More had he said, but wild and mad with Rage
He to th' Assembly could no longer speak,
But his Discourse did here abruptly break.

H

Then

Then *Ammon* rose a Prince of high Renown,
 Awful in Flames, and haughty tho' undone.
 On his grave Brow deep Myst'ry of State
 Prudence, Advice, and Contemplation sate.
 No Minister of all the *Stygian* Court
 Declining Empires better could support.
 The State of Hell's affairs none better knew,
 None did their Int'rest with more Zeal pursue:
 Important Looks and solemn Air confess
 Labour and vast Concern within his Breast.
 The Fate of Kingdoms seem'd his anxious Care,
 Ruptures of Peace, and high Designs of War.
 He seem'd engag'd in searching proper ways
 To prop old Monarchys, or new ones raise.
 When he began, all great attention paid,
 And silent sate and hush'd, as midnight shade.

Then thus he spake. Spirits of Race divine
 What *Belus* offer'd, tho' a brave Design,
 Suits not with *Rimmon's* Judgment, nor with mine:
 Should we by gen'ral Vote for Arms declare
 And Heav'n once more invade with open War,
 If we the Conqu'rou should again incense,
 What can we hope from arm'd Omnipotence,
 But greater Wrath, and Torments more intense?
 Can't he fresh Treasures open that contain
 Yet fiercer Vengeance, more destructive pain?

His

His secret stores yet deadlier Light'nings yield,
 More massy Bolts his vengeful Arm can wield.
 In his high Arsenals will yet be found
 Much keener Arms, and Darts that deeper wound;
 Where he preserves his chosen Torments wrought
 With greater Labour, greater Skill and Thought.
 Where Swords of hardest Heav'nly Metal made,
 And Shafts in strongest Fury dipt are laid.
 Cannot th' Almighty Conquerour if he please,
 From Hell's deep Vaults more dreadful Plagues release,
 And with new Racks our Tort'ring pains increase?
 Can't he these fiery Mountains on us turn,
 Enrage our flames, and make them fiercer burn?
 Or may we not in Hills of Ice immur'd,
 Feel sharper Cold, than e'er we yet endur'd?
 May not his hand bar fast the Gates of Hell,
 Confine us to Despair, and make us dwell
 Close Pris'ners chain'd in these Sulphureous Caves,
 Or overwhelm us with these boiling Waves;
 That we no more may our sad hours beguile,
 In the soft Air of the Terrestrial Isle:
 Nor our fry'd Limbs repose by shady Trees,
 Nor fan our Burnings with a gentle Breeze.
 Our open force must meet this dismal end,
 And these sad Triumphs must our Arms attend.
 But of *Lutetia* why should we despair,
 And of our *Franks* so much renown'd in War?
 Great *Clotar* do's in Wiles and Arts excel,
 That scarce inferiour are to those of Hell,
 By Force or Fraud the *Briton* he'll repel.

H 2

A numerous Army he together draws,
 Resolv'd t' assert ours, and the *Gallic* Cause.
 But grant that high *Lutetia* should submit,
 And the proud Conqueror on her Throne should sit.
 Grant all the Towns and Provinces of *Gaul*
 Should yield, and follow great *Lutetia's* fall:
 Must all our other Votarys Rebel,
 And take up Arms against the Power of Hell?
 Mankind Obedience hate, as well as we,
 In Guile and Temper we so much agree,
 A great Defection from us cannot be.
Rome ever faithful to our Cause appear'd,
 To us by constant Services endear'd.
 Her strong Affection all her Deeds proclaim;
 Her Aims and Interests are with ours the same.
 Besides, *Iberia* is a faithful Friend,
 And will her Troops to our Assistance send.
 But what if all th' *European* Realms were gone,
Asia may still her fixt Obedience own.
 There we with Incense may our Nostrils cloy
 And all the pleasures of the East enjoy.
 There we may sport in mild, indulgent Beams,
 And cool our Sores in sweet refreshing Streams.
 There we may wander o'er a flowry Land,
 And see in Spicy Groves our Altars stand.
 Then add to this that our Imperial Sway
 The Black and Tawny Nations all obey;
 Who lie extended o'er the spacious Soil
 From famous *Memphis* to the head of *Nile*.

From

From th' *Ethiopian* Region to the Shore
 On which th' *Atlantic* Ocean's Billows roar;
 And from the Northern to the Southern Moor.
 Besides a Western World is still our own,
 Where *Arthur* and his God are yet unknown.
 This undiscover'd Soil, this Golden Coast
 Serves as a Refuge to receive our Host,
 Were all the Eastern World to *Arthur* lost.
 These are the Reasons which with me prevail,
 Not with our Arms the *Briton* to Assail.
 I would from Hell the Fury discord send,
 That her swift flight might to *Britannia* bend.
 Since *Arthur's* absent, she may soon embroil
 The wav'ring State, and trouble all the Isle.
 She midst the *Britons* may Dissention sow,
 And into noble flames may quickly blow
 The Seeds of Strife that in their Bosoms glow.
 She'll all the Fuel find she can require
 To feed and entertain her raging fire.
Arthur who chas'd us from the *British* Coast,
 And to pursue us has the Ocean cross'd,
 Quitting his high Design, must then be gone,
 And leave this Kingdom to Secure his own.
 He said. The Synod gave a loud Applause,
 And with this Counsel pleas'd, their Monarch rose.
 Mean time the *Gallic* Monarch took th' alarm,
 And gave Command for all his Men to Arm.
 Resolv'd to stop th' Invading *Briton's* rage,
 And in the Field his Army to engage.

Lutetia

Lutetia first the Cry of Arms began,
 Which soon thro' *Clotar's* wide Dominions ran.
 The zealous Leaders did their Troops Collect,
 To form an Host their Kingdom to protect.
 With wondrous speed they did together draw
 Their Squadrons, which did distant Cities aw.
 The Valiant Lords from various Regions came,
 To save their Country, and to raise their Fame.
 The Pagan Priests wild with the dismal Fright,
 With their loud Crys did all to Arms excite ;
 Who for their Altars might their Lives expose,
 And guard their helpless Gods from Christian Foes.
 Thro' every Town the *Franks* in Arms appear'd,
 In every Street the Voice of War was heard.
 Loud Clamors, and the Soldiers mingled Crys
 Shook all the Azure Arches of the Skys.
 Some on their Courfers mounted did advance,
 Arm'd with a Shield, a Sword, and glittering Launce,
 Some came on Foot and for their Arms did bear
 A dreadful Halbert, and a Massy Spear.
 They came from every Soil and every Town
 Which did the haughty *Franks* Dominion own.
 Round high *Lutetia's* Walls to stop the Foe
 Their Confluent Troops did in a Deluge flow.
 All were compleatly arm'd, and here my Verse
 The Names of those fam'd Heros shall rehearse,
 Who had in *Clotar's* Army high Command,
 And the great *Briton's* Triumphs did withstand :
 It shall the warlike Nations too relate,
 Who joyn'd their Arms to Guard the *Gallic* State.

Gaston

Gaston for Conduct Strength and Martial Flame
 Among the *Franks* acquir'd the greatest Name.
Clotar this mighty Man his General made,
 And next to him, he was by all obey'd.

Villa was next in Dignity and Power,
 Prais'd as a Chief, but as a Courtier more.
 A gaudy General glorious to behold,
 Adorn'd with splendid Arms, and smear'd with Gold,

Arbel was of his ancient noble Blood,
 Of his Successes, and high Station proud :
 Vast was his Bulk, prodigious was his Strength,
 Pondrous his Spear, and of amazing length.

The *Franks* did next Prince *Anfel* most admire
 Both for his Manly Wit, and Martial Fire.
 Whose Praises *Clotar* did with Envy hear,
 And thought his Name was to the *Gauls* too dear.

Great *Oromel* of Princely Parents born,
 Whose Deeds his Line and Country did adorn,
 Came with his Troops from the high Mountain's side
 Which do's *Iberia* from the *Gaul* divide.

Bofar, to Honour by his Valour rais'd,
 Heard his great Deeds by all *Lutetia* prais'd :
 Cruel and Proud, but Vigilant and Brave,
 Who that his Wealth and Honour he might save,
 Aided his Prince his Country to enslave.

Moloc

Moloc was next, a Captain fierce and bold,
Known for his Thift of Blood, and Love of Gold.
This Man was one who with his Sword purfu'd
The Christians, and his hands in Blood embrued.
Some he destroy'd with ling'ring Torments, some
To shun his barb'rous Outrage left their home ;
And thro' the Woods and Hills did naked roam.

Olcanor, fam'd for Wealth and Courage, led
His valiant Troops from Silver *Liger's* head.

Rutben a Chief, tho' by his Prince esteem'd
By Christian Franks and Pagans too condemn'd,
Was a fierce Minister of *Clotar's* Will,
Employ'd to Burn, to Ravage, Spoil and Kill.

Miran, a Prince eager of Martial Fame,
Sprang from a Vig'rous, but forbidden Flame ;
Mantana was his beauteous Mother's Name.
He the bold Youth of *Francia's* Island led,
All Valiant Troops, to Arms and Labour bred.

They left the Land with beauteous Citys stor'd,
Which once obey'd their *Bellovasian* Lord.
The bold *Senones* came, whose Castles stood
Between *Jcauna's* and *Sequaná's* Flood.
The *Catalaunian* who *Matrona* drank,
And the *Mandubian* from swift *Arar's* Bank.
They left *Augustodunum*, and the Field
Which once the *Vadicaasian* Farmer till'd.

The *Lemorician* from *Vagenna's* Stream,
And the *Velaunian* Youth together came.
The bold *Burgundian* Leaders from the Banks,
Of *Aldubis* brought their Warlike *Franks* ;
Where nobler Vineyards crown the fertile Field,
Then *Thufcan* Hills, or thine, *Iberia*, yield.
They left the Towns that thro' the Region lay,
Which the *Vogesian* Hills around survey.
They came from *Dola* and the fruitful Land,
Which *Arborosa's* Towers did then Command.
And where *Lugdunum's* lofty Castles rise,
Whose gilded Battlements invade the Skys.
The *Helvian* and *Rutenian* hardy Troops
Came from sublimè *Gebenna's* airy Tops :
Both Warlike Nations who did far surpass
In Martial Glory all the *Gallic* Race.

Arausio sent her valiant Troops, a Town
Which then the *Gauls* did with their Praises crown.
But since it grew a more illustrious Place,
Rul'd by the mild, *Nassovian* Godlike Race.
Whose great and glorious Deeds have rais'd her name,
Above the Citys of the highest fame.
Great *Huban* from the Coast which with its Waves
The *Aquitanian* rolling Ocean laves ;
And from the Towers along *Garumna's* Banks,
Brought to King *Clotar's* Aid his valiant Ranks :
Unnumber'd Squadrons fill'd the *Gallic* Host,
Which left the Citys on the Southern Coast,

Which from *Boiatum* to *Nicea* lay,
 And various Lords and Leaders did obey:
 For so far *Clotar* o'er the *Gallic* Land,
 Had by his Arms extended his Command.
 The numerous Nations which the Lands did own,
 Between *Garumna* and the rapid *Rhone*;
 Where high *Tolosa* and *Carcaffum* stand,
 And where rich *Tarnis* rolls her Golden Sand.
 The Youth from *Alba* and *Nemausus* came,
 Where numerous Martyrs dy'd by Sword and Flame.
 For tho' with Christians *Gallia* did abound,
 Yet they were chiefly in the Cities found,
 Which o'er the fair and fertile Region lay
 Between *Gebenna* and the Midland Sea.
 Between the *Alpine* Mountains on the East,
 And th' *Aquitanian* Ocean on the West.
 These *Clotar* with inexorable Hate
 Strove to Extirpate from the *Gallic* State.
 Ruffians, Tormentors, black Assassins sent
 By his Command all Methods did invent,
 By which the Pious Race might be destroy'd,
 And Hell's and *Clotar*'s Malice might be cloy'd.
 The dreadful Marks of Persecuting Rage,
 Frequent appear'd o'er all this horrid Stage.
 O'er all the Fields unbury'd Bones were spread,
 And bloody Torments dy'd their Rivers Red.
 Here Salvage *Moloc*, and fierce *Ruthen* strove;
 Whose Cruelty should greatest wonder move,
 And who should most engage their Monarch's Love.

The

The various Nations came who did reside
 On *Rhodanus* and swift *Isara*'s tyde.
 They left the Region near the *Alpine* Snows,
 Where old *Brigantium* stood, and where *Druentia* flows.
 They left the Citys on the Shores that stay
 The rolling Waves of the *Liguistic* Sea.

Stuff a mighty *Allobrogian* Lord
 Fam'd for his Stature and prodigious Sword,
 The Fierce *Helvetian* *Cobarts* did Command,
 Which *Clotar*'s Gold brought from their Native Land.
 One part the *Urbigenian* Lords obey'd,
 And Till'd the Soil by *Jura*'s Pikes survey'd.
 Some did *Bromagus* and the Towns forsake
 Which lay, *Lausanna*, on thy spacious Lake.
 They left the Mountains where the melted Snow
 Do's down the Sides in unform'd Channels flow,
 And when beneath their Confluent Streams combine,
 They form the *Rhone*, the *Danav*, and the *Rhine*.
 Their Mercenary Citys ever Sold
 Their Youth to kill, and to be kill'd for Gold.
 They Fought for him who best their Country fed,
 And did not Fame and Glory seek, but Bread.
 These Nations all were Vigorous, Strong and Bold,
 Patient of Labour, Hunger, Heat and Cold.
Clotar this Valiant People much Careft,
 And by their Arms the Neighb'ring States Opprest.
 These foremost in his Battles always fought,
 He his Chief Conquests by their Courage got.

I 2

These

These mighty Leaders did for Armour wear
 The Skins of Beasts slain by their fatal Spear.
 Some march'd before their Troops in dreadful Pride,
 Arm'd with a ravening Lyon's grisly Hide.
 The Shaggy Back was o'er their Shoulders spread
 With formidable grace, and on their Head
 The Tawny Terror grinn'd with open Jaws,
 And cross their Breasts were lap'd the hideous Paws :
 The Teeth and Savage Beard the Hero's Face
 Did with becoming Martial Horror grace,
 Some did the Wolf, and some the Tyger wear,
 The Spotted Leopard some, and some the Bear.
 Some a vast Stag, some a wild Bull adorns
 With his Curl'd Forehead and his goring Horns.
 Their Shields with dreadful Figures were emboss'd,
 And Belts of Hyde their Spacious Shoulders Cross'd.
 The Warriors for Offensive Arms, did bear,
 A massy Sword, and vast enormous Spear,

These were the Warlike Nations, these the Lords,
 Heros, and mighty Chiefs who drew their Swords
 In *Clotar's* Cause, and made the last Effort,
Lutetia's Power and Greatness to support.

King

KING ARTHUR.

BOOK III.

MEan time the Prince of Darkness flew away,
 To send fierce Discord to the Coasts of Day.
 Far on th' Infernal Frontiers near the Shore,
 On which th' insulging Waves of Chaos roar ;
 The utmost limits of *Tartarean* ground,
 Which Hell's dark Realms from Night and Chaos bound ;
 There stands a high and craggy Cliff that braves
 The neighbouring Tempests and tumultuous Waves.
 On this sharp Rock did the dire Fiend remain
 Bound with a vast, unwieldy, brazen chain.
 Whose hideous yellings did the Deep affright,
 And interrupt the Peace of lonesome Night.
 A Thousand horrid Mouths the Monster show'd,
 And each had twenty Tongues, all fierce and loud.
 Her bloody Jaws did her lean Limbs devour,
 And from her wounds she drank the flowing Gore.
 With her sharp Claws she did her Entrails tear,
 And from her head pull'd off her Snaky hair.
 The Breath she Belch'd out with a fearful sound,
 Made Storms and Whirlwinds in the Air around,
 Her glaring, fierce, mis-plac'd, distorted Eyes,
 Like adverse Meteors flaming in the Skys,

Their

Their fiery Orbs against each other turn'd,
 Tremendous in their bloody Circles burn'd.
 So glows the Furnace which the flowing Maf
 Of liquid Flints, transforms to Crystal Glas.
 Round her foul waft a thousand Monsters rag'd,
 A dreadful fight, in endless Strife engag'd.
 Some Serpent like their spotted Volumns roll'd,
 Some a *Cerberian* Offspring grinn'd and howl'd.
 Like Lyons some, like Tygers some appear'd,
 And part their hissing heads like *Hydras* reer'd.
 Part Leopards seem'd, part were of Vulture Kind,
 Part seem'd for poisonous Basilisks design'd.
 Some were an odious Harpy-footed Race,
 Some Dragons Tails joyn'd to a *Gorgon's* face.
 Some blended Forms did compound Horrour show,
 Such as from foul unnatural Mixtures flow,
 When all the various Beasts of *Lybia* meet
 At some refreshing Spring to cool their heat.
 Where Lyons, Bears, and all the Savage Kind
 A horrid Congress, are in Friendship joyn'd;
 And when the Stream has quench'd their burning Thirst,
 Form dire Conceptions with promiscuous Lust.
 These all each other, and their Parent tear,
 And rend her Bowels with Eternal War.
 Raving and restless on the Rock she turn'd,
 And with her Feet her massy Fetters spurn'd.
 Her Parent Ignorance clofe by her stood,
 And from her Breast squeez'd Juice like blackish blood,
 Her hateful Offspring's most delicious food.

A formidable Figure black as night,
 That does in Shades and Labyrinths delight,
 Exceeding fierce, but destitute of sight.
 A crowd of howling Hellhounds round her staid,
 All hideous Forms that her Commands obey'd.
 Contention, Zeal, Inexorable Rage,
 And Strife that wretched Men in Arms engage.
 Various Division, Malice, deadly Hate,
 That rend a Kingdom, and dissolve a State.
 With these a curst Figure did attend
 Ecclesiastic Wrath, a furious Fiend
 That did the rest in Cruelty surpass,
 Deform'd beyond the whole Infernal Race.

Swift as exploded Light'ning thro' the Sky,
 To this wild Rock did Hell's proud Monarch fly.
 The Fiends, as he alighted on the place,
 Before him bow'd with awkward, horrid Grace.
 Scmit with his hands the brazen Chain he broke,
 And then the raging Fury thus bespoke.
 Thou by whose Aid, we founded first our State,
 Who didst these gloomy Seats of Death create,
 Of whose great Power all Nature stands afraid,
 Hither I come to ask thy speedy Aid.
 The *British* King th' invetrate Foe of Hell,
 By whose prevailing Arms the *Saxon* fell,
 Musters in *Gallie* Fields his *British* Ranks,
 And threatens Ruin to our Warlike *Franks*.
 Go haste to *Albion*, and her State embroil,
 With Heats and Strife and Tumult fill the Isle.

That *Arthur* from *Lutetia* may retire,
To quench distracted *Albion's* raging Fire.

He said. The Fiend pleas'd with the high design
Reply'd, this grateful Enterprize be mine.
I first in Heav'n did Strife and Uproar move,
And vext with War the Realms of Peace and Love.
Cast down from thence to *Eden's* Walks I came,
Where *Adam's* Breast receiv'd my powerful Flame.
From Heav'n his yielding Heart I did divide
Tho' by the Bonds of Love and Int'rest ty'd.
Against his God I arm'd the Rebel first,
And then against himself with Guilt and Lust.
His Veins inspir'd by me, distracted *Cain*
Did first with humane blood the ground distain.
Subjects by me dethrone their Rightful Lord,
Sons in their Parents Bowels sheath their Sword.
Empires whose deep foundations laid in blood,
Collected in their Strength unshaken stood,
Viewing their spacious Conquests far and wide,
And all their Foes Associate Arms defy'd,
By my Superiour force at last attackt,
Have faln with inward, strong Convulsions rackt.
Nations insulted by their Tyranny,
Have seen with Joy their Wrongs reveng'd by me.
The *Roman* vanquish'd Eagles must have fled,
And left Unconquer'd proud *Judea's* head,
Had not my Fury and restless Flames
Annoy'd the Walls, more than their Batt'ring Rams.

High

High *Rome* by all the trembling World ador'd,
Inspir'd by me, plung'd her Victorious Sword
Within her own full Breasts, and with her Darts
Wild with Distraction pierc'd her Childrens Hearts.
Her mighty Sons in Arms and War renown'd,
With the rich Spoils of Conquer'd Monarchs crown'd,
Drunk with my Fury, with each other's blood
Delug'd the Plains, and swell'd sad *Tyber's* Flood.
Ev'n Christians whom their Founder had enjoy'd,
To live in Bonds of Peace and Love combin'd;
Whence both their Strength and Beauty should arise,
And on them draw the World's admiring Eyes,
Inspir'd by me against each other rag'd,
For Empire strove, and in fierce War engag'd.
I taught them to despise the gentle Dove,
And into Savage Fury chang'd their Love.
They soon discern'd by Lights deriv'd from me,
That Kindness, Meekness, low Humility
Those Gospel Vertues that to Peace inclin'd,
Enfeebled and debas'd a Noble Mind.
The Streets which sounded with Seraphic Lays,
With Songs of Heav'nly Love and Sacred Praise,
Now with the Din of Arms and Trumpets sound,
And warlike noise shake all the Heav'ns around.
Their Mitred Captains spring into the Field,
Lay down the Crozier, and the Fauchion weild.
Th' outrageous Preachers of a Law of Peace,
From Strife and fierce Contention never cease.
The Sacred Prelates now for Arms declare,
Unfold their Gowns, and shake out horrid War.

K

The

The furious Shepherds o'er the Mountains scour,
 Prevent the Wolves, and their own Flocks devour.
 Their Love extinguish'd by my stronger flame,
 Their Church a bloody Theater became,
 Where with a Zeal that gives all Hell delight,
 Ecclesiastic Gladiators Fight:
 In bloody Prizes with prodigious rage,
 The eager Champions of the Church engage.
 That Church has found mine, a more fatal Fire
 Then that wherein her Martyrs did expire.
 The beauteous Charms and Graces that arose
 From perfect Health which Unity bestows,
 Soon wither'd and decay'd, and in their place
 A sickly Hue deform'd her meagre face.
 My single hand has nobler Conquests won
 O'er the Vile Sect, than all your Arms have done.
 In vain you brought your *Scythians* from the North,
 In vain you led your *Roman* Armies forth.
 Oppos'd by these the Christians greater grew,
 And all their Sufferings did their Strength renew.
 Confed'rate Earth and Hell could never move
 This Sect supported by their mutual Love.
 I broke the strong Enchantment, and infus'd
 Those heats which all the binding Cement loos'd.
 The Bond dissolv'd which did the frame connect,
 Into a thousand parts was rent the shatter'd Sect.
 Each Fragment strait aspir'd to sovereign rule,
 And every seperate Part would be the whole.
 They did each other black Apostates deem,
 But all themselves the Orthodox esteem.

With

With all th' abstracted Points the Schools could find,
 And Notions by th' acutest Wit refin'd
 I entertain'd and fand the glowing flame,
 Till it attain'd a force too great to tame.
 Sometimes the Zealots shed each others blood,
 For Points by neither Party understood.
 Fruitfull in Creeds and Councils *Asia's* foil
 Is fam'd for fierce Ecclesiastic toil.
 Anti-*Nestorian*, at *Nestorian* rag'd,
 And *Arrian* War with Anti-*Arrian* wag'd.
 Their Synods oft adjourn'd into the Field,
 And those were Hereticks, who first did yield.
 All for the Conq'ring Faith did soon declare,
 And Creeds were vary'd by the chance of War.
 In Orthodoxal Pride by turns they reign'd,
 As they by turns the Battle lost or gain'd.
 These furious Zealots thus the World embroil'd,
 And with unheard of Rage each other spoil'd.
 So soon the Laws of Peace they did decline,
 Despis'd their Master's Badge, and put on mine.
 An idle Notion and an empty Word
 Have dy'd with Christian Blood the reeking Sword.
 Thus has the ruin'd World my Power confest,
 And so much Zeal have I for Hell exprest:
 Nor will I future Services decline,
 But undertake the Province you enjoyn.
 Strait to *Britannia* will I make my way,
 She's Conscious of my Power, and must obey.

K 2

She

She said. And strait she mounted in the Air,
 And all behind her flew her Snaky Hair.
 Thro' the dark Realms she swiftly wing'd her way,
 And quickly reach'd the Silver Coasts of Day.
 To *Morogan's* high Seat she took her flight,
 Where she arriv'd when blended Shades and Light,
 A brown Confusion made of Day and Night.
 When Birds obscene fly from their dark abodes,
 And prowling Wolves forsake the shady Woods.
 The Lyon now who in his Den by Day
 His lazy Limbs extended slumb'ring lay,
 Yawning and stretching from his Covert comes;
 Roars o'er the Hills, and thro' the Forest roams.
 His lofty Palace near *Augusta* stood,
 On the sweet Banks of *Ifis* famous Flood,
 Whither the Peer sower with his Discontent
 Came, in *Augusta* Faction to foment.
 Along the Shore his flowing Gardens lay,
 Which did with smiling looks the Stream survey.
 Here walk'd proud *Morogan* with Cares oppress'd,
 Holding his Arms across his anxious Breast.
 When hither with her Crew the Fury came,
 Whose poisonous Breath, and the malignant flame
 That thro' the Air her glaring Eye-balls cast,
 All the delicious Gardens Glory blast.
 The verdant Walks their charming Aspect lose,
 And shrivel'd Fruit drop from the wither'd Boughs:
 Flowers in their Virgin Blushes smother'd die,
 And round the Trees their scatter'd Beautys lie.

Infection

Infection taints the Air, sick Nature fades,
 And suddain Autumn all the place invades.
 So when the Fields their flowry pomp display,
 Sooth'd by the Spring's sweet Breath and cheering ray,
 If *Boreas* then designing envious War,
 Musters his swift-wing'd Legions in the Air,
 And then for sure Destruction marches forth,
 With the Cold Forces of the Snowy North.
 The opening Buds and sprouting Herbs, and all
 The tender First-Born of the Spring must fall.
 The blighted Trees their blooming Honours shed,
 And on their blasted Hopes the mournful Gard'ners tread.

The Fury strait compress'd the ambient Air
 Moulded a shape, and did a Dress prepare
 So just, that thus disguis'd the crafty Fiend,
 Proud *Algal* seem'd the Peer's departed Friend.
 A Mitre did his hoary Temples crown,
 Pride in his Eyes, and on his Brow a frown.
 Pondrous with Gold a Scarlet Cope made fast
 With Silver Clasps, his Reverend Shoulder grac'd.
 A low-hung Robe as white as Snow he wore,
 And in his hand a Golden Crozier bore.
 She did a haughty Air and Mien assume,
 Such as we see in the proud Sons of *Rome*.
 Gravely she then advanc'd, and coming near
 She stood, and thus bespoke the thoughtful Peer.

Let not my coming *Morogan* affright,
 The Seats of Bliss and of Immortal Light.

Where

Where ravish'd Minds their Golden hours employ
 In drinking in unutterable joy,
 By ancient Friendship mov'd I now forsake
 To give that Counsel *Morgan* should take.
 While all your Inj'rys tamely you sustain,
 You tempt th' Oppressor to encrease your pain.
 Wrongs unreveng'd new sufferings will invite,
 And not asserting it, you yield your Right.
 Prince *Arthur* and for ever may be curst
 That impious Tongue, which call'd him Monarch first
 The *Britons* and their Merit disregards,
 And on the *Neustrian* only heaps Rewards.
 These know his Secrets, and enjoy his Smiles,
 Pamper'd with Ease, and rich with *Albion's* spoils.
 The slighted *Briton* at a distance stands,
 Not to receive his Favours, but Commands.
 You that advanc'd him to th' Imperial Throne,
 And for his safety did expose your own,
 Who did till now his tott'ring Crown Support,
 For this are banish'd from th' ungrateful Court.
 Commands and Honours are confer'd on those
 Who chiefly did his Arms, and yours oppose.
 The Profits these enjoy, for which you fought,
 And reap the Fields, which by your Blood were bought.
 You all are left to tell of Camps and Wars,
 To show your Wounds, and unrewarded Scars.
 In vain your Merit in the Scale you lay,
 Against your Neighbours Gold can Merit weigh?
 This Court the Man that's useful now rewards,
 And future Service, not the past regards

This

This Prince those Subjects only will prefer,
 Who always please, or necessary are.
 When *Arthur* first the *Saxon* did invade,
 What Forces did you raise to bring him Aid?
 What mighty Deeds were at *Gallena* done,
 What Trophys by your Conqu'ring Sword were won?
 What Strength, what Godlike Courage did you show,
 Passing like Thunder thro' the broken Foe?
 How much that glorious Day was due to you,
 You beat the Foe, whom *Arthur* did pursue?
 For this he envy'd your Heroic Fame,
 And griev'd that yours did Rival *Arthur's* Name.
 For this, from your Commands you are displac'd,
 Strip'd of your Honours, and at Court disgrac'd.
 Excess of Worth some as a Crime regard,
 And hate the Vertue, which they can't reward.
 The Merit which to these does most commend,
 Is on their favour wholly to depend.
 Your Vertues make you to the People dear,
 And whom the People Love, ill Princes fear.
 You once were Valu'd, when besmear'd with blood
 You o'er the slaughter'd *Saxons* Conquering rode.
 But now the Statesman does your hopes defeat,
 And reaps the fruits of all your Blood and Sweat.
 Your Merit ceases now the Foe's o'ercome,
 The brave abroad fight for the Wife at home.
 You are but Camp Camellions fed with Air,
 Thin fame is all the bravest Hero's share.
 Yet the good Monarch would no longer give
 This meagre Sustenance on which you live,

His

His Ensigns he has wafted o'er the Main
 New Laurels in the *Gallic* Fields to gain.
 But you are left neglected here behind,
 Such Scorn must deeply wound a generous Mind.
Solmar enjoys the Honour which to you
 Is for your Courage and Experience due.
 Your noble Soul this treatment does resent,
 Nor do you spare to give your Passion vent.
 But what will words do? they may prove a Crime
 Dangerous indeed to you, but not to him.
 Repentments till by sweet Revenge reveal'd,
 Deep in your Breast should wisely be conceal'd.
 Repeated threat'nings only wound the Air,
 The Sword alone your Inj'ries can repair.
 In vain your empty Words your Passion show;
 He should not hear it, till he feel it too.
 Heav'n now has plac'd Revenge within your power;
 Had you a Heart to use the happy Hour.
 While *Arthur's* absent from the *British* Isle
 To seek new Triumphs in a Forreign Soil,
 Some Pious Prelates are enrag'd to see
 Their Prince protect audacious Heresy.
 These in their Zeal to their Restorer cool,
 Why should they serve a Prince they cannot Rule?
Adal and many Noble Leaders more
 Who call'd their Hero from the *Neustrian* Shore;
 Who from the Cliffs the Ocean oft survey'd,
 And with Impatience dy'd to be delay'd;
 Who, when he came, unheard of Joy express'd,
 And their Deliverer, as they call'd him, blest;

Thousands

Thousands of these grown Wiser wish to be
 From their Deliverance, and Deliverer free.
 Now the warm Passion has its Vigor spent,
 They Cool to Sense, and their rash Choice repent.
 Inlighten'd they, their fatal error own,
 And crush'd beneath too much Redemption groan.
 Power and Promotion were the dazzling Prize,
 The bright Illusion that engag'd their Eyes,
 Which not obtain'd the strong enchantment's broke,
 And now their Reason's free, they find the Yoke,
 The heavy Yoke is not remov'd, the Name
 Is only chang'd, the Thing is still the same.
 Ill blood encreases thro' the mur'm'ring State,
 And unpromoted Friendship turns to Hate.
 Pernicious Counsellors your Prince misguide,
 And from the People's Interest his divide.
 These *Sycophants* address with Courtly Skill
 Not to his Wants their Counsel, but his Will.
 They hide ungrateful Truth and speak no more
 Than what they knew would please their Prince, before.
 Bright Schemes of Power before him they display,
 And the sweet Charms of Independent Sway,
 They tell him Kings then only great appear,
 When Arm'd with Force they move their Subjects fear.
 Princes whose Will pretended Law restrains,
 Are only Royal Slaves, and rule in Chains.
 That he's a King who triumphs free from Law,
 Like the fierce Monarchs which the Desert awe.
 Which uncontroll'd range the wild Mountains o'er,
 And shake the Forest with their dreadful roar.

L

Whose

Whose haughty Nod the trembling Herds obey,
 And are not Subjects only, but their Prey.
 To such a Power they teach him to aspire,
 And such a savage Empire to admire
 More than *Elysian* Groves, and Spicy Woods,
 And flow'ry Gardens stretch'd along the Floods,
 Ev'n more than *Eden's* Paradise, if there
 Does one high Tree above his reach appear,
 On which does hang the People's Golden Meat
 Which Right protects, and Law forbids to Eat.
 To ravish beauteous Liberty they first
 Excite their Monarch, then assist his Lust.
 By all her Crys unmov'd, and all her Charms
 They bring her struggling to th' Oppressor's Arms.
 These are the Tyrant's Pioneers that lay
 All the high Fences flat, and clear the way
 For his destructive Arms to fill with Spoil,
 And fearful Ruin all their native Soil.
 These in the *Saxon* Int'rest still abide,
 And with design the lab'ring State misguide,
 If Arms you take, no doubt but these will joyn,
 And with their Squadrons aid the just design.
 Others by favour rais'd to high Command,
 Weak and unskilful in the Steerage stand,
 To guide the Vessel, till 'tis almost lost
 Midst frequent Rocks, and on a shoaly Coast.
 Indulgent Heav'n of Miracles profuse
 Religious admiration to produce,
 Protecting Care has of the *Britons* shown,
 Against their En'mys Wisdom, and their own.

But will you still on Miracles rely?
 You must the means to heal the state apply,
 The Sword's a sharp, but sov'raign Remedy.

She said. And from her odious head she tore
 A chosen Viper swoln with pois'nous Gore,
 She prest and grip'd him hard, and slash'd him thrice
 Against the ground, to make his fury rise.
 Then with a nimble hand the twining Beast
 She secretly directed to his Breast.
 Which pass'd as swiftly as a *Parthian* Dart,
 Or pointed flame of Light'ning to his Heart.
 Where while she fixt her Teeth, into the Wound
 She prest out all th' evenom'd Juices found
 In yellow Cells, wherewith her Jaws abound.
 The secret Plague with which his heart was stung
 Close to his Life in chill Embraces Clung.
 A shiv'ring horror thro' his Vitals struck,
 And every Limb with strong Convulsions shook.
 The cold to heat no less excessive turn'd,
 And with a suddain Fire the *Briton* burn'd.
 All *Aetna's* Caves strove in his lab'ring Soul,
 And *Syagian* Tempests in his veins did rowl.
 His panting Heart threw out a boiling tide,
 And circulating flames their winding Channels fry'd.
 Distracting fury all the Man possest,
 And Agonys of rage o'erwhelm'd his Breast.
 Taking long strides sometimes he Slowly stalk'd,
 And then Distracted rather ran, than Walk'd.

Oft stopping on a suddain would he stand
 Striking his Breast, and stamping on the Sand.
 Sometimes his Eyes were fixt upon the Ground,
 Then starting up he wildly star'd around.
 He bit his Lips, and with his Hands did tear
 From his distemper'd Head his curling Hair.
 Death! Heav'n! 'tis so, Ungrateful Man. Abus'd.
 Were broken Forms of Speech his Passion us'd.
 Then on his mighty Sword he laid his Hand,
 And muttering to himself did threatening stand.
 So when a Bull nodding his brindled Head,
 And softly bellowing traverses the Mead,
 While the warm Sun darts his indulgent Beams,
 And moist refines the Earth's exhaling Steams;
 If then he finds th' invading Hornet cling,
 Close to his Flank, and feels the poison'd Sting,
 The wounded Beast enrag'd, and roaring out
 Whisks round his Tail, and flings, and flies about:
 Mad with th' adhering Plague's tormenting Pain,
 He Scares the Herds, and raving scowrs the Plain.

Then her Disguise and Shape of Air dissolv'd
 Which all her Monsters, and dire Limbs involv'd,
 Strait did the Fiend her *Stygian* Wings display,
 And to *Muraldo's* Palace flew away.
 He, tho' a Prelate was a Male-content,
 Impetuous, hot, revengeful, turbulent.
 False to his Vows, to Broils and Strife inclin'd,
 A Mitred Christian with a Pagan Mind.

The

The Fury pois'd with her unerring Art
 Her flaming Torch, and aim'd it at his Heart.
 Across the Air the Firebrand swiftly flew,
 And lightly pass'd his purple Garments thro'.
 His Breast was strait on Fire, thro' every Vein
 The hot Contagion did resistless reign.
 The haughty Prelate strait outrageous grew,
 And wild and raving round the Palace flew.
 His swelling Eyes did from their Orbit start,
 And Streaks of Fire across th' Apartment dart.
 He gnash'd his angry Teeth, his heaving Breast
 And trembling Joynts the Fiend within confest.
 So when surrounding Huntsmen cast a Shower
 Of hissing Spears against some mighty Boar.
 The grisly Beast provok'd with every Wound,
 Rages, and casts his threatening Looks around.
 High on his Back his furious Bristles rise,
 And Lightning flashes from his raging Eyes.
 He tosses Clouds of Foam amidst the Air,
 And brandishes his Fangs invites the War.
 Part of his overboiling Fury spent,
 The Prelate spoke to give his Passion vent.

Does Arthur thus my service past requite,
 Despise my Power, and thus my Interest slight?
 Is he so firm, so fixt upon his Throne,
 That we Supporters once are useless grown,
 Remov'd as Scaffolds now the Building's done?
 My Power and Strength th' ungrateful King shall know
 And find a Churchman is no vulgar Foe.

That

That the kind Miter must support the Crown,
 That Arms are impotent without the Gown.
 He shall a Churchman's Strength superiour find ;
 He rules the Body only, we the Mind.
 Against their King my Sons will me obey,
 My Power's Divine, and do's the Conscience sway.
 The People of their Error I'll convince,
 And make it Treason to obey their Prince.

Distracted thus he pass'd the wearing Night,
 Watching with eager Eyes the springing Light.
 And when the Morn did her grey Wings display,
 From whence she gently shook the tender Day.
 Strait Messengers he thro' *Augusta* sends
 To call with Speed his most confiding Friends,
 Who chiefly by his Eloquence was sway'd,
 And his Advice as Oracles obey'd.

Of the deep Hate to *Arthur* some declar'd,
 And for Rebellion had been long prepar'd.
 These in the Church a Separation made
 Because King *Arthur* she as Head obey'd.
 Some whom Promotion only did convert
 To *Arthur's* Cause, still lov'd his Foes at Heart.
 By solemn Vow they did the Monarch own,
 But labour'd hard to undermine his Throne.
 While *Albion's* famous Church Obedience paid
 And for the King her great Defender pray'd,
 These few, for some amongst the best are bad,
 Ev'n Christ among his twelve one Traitor had,

As open Schismatics or secret Foes,
 Did both the Pious Church and Pious King oppose.

'Tis true in *Arthur's* most auspicious Days,
 The Peaceful Priesthood gain'd Immortal Praise :
 Then noble Lights did in the Church appear,
 And with their Orbs adorn'd her sacred Sphear.
 Whose Pious Lives and Labours made her shine
 With Heav'nly Graces, and with Truth Divine,
 Whose learned Fame advanc'd her to the Skys,
 And on her drew the World's admiring Eyes :

Then *Tylon*, *Olbar*, *Arman*, *Orocon*
Britannia's glorious Luminaries shone.
 Then flourish'd *Caledon* great *Tylon's* Friend
 Who to the Field King *Arthur* did attend.
 Then flourish'd learned *Aula* void of Pride,
 And *Moran* did his Church with Honour guide.
 Then *Patracan* the Church's Fame increas'd,
 And charming, sweet-tongued *Fleta Albion* blest.
 These sacred Priests whom *Albion* most rever'd,
 And thousands more to *Arthur's* Cause adher'd.
 Yet some ev'n then were found, who did create
 Disturbance in the Church, as well as State:
 Men of aspiring Thoughts and restless Mind,
 Who Grandeur and Terrestrial Pomp design'd.
 Scepters Immortal, and high Thrones of Bliss
 In the next World they mock'd, they'll reign in this.
 Celestial Crowns did doubtful things appear,
 These would be Mitred Kings, and triumph here.

Religion which their Heav'nly Founder taught,
 To these seem'd Plain and Naked to a fault.
 These to encrease her Charms did on her throw
 Their gawdy Pomp, and Ceremonial Show.
 Which soon her native Majesty did throwd,
 Her Form divine and Heav'nly Lustre cloud.
 She groan'd beneath her Robe's unweildy Weight,
 Eclips'd with Splendor, and debas'd with State.
 Her Godlike Looks at first her Voc'rys saw
 With Admiration, Love and sacred Awe.
 These made her lovely Shape to be despis'd
 Deform'd with Paint, with Ornament disguis'd.

Botran to every restless Spirit dear
 Did at *Miraldo's* Palace first appear.
 Inexorable Hatred, Pride unmixt
 Desperate Revenge, and Malice deeply fixt,
 With Wrath from every Stain of Love refin'd
 Reign'd uncontroul'd in his envenom'd-Mind.
 The savage Spoilers of the *Lybian* wild
 Compar'd with this fierce Man, are tame and mild.
 His Parents got him in a fullen Mood,
 Hell's Furies round th' unshap'd Conception stood,
 And all their Poisons mixt in one green Flood;
 Then the dire Medly from the flowing Bowl
 They pour'd into his Veins, and thence into his Soul.
 Each with his Torch the heaving Mass inspir'd,
 And with their keenest Flames the Embryo fir'd.
 Th' unhappy Parents Womb began to swell,
 And quicken'd with the Joy and Hopes of Hell.

With

With mighty Pangs she brought the Monster forth,
 And dy'd to give her odious Offspring Birth.
 Her wretched Bowels with Convulsions rent
 Th' exploded Thunderbolt midst Mortals sent.
 Teeth from his Birth did arm his cruel Jaws,
 And Nails his Hands, sharp as a Tyger's Claws,
 Fierce as young Beasts of Prey he us'd to try
 Upon his Nurse his Infant Cruelty.
 Displeas'd with Milk he bit her swelling Breast,
 And suck'd her Blood a more delicious Feast.
 Young Birds and Beasts he strangled with his Hand,
 And o'er their Torments would insulting stand.
 Hell's greatest Masters all their Skill combin'd
 To form and cultivate so fierce a Mind,
 Till their great Work was to Perfection brought,
 A finish'd Monster form'd without a Fault.
 No Flaw of Goodness, no deforming Vein
 Or Streak of Vertue did their Offspring stain.

Then *Orban*, *Sobez*, and *Elbuna* came
 Whose Envy, Malice and ambitious Aim
 With *Botran's* and *Miraldo's* were the same.
 Tho' all a cruel Nature had express'd,
Botran in Rage and Spite surpass'd the rest.
 Th' Assembly fill'd, *Miraldo's* Silence broke
 And in these Words his Reverend Friends bespoke.

Prelates you see how *Arthur* do's employ
 His Art and Power our Altars to destroy.

M

This

This Prince against us has at last express'd
 The Rancor long conceal'd within his Breast.
 From us our due Protection he withdraws,
 And breaks the Fences of our ancient Laws.
 What dreadful Tempests o'er our Heads appear,
 What Desolation may we justly fear,
 Now all th' Entrenchments, and the sacred Mound
 Now the high Pale is levell'd with the Ground,
 Which Christ's Celestial Vine did once surround?
 Wild Boars and Foxes will destroy her Fruit,
 Tear up the Glebe, and gnaw her tender Root.
 Now our Sectarian Foes in numerous Swarms
 Will lay our Churches waste with furious Arms.
 A Rout of raging Monsters will invade
 The Heav'nly Vin'yard, now the Breach is made,
 And all th' Inclosure is so open laid.
 How can our Dignity be now upheld,
 Since our coercive Laws are all repeal'd?
 The Cement gone that held the Structure, all
 The mould'ring Fabrick must decay and fall.
 Stript of its Power who will our Gown revere,
 Who will a Church unarm'd and naked fear?
 Our Empire we no further shall extend,
 Nor what we now possess, shall long defend.
 We never shall unsheath this Monarch's Sword,
 His Arms no Triumphs will to us afford.
 He'll ne'er enrich us with Sectarian Spoil,
 But when we push him forward will recoil.
 If impious Sects the sacred Mitre dare,
 In vain we bid him undertake the War.

He

He unconcern'd our threat'ning Danger sees,
 Nor will revenge our Wrongs and Injuries.
 He to the Sects gives universal Ease,
 And with our Foes has made a separate Peace:
 Prelates, you see what lowring Clouds appear,
 Which clearly show our certain Ruin near.
 If still our Foes must this Indulgence boast,
 The Church is faln, and all her Sons are lost.
 Speak Prelates, what Expedient can we find
 Whereby th' impending Storm may be declin'd.
 Say, how this growing Mischief we shall stop,
 And how our sinking Empire underprop.

Botran elated with Infernal Pride,
 And urg'd with bitter Rancor thus reply'd.
Miraldo, Reverend Lords, do's truly state
 Th' important Subject of this great Debate.
 'Tis plain Sectarian Principles obtain,
 And o'er the poison'd Court and Nation Reign.
 The Sects are numerous, proud and haughty grown,
 Find free Admission to the Prince's Throne.
 Warm'd by the kind Indulgence of the Court,
 Towing on high the busy Insects sport.
 No more they dread the naked Church's Power,
 But in their Monarch's Favour seem secure.
 No Law restrains them, all our Hands are ty'd
 And all Redress is to our Prayers deny'd,
 And those they fear'd before, they now deride,
 Crossiers their Hands, their Heads rich Mitres grace,
 Who were the Offspring of Sectarian Race.

M 2

Sectarians

Sectarians o'er the Orthodox preside,
 Who must the Church by Court-Direction guide.
 They call them Men of Temper, Gentle, Meek,
 They Peace pretend, and Moderation seek.
 The Church by Condescension these betray,
 And by reforming purge her Strength away.
 How shall we Health to her pale Cheeks restore,
 And to her Eyes the Beams they had before ?
 What Sov'raign Drug, what potent Remedy
 Can we to save a sinking Church apply ?
 Since all our Wrongs and Fears from *Arthur* spring,
 They're all remov'd, if he was not our King.
 We guide their Conscience, and can soon provoke
 Our zealous Friends to break th' Oppressor's Yoke.
 Let us aloud the Church's Fears declare,
 And for her sake engage her Sons in War.
 Better a thousand Kings should quit their Throne,
 Than such a Church as this should be undone.

Thus these two Prelates did the rest inflame,
 And dar'd usurp the Church's sacred Name,
 Tho' the incens'd, the Faction did disclaim.
 Mean time bold *Morgan* by Hell inspir'd,
 Came to *Miraldo* and access desir'd.
 The Prelate introduc'd him to the rest,
 Who at his coming wondrous Joy express'd.
 Then did *Miraldo* to the Peer relate
 At large th' important Matter in debate :
 And what the fittest means to them appear'd
 T' avert the Church's Ruin which they fear'd.

En'ring

Entring the Room he straightway silence broke,
 And thus the Reverend Prelates he bespoke.
 The gathering Tempest from Sectarian Foes
 Impending o'er the Church still blacker grows.
 Our Enemys, th' Inclosure open laid,
 With their collected Force the Church invade :
 Fathers who ne'er were Sons they now create,
 To rule the Sacred Order which they hate.
 Sectarian Swarms indulg'd o'erspread the Isle,
 Devour the Church, and all the Land defile.
 Nor do I only mourn the Churches Fate,
 I dread th' approaching Ruin of the State.
 Bleeding *Britannia* from her open Veins
 Pours out a Crimson Deluge on the Plains.
 Her Beauty faded, and her Vigor spent,
 She feels her self grown Faint and Impotent.
 What Foreign Soil hears not her dying Moans,
 Bath'd with our Blood, and horrid with our Bones.
 Outlandish Graves our bravest Youth entomb,
 Or else they are swallow'd in the Ocean's Womb.
 Her Wealth profusely spent, her Treasures gone,
 Lost *Albion* is exhausted; spoil'd, undone.
 No bounds are set to our increasing Woes,
 Devour'd by Foreign Friends, and Foreign Foes.
 O'erwhelm'd with Sorrow, Anguish and Despair,
 With her sad Moans she wounds the ambient Air,
 And to her Sons pours out this mournful prayer.
 Ease me, my Sons, of my tormenting Pain,
 Remove my Yoke, and break my ponderous Chain.

Will

Will not my Wounds my Son's Compassion move?
 Where is their ancient Courage, where their Love?
Arthur, restore my Valiant Legions lost
 On *Scandinavia's*, and the *Cimbrian* Coast.
 Restore my Noble Youth for my defence,
 Protect not Foreign Realms at my expence.
 My wasted Riches and my Ships restore,
 Enrich not *Neustria's* Towns to make mine poor.
 Relieve my Wants restore my Ease and Health,
 And spread not neighboring Shores with *British* Wealth
 Let not proud *Rhenus* and the *Gallie Sein*
 Exhaust my *Thames*, and all her Treasures drain.
 Call home my Armies who with fruitless toil,
 Pursue Ambitious Aims in Foreign Soil.
 Protect my Commerce, and my Fleets encrease,
 Make me again the Empress of the Seas.
 Oh! Let th' insulting Corsairs be suppress'd,
 Who in destructive Swarms my Coasts infest.
 Chase this dire plague from my unguarded Shore,
 Restore my Fleets, and they will Peace restore.
 Can we her Sons see with relentless Eyes
Britannia's tears, and haer unmov'd, her cry?
 Must not these Woes which threaten Church and State
 Wound all our Souls and anxious care create?
 How shall our Arts the lowring Storm dispel?
 What lofty Works can this strong Tide repel?
Britannia must not sink, nor can we see
 The Church o'er-run with monstrous Heresy.
 We must our Altars with our Arms protect,
 And guard our State which *Arthur* dos neglect.

Our

Our Defolation from Destructive War
 Moves not his Pity, nor employs his care;
 While Dreams of Foreign Triumphs fill his Brain,
 Domestic Evils unresisted reign.
 If we *Britannia* love, we must apply
 With speed some sharp and Sovereign Remedy.
 By Camps and Battles *Albion's* strength decays,
 The slow Disease upon her Vitals preys.
 This Flux of Blood exhausts her flabby Veins,
 And from the Springs of Life their Vigor drains.
 Her noblest and her purest Spirits gone,
 A windy Vapour swells her Veins alone.
 Campaigns protracted and th' insatiate Womb
 Of everlasting War her Wealth entomb.
 We must debate how best her Wealth to save,
 Princes impoverish first, and then enslave.
Adal and *Barden* to the *Britons* dear,
 Who love their Country, and her ruin fear,
Organ and *Subal* who have still bewail'd
 Their Country's fate, since *Arthur* first prevail'd,
 These all by me engag'd, prepare to Arm,
 You Church-men must assist and spread th' alarm.
 No doubt some great Sectarians too will joyn,
 Who from their Zeal to *Arthur's* Cause decline,
 Who on their unrewarded Arms reflect,
 Proud of their Worth, impatient of Neglect.
 These with loud murmurings all *Britania* fill,
 Expose their Prince and boldly thwart his will.
 These tho' they hate us, as we justly them,
 Joyn with us *Arthur's* Conduct to condemn.

These

These raise Distrust, Suspicion, Jealousy,
Which for Protection to Resistance fly.
These Passions soon in open Arms appear,
To guard against the Dangers, which they fear.
Thus far we'll call the Vile Sectarian Friend,
And use his Service to promote our End,
The Sects shall Aid, King *Arthur* to dethrone,
Then fall themselves, their chief Supporter gone.

He said, the Faction with a great Applause
Embrac'd the forward Champion of their Cause.
In solemn Vows th' ungrateful Rebels joyn
To execute with speed their black Design.
He whom with Prayers and Tears they did invite,
To ease their Sufferings and assert their Right.
Who touch'd with God-like Pity, soon releas'd
These wretched Slaves by Pagan Foes oppress'd,
By whose blest Arms Deliverance did appear
Strange and amazing, as their Dangers were;
He's by ungrateful Murmurers defam'd,
By those his Power protects, Oppressor nam'd.
For now the dreadful Storm is over blown,
And all the hideous shapes of Terror gone,
Now Barb'rous Gods and Barb'rous Kings no more
Oppress despairing *Albion* as before,
These Men no more their great Restorer own,
But would the Prince that sav'd their Church dethrone.
So when good *Moses* set his *Hebrews* free
From the strong Jaws of *Savage* Tyranny,

Working

Working a thousand Miracles to raise
Their Admiration, and excite their Praise;
They, rescu'd from the proud Oppressor's Hand,
And plac'd in Prospect of the promis'd Land,
Forgot the Wonders in their Favour shown,
Wonders by their Ingratitude outdone.
They soon their great Deliverer did despise,
And mock the Freedom, which with earnest Cries
And endless Groans they importun'd the Skys.
So long with *Egypt's* Leeks and Onions fed
They soon began to loath their Heav'nly Bread,
They would again be back to *Egypt* led.
They to their Chains and Brick-kilns would return,
And fore the loss of *Egypt's* Bondage mourn.
Of their Deliverance so did these repent,
And so revile the glorious Instrument.
They did their great Restorer dare condemn,
And all the Wonders which he wrought blaspheme.
Again the Slaves require their scourging Rods,
Their *Saxon* Masters, and their Pagan Gods.
Now open War the Rebels did proclaim,
And with their Slanders wounded *Arthur's* Fame.
A thousand Falshoods did the Traitors vent,
T' embroil the Realm and Tumults to foment.
Their crafty Arts wrought up the People's Rage,
And in Rebellion did weak Minds engage.
As when high Winds on the vast Ocean blow,
The swelling Surges strait tumultuous grow:
Mad with their Rage they beat with fearful Strokes
Their batt'ring Heads against th' opposing Rocks.

N

On

On some while rushing forward, some recoil,
 And with wild Uproar all the Deep embroil.
 Along the Coasts th' outrageous Billows roar,
 Or dash themselves to fleet upon the Shore.
 Rebellion, Fury, Insurrection reign
 O'er the vext Empire of the spacious Main.
 So did these Agitators loud Alarms
 Embroil *Britannia* with seditious Arms.
 The common Clamour was, Religions gone,
 The Church is ruin'd, and the State undone.
 Atheists bewail the Church's wretched Fate,
 And Beggars fear the Ruin of the State.
 The Vicious and Prophane their Armour take,
 Fond of Rebellion for Religion's sake.
 Those who derided all her sacred Laws
 Appear, as Champions of the Church's Cause.
 Those who on Tyrants lov'd to fawn, and still
 Enslav'd thir Country to their boundless Will.
 Who did her ancient Laws and Rights betray,
 Now most complain of arbitrary Sway.

Mean time fell out a luckless Incident,
 Which did Sedition's spreading Flame foment,
 And favour'd much the Traytors black Intent.
Augusta's Fleet equip'd with mighty Coft,
 Each Year the Ocean pass'd to *Asia's* Coast.
 As oft return'd with Triumph from abroad
 In *Albion's* Ports her Treasures to unload.
 Hence *Albion* Empress of the Seas possess'd
 All the Delights and Riches of the East.

Then

Then in her Towns did wondring Strangers see
Arabian Wealth, and *Tyrian* Luxury.
 The Pious King whose Vigilance and Care
 Attended all Concerns of Peace and War,
 Whose Breast felt only this ambitious Aim
 To raise *Britannia's* Glory, Wealth, and Fame,
 Sends out a Warlike Squadron to protect
 This Navy which *Augusta* did expect.
 The Squadron well equipt advanc'd to meet
 And guard from Pyrates Rage the *Asian* Fleet.
 With prosperous Gales they pass'd the narrow Tyde
 That do's *Iberia* from the *Moor* divide.
 But now the gathering Clouds began to rise,
 And lab'ring Winds convey'd them up the Skys.
 A dreadful Storm ensued, Fire, Hail and Rain
 Beat with an unknown Fury on the Main.
 Such Thunderclaps, such Winds, such Waves did roar
 As never trembling Saylor's heard before.
 Experienc'd Captains gray in Danger grown
 Stood now amaz'd and did their Terror own.
 In vain to stop their leaking Ships they try'd,
 In vain the Pump, in vain the Rudder ply'd,
 In vain they cut their Masts, or furl'd their Sails,
 The Sea's resistless, and the Storm prevails.
 Some Vessels with inevitable Shocks
 Were dash'd to pieces on the craggy Rocks.
 Some overset, some founder'd, some the Sand
 Suck'd in, and some were lost upon the Strand.
Britannia's scatter'd Wreck and Warlike Stores
 With endless Spoils o'erspread *Iberia's* Shores.

N 2

The

The Warlike Squadron lost, that should secure
Britannia's Asian Fleet from hostile Power,
 When thrice *Aurora's* bright dishevel'd Hair
 Had chas'd the Shades from all th' enlighten'd Air,
 In with the Foe the wealthy Navy fell,
 And strove in vain their Fury to repel.
 For *Lusitania* won with *Gallic* Gold,
 Their Corfair's Service had to *Clotar* fold.
Clotar did these and many more employ
 The *British* Coasts and Commerce to annoy.
 These prosperous Robbers seize the noble Prey,
 And to their Ports *Britannia's* Spoils convey.

When these ill Tydings to *Augusta* came,
 The Rebels thro' the Streets the Loss proclaim,
 And on the pious King reflect the Blame. }
 Their Mouths a thousand black Invectives vent,
 And with infernal Malice represent
 Th' indulgent King as one who would betray
 Their Naval Strength, and wish'd their Trade's Decay:
 Thus the seditious Flame they did foment,
 And into Rage blew up the Discontent.
 As when the Sun to th' Artick Line returns,
 And with a scorching Ray the Harvest burns,
 Emptys the Rivers, and the Marshes dries,
 Chaps the hard Plain, and ruffet Meadow frys,
 If in some Town a Fire breaks out by chance,
 Th' impetuous Flames with lawless Power advance:
 On ruddy Wings the bright Destruction flies,
 Follow'd with Ruin, and amazing Crys.

The

The flaky Plague spreads swiftly with the Wind,
 And ghastly Desolation Howls behind.
 So soon Sedition reer'd her hissing Head,
 So swiftly did her raging Poison spread.
 Thus did the Fury *Albion's* State embroil,
 And with Distraction fill th' unquiet Isle.
 So far her Undertaking did succeed;
 All Hell had joy, and triumph'd in the Deed.
 That done, the Fiend left the sweet Realms of Light,
 And sinking, plung'd her self in *Stygian* Night.

King

KING ARTHUR.

BOOK IV.

MEan time *Gravellan* an Illustrious Peer,
 Who to his Monarch's Int'rest did adhere,
 For Eloquence, for Wit and Courage fam'd,
 Was by the Faithful Lords in Council nam'd
 The Messenger, who should on *Aribur* wait,
 To represent *Britannia's* troubled State.
 Forthwith the noble Person undertook
 The task enjoin'd, and *Albion's* Coast forsook.
 With outspread Wings his Vessel crost the Main,
 And the *Neustrasian* Shore did quickly gain :
 Thence to the Camp impatient of delay
 He hasten'd, where the Valiant *Britons* lay.
 Arriving there, thro' the thick Files he went
 With eager Steps to Pious *Arthur's* Tent.
 Where he in secret with his Monarch spoke,
 And to him thus th' unwelcom Message broke.

Since *Jason* was dispatch'd to let you know
 Your heavy loss, and sad *Britannia's* Woe;
 When *Ethelina* did her Throne remove,
 And chang'd Terrestrial Cares for Joys above :
 A Race of Men who are enrag'd to see
 Vertue asserted, and *Britannia* free.

Who

Who to their Country with the greatest Harms,
 And envy you the Glory of your Arms:
 Against your Throne and *Albion's* Peace conspire
 And with Seditious Heats the *Britons* fire.
 With false Reports and Popular Addres,
 They spread th' Infection with too great Success.
 With crafty Language, and ensnaring Arts,
 Your Subjects they deceive, and gain their Hearts.
 Some of th' Invidious Malecontents declare
 Against the Burden of a Foreign War.
 Some aggravate the Losses we sustain
 By *Corsairs*, Rocks and Tempests on the Main.
 These would th' Intendants of the Sea displace
 As an unskilful, weak, and heedless Race.
 They cry high Offices are Sold and Bought,
 And Trusts for Men, not Men for Trusts are fought.
 Some cry, the Freedom all the Sects enjoy,
 The Church's strong Foundations will destroy.
 While by the Laws you're to Sectarians kind,
 Her Pillars shake, her Walls are undermin'd.
 Some would your chiefest Ministers remove
 Who serve you best, and most their Country love.
 Into the Field they run in numerous Swarms,
 Pretended Inj'rys to redress with Arms.
 Rival with Rival, Foe with Foe combine,
 Against their Prince divided Interests joyn.
 Some are enrag'd to see their Foes enjoy
 The Mannors, Honours, and the high employ,
 Or noble Pension which themselves believ'd
 Due to the mighty Deeds by them Achiev'd.

Court Candidates with long Attendance tir'd
 Fill'd with Despair, and with Resentment fir'd,
 Neglected Senators, great Peers displac'd,
 Captains cashier'd, and Ministers disgrac'd,
 Bigots, and all the persecuting Kind
 Against your Throne in Friendship are combin'd.
 Then did the noble Lord at large relate
 What Peers and Prelates most disturb'd the State.
 Who did the Insurrection boldly head,
 And who in secret did th' Infection spread,
 And popular Heats which fly Suggestions fed.

A while King *Arthur* sitting unresolv'd,
 Th' important Message in his Mind revolv'd.
 He in the greatest Straights could ever find
 Unshaken Courage, and a present Mind.
 If happy or unhappy Tydings came,
 His Godlike Temper ever was the same.
 In Storms of State he was a steady Guide,
 Still ply'd the Helm, and stem'd th' impetuous Tyde:
 No Change of Looks his inward Care confess'd,
 And when he suffer'd most, he show'd it least.
 Oft from the lowest Ebb his Waters came
 Back to their Channel with a nobler Stream.
 His sick'ning Orb would oft disturb the Sight
 With faded Glory, and expiring Light:
 But would as often with a sudden Blaze
 Break out, and shine with more illustrious Rays:
 Oft thrust from Heav'n it left its starry Sphere
 Sunk down, and hung below in Cloudy Air,

But the divine Intelligence within
 Rais'd it as oft, to its high Seat again.
 Then calmly thus did the great *Briton* speak ;
 Soon as returning Day from Heav'n shall break,
 I'll lead my Squadrons *Clotar* to invade,
 And if my Arms by Heav'n's propitious Aid,
 Against the *Gallie* Forces shall succeed,
 I'll reach *Britannia* with the utmost Speed,
 To calm those Heats which interrupt her Peace,
 And find fit Med'cines for the sharp Disease.

Now had *Aurora* on the Face of Night
 Pour'd from her Golden Urn fresh Streams of Light.
 That shin'd and clear'd the Air, while down to Hell
 The shady Dregs precipitated fell.
 Then with Heroic Eagerness and Haft
 King *Arthur* round his Head his Helmet brac'd :
 From whose high Crest a lofty Plume did rise
 Pure, as the Milky Stars that grace the Skys.
 The radiant Steel which arm'd his Back and Breast,
 Reflected Lustre not to be express'd.
 Pure, burnish'd Gold his Martial Thighs encas'd,
 And Silver Boots his vigorous Legs embrac'd.
 His glorious Belt he cross'd his Shoulder slung,
 In which refulgent *Caliburno* hung.
 With his strong Arm he grasped his spacious Shield,
 Where a fierce Dragon guarded all the Field.
 So bright it blaz'd, the Metal when it came
 Red from the Forge, did scarce more fiercely flame.

Then

Then his long Spear he gript, which shone from far
 Bright, as if pointed with the Morning Star.
 When first into his Hand King *Arthur* took
 The pondrous Ash, the trembling Weapon shook,
 As if 'twas conscious what a bloody Lake,
 What vast Destruction 'twas about to make.
 With Martial Port the Hero then advanc'd,
 And fearful Splendor from his Armour glanc'd.
 A dreadful Pleasure 'twas to view from far
 The utmost Pomp, and Terror too of War.
 As when the Dogs with their deep Mouths proclaim
 That in the Wood they've rous'd the flying Game,
 The generous Steed erects his list'ning Ears,
 And the loud Noise with brave Impatience hears :
 Thick Clouds of Smoke his working Nostrils blow,
 And Streams of Fire out from his Eyeballs flow.
 His eager Looks his inward Heat express,
 And all his quiv'ring Limbs his Joy confess.
 He paws the Vally with an needless Strife,
 Profuse of Force, and prodigal of Life.
 His forward Feet anticipate the Chace,
 And seem to run, ev'n while he keeps his Place.
 Such Life King *Arthur* show'd, such generous Rage,
 Urg'd with as great Impatience to engage.

The sprightly Trumpet now with shrill Alarms,
 The *British* Troops with noble Fury warms.
 Their Arms so well to Victory known they take,
 And springing forth the tented Camp forsake.

O 2

A

A graceful Ardor in their Looks appears
 While Lances, Swords and Woods of glittering Spears,
 Throng'd Helmets, Gauntlets and contiguous Shields
 Diffuse promiscuous Splendor o'er the Fields.
 The various Glories of their Arms combine,
 And in one fearful, dazling Medly joyn.
 The Air above, and all the Fields beneath
 Shine with a bright Variety of Death.
 Helms flash on Helms, Bucklers on Bucklers blaze
 With glancing Lustre, and recoiling Rays.
 The Sun starts back to see the Fields display
 Their Rival Lustre, and Terrestrial Day.
 The raging Steeds shake with their Feet the Ground
 And with their Neighings all the Heav'ns around.
 Prodigious Clamour rattles in the Hills,
 And in loud Echo's all the Valley fills.
 Thick Clouds of Dust which from the Plains arise
 O'erspread the Squadrons, and deform the Skys.
 The valiant Troops draw out in close Array,
 And on the Hills their awful Pomp display.
 The thronging *Franks* amaz'd regard from far
 Th' Embattled Wings and Iron Face of War.

On th' other side of *Eisa's* silver Flood
 The *Gallie* Army in Battalia stood.
 And only now this interposing Tide
 Did *Albion's* Youth from the fierce *Frank* divide.
 Bright, as the radiant Harbinger of Day
 The splendid *Arthur* shone and led the Way.

His

His Squadrons follow'd, and along the Banks
 The *Britons* swarm'd, and stretcht their Warlike Ranks.
Eisa amaz'd at this strange sight appears,
 Believing all her Reeds transform'd to Spears.
 Th' affrighted Stream with unaccustom'd haste
 By its arm'd Banks, and Iron Margin past.
 Amidst the numerous Hosts the River flow'd
 Like a vast Serpent, gliding thro' a Wood.

The valiant *Briton* wav'd his flaming Sword,
 And full of Rage his fiery Courser spur'd ;
 The wound resent'd by the generous Beast
 He plung'd amidst the Waves, and with his Breast
 He all th' opposing Waters did divide,
 And made his way across th' impetuous Tyde.
 As when (so Poets feign) lascivious *Jove*
 Forfaking Heav'n became a Bull for Love,
 The Thund'ring Beast with mighty Vigor bore
 Across the Tyde his Mistress to the Shore.
 So *Arthur's* Steed the River's fury braves
 Carrying a nobler Passion thro' the Waves.
 Thro' Showers of Arrows which around him flew,
 And Storms of Darts which *Gallie* Warriours threw
 The mighty King advanc'd, and from the Stream
 Bright as the Morning Sun in Triumph came.
 With such a Lustre, and with such a Force
 He rose, prepar'd to run his glorious Course.
 Had those who liv'd in antient times descri'd
 This Warriour rising from the foaming tide,

They

They would have thought that *Mars* himself had come,
 As well as *Venus*, from the Water's Womb.
 Fir'd with th' Example of th' intrepid King
 The *British* Youth with Shouts did onward spring.
 All to the Banks advanc'd, and with their Swords
 High lifted up they leap'd to cross the Fords.
 While thus the *Britons* boldly pass'd the Tyde,
 The *Gallie* Troops rang'd on the other Side
 Cast Clouds of Darts from near, and from afar,
 To beat off from the Banks the wading War.
 A rattling Storm down on the River pours,
 And bearded Death descends in feather'd Showers.
 Some Rocky Fragments hurl against the Foe,
 Some massy Spears, some glitt'ring Jav'lins throw.
 While thus they strove th' Aggressor to repel,
 Many great *Britons* by their Weapons fell.
 Who mingled with the Waves their flowing Blood,
 And turn'd the Crystal to a Purple Flood.
 Courfers, dismounted Riders, Jav'lins, Helms,
 And massy Shields the swelling Tyde o'erwhelms.
 Spears, Arrows, Bows, and Plumes of various Dy
 Upon the rapid Waters floating ly,
 And Darts their Fury spent, still on the Current fly.

First his impetuous Dart *Olcnor* cast
 Which thro' *Comara's* shining Buckler pass'd:
 Then thro' his temper'd Breastplate made its Way,
 And buried deep within his Bosom lay.
 From the wide Wound warm crimson Streams of Blood
 Sprang out, and down the *Briton's* Armour flow'd:

Backwards

Backwards he fell of Sense and Breath bereft,
 And his hot Steed without a Rider left.
 The generous Courser now without a Guide,
 Did with the spacious Breast the Flood divide,
 And climbing up the Banks with loosen'd Reins,
 Flew wild about, and scow'r'd along the Plains.

Then mighty *Stuffa* threw his massy Spear,
 Which with its Errand pleas'd, fung thro' the Air.
 He aim'd it full at *Goraw's* shining Crest,
 But missing him, it struck his Courser's breast.
 A Crimson Torrent spouted from the Wound,
 And deeply tinctur'd all the Flood around.
 The Steed tho' tortur'd with the goring Spear,
 Would fain the Warriour thro' the Water bear:
 He heav'd his lab'ring Limbs, stretcht every Vein,
 Did every Muscle, every Sinew strain;
 His Mouth out-foam'd the Waves, his Eye balls star'd,
 And working Nostrils Death at hand declar'd:
 Then faint with toil and vast expence of blood,
 He with his Rider sunk beneath the Flood.

Then was at *Belon's* head a pondrous Stone
 By the strong Arm of raging *Bofar* thrown.
 It lighted on the *Briton's* Breast, beneath
 The Paps, and from his Body struck his breath.
 He straightway headlong fell, and *Esha's* Wave
 Involv'd the *Briton* in a liquid Grave.
 Next *Robur* fell of *Berta's* noble Line,
 Too bold the greatest Dangers to decline:

Now

Now an inglorious Spear at random cast,
 His Naval pierc'd, and thro' his Bowels past.
 He honour'd by his Birth *Sabrina's* Stream,
 And by his Death rais'd silver *Ebia's* fame.
 Here *Dolan* to surmount the rising Banks,
 Stuck fast his Spurs within his Courser's Flanks;
 The Steed against the Bank with fury sprung
 That high above the Water's Margin hung;
 But fell down backward headlong to the Flood,
 And lab'ring lay, and choaking in the Mud.
 Then *Arton*, *Gamal*, and *Ormellan* dy'd,
 And with their Bodys swell'd the troubled tyde.
 Next *Blanadoc* for Arts and Courage known,
 And *Holan*, wife *Tesador's* Valiant Son,
 And many more amidst the Waves were slain,
 Who strove to make the Shore, but strove in vain.

Mean time their Friends had gain'd the adverse Banks,
 And march'd in Battle rang'd against the *Franks*.
 Near to the Hills, the *Franks* retreating back,
 In order drawn, waited the Foe's Attack.
 Then Valiant *Arthur* to his *Britons* cry'd,
 Now, Fellow Soldiers, no remaining Tyde
 Is left to Guard the Foe; here, *Britons*, see
 The way is plain that leads to Victory.
 He said. And straight he spur'd his fiery Steed,
 And thunder'd thro' the Plain with eager speed.
 As when a Falcon from the Airy brow
 Of some high Hill descrys the Game below,

To

To truls the Prey so strong, so swift he flies,
 As if some Engine shot him thro' the Skys.
 So *Arthur* with a noble Ardor past
 T' engage the Foe, and the first Spear he cast
 To Death's unwelcome Shades stout *Hago* sent;
 The fatal Weapon thro' his Buckler went,
 Broke thro' his Armour oft in Battle try'd,
 And pass'd his Body thro' from Side to Side.
 At *Corolan* he aim'd his second Spear,
 Which pierc'd his Head en'ring above the Ear!
 He fell, and groveling in his flowing Gore
 Fetch'd one deep Groan, and after fetch'd no more.

Then from amidst the Files *Grimaldo* sprung,
 Nobly descended, vigorous, bold and young:
 With all his Might his furious Spear he threw,
 Which from the *Briton's* Shield in pieces flew.
 The Monarch all enrag'd with mighty Force
 His Javelin cast, which with impetuous Course
 Into his Breast past thro' his massy Shield;
 Faint with the fatal Wound a while he reel'd,
 Then down he fell, and stretcht upon the Ground
 Which with his ringing Armour did resound.
 Then *Boson* stept out from the foremost Ranks
 A noble Youth born on *Axona's* Banks;
 He rais'd his spacious Buckler in the Air
 And stooping down guarded his Head with Care.
 The *Briton* saw him, and a Javelin sent
 Which might all farther Care of Life prevent:

P

But

But *Boson* scap'd, tho with a mighty Dread
 He heard the erring Death sing o'er his Head.
Conrade who next did to the Charge advance
 Could not escape with such a prosperous Chance.
 An Ashen Spear the *British* Monarch sent
 Which on its deadly Message swiftly went.
 The furious Weapon did with Ease divide
 His Buckler's temper'd Plate and treble Hide.
 Then deep within his wounded Breast it sunk,
 And at their purple Spring his Vitals drunk.
 Strait on the Ground he fell no more to rise,
 And everlasting Sleep o'erwhelm'd his Eyes.

Then did *Amintor* and great *Turpin* feel
 Deep in their wounded Veins the *Briton's* Steel.
 Next *Raban* and *Amanful* near ally'd
 By the same mighty Arm together dy'd:
 These did when living to each other show
 The highest Strains of mutual Love, and now
 When dying both their Friendly Streams of Blood
 Were join'd, and mixt in warm Embraces flow'd.
 Then *Villa* much admir'd for beauteous Charms,
 And not less famous for his splendid Arms,
 Who with applauded Brav'ry always fought,
 Up to the Charge his fierce Battalions brought.
 Then did the valiant *Frank* his Javelin throw
 Aiming at *Arthur's* Breast a furious Blow:
 Thro' the soft Bosom of the Air it went,
 And in the *Briton's* Shield its Fury spent.

The King enrag'd strait cast his glittering Dart
 Which thro' his Shield and Breast transfixt his Heart:
 The noble *Frank* in strong Convulsions lay,
 Wallowing in Gore, and Gasping Life away:
 His swimming Eyes grew dim, and suddain Night
 Her sable Curtain drew before his Sight.

And now the *Franks* with vengeful Fury warm'd,
 In numerous Throngs about the Monarch swarm'd.
 Bright Showers of Darts did on his Buckler ring,
 And bearded Arrows all around him sing.
Arthur enrag'd, resolv'd to force the Foe,
 To break their Ranks, and cut his Passage thro.
 He now no longer missive Weapons threw,
 But from his Side broad Caliburno drew.
 Above his Head he wav'd the glorious Blade,
 Which dreadful Flashes thro' the Air convey'd.
 And then advancing with a mighty stride,
 Did force his Passage, and the Files divide.
 As when a River is oblig'd to stay,
 Oppos'd by some new Mound that dams its Way:
 Th' obstructed Tyde swoln with its Fury stands,
 And to its Aid calls all its wat'ry Bands.
 Recruited thus the River leans, and heaves,
 And shoves against the Bank with all its Waves:
 Which having broken, with resistless Force
 It roars along, and runs with swifter Course.
 So *Arthur's* Rage resisted higher rose,
 And scattering all who did his Arms oppose
 He thro' their Ranks with double Fury flew,
 And their *Brigades* with greater Havock slew,

Such was the Conq'rour's rapid Course, that Fate
 Could scarce attend, and almost came too late.
 While Vict'ry almost spent, and out of Wind
 Flew heavily along, and panting lag'd behind.
Ausegius when he saw the Monarch nigh,
 Shaking with Pannic Fear began to fly.
 The *British* King pursu'd him o'er the Sand,
 His mighty Sword uplifted in his Hand.
 The flying *Frank* finding his Vigor spent,
 And that his Flight could not his Fate prevent,
 Turn'd back, and trembling on the Ground he kneel'd,
 And threw upon the Sand his Sword and Shield:
 Then while his Hands he spread out in the Air,
 And did his Words to beg his Life prepare,
 His Head flew mut'ring from his sever'd Neck,
 And in the Dust seem'd eager still to speak.
 So when the timorous Game from far descry
 Th' invading Falcon stooping from the Skys,
 Upon the Prey so swift is his Descent,
 It do's its Crys and almost Fears prevent.

Then *Haban* glorying in his noble Blood,
 Boldly the conqu'ring *Briton's* Course withstood.
 But strait the Warriour on his Crest did feel
 The Weight and Force of *Arthur's* massy Steel;
 With the vast Blow of the broad Fauchion stun'd
 The *Frank* fell down, and prest the trembling Ground:
Arthur advanc'd and thus the *Frank* bespoke
 Before his Arm discharg'd a second Stroke.

Haban,

Haban, what Widows Plaints, what woful Crys
 Of Orphans made by thee, have fill'd the Skys?
 Thou unprovok'd, with Fire and Sword hast past
 Thro' Peaceful States, and laid rich Countrys wast.
 What populous Towns and Citys hast thou burn'd,
 What Towers and Domes to heaps of Rubbish turn'd?
 How has thy Sword thy Neighbours round alarm'd,
 And slain their Youth when naked and unarm'd?
 This Cruelty thy bloody hand has shown
 To please King *Clotar's* Fury, and thy own.
 I'll now extinguish thy unnatural Thirst
 Of humane Blood; That said, the Monarch thrust
 Deep in his panting Breast his mighty Sword,
 And left upon the Ground th' extended Lord.

Then *Obal*, *Rodan*, and *Gutaro* fell,
 And *Oroman* who did in Arts excel.
Ocar and *Nisan* lay in Dust and Gore,
 And great *Aleador*, and vast numbers more
 Whose Vulgar Names appear in no Record,
 Dy'd by the mighty *Briton's* Conq'ring Sword.
 As when a Craggy Rock, that did appear
 Still falling while suspended in the Air,
 By washing Showers and frequent Tempests worn,
 Or by some inward strong Convulsion torn,
 Breaks off, and falling from the Mountain's top,
 Rolls down the Wood beneath without a stop;
 It overturns the Forest in it's way,
 Nor can the strongest Oaks it's Progress stay.

Elms

Elms rooted up and broken Pines around,
(Amazing Desolation) spread the ground.
The *British* King advanc'd with such a force,
And no less Spoils adorn'd his rapid course.

Mean time King *Clotar* who in Armour shone
Of polish'd Plate, led his Battalions on.
Around his Head his crested Helm was lac'd,
And on his Arm his blazing Target brac'd;
Which o'er the Field, amazing to behold,
Shone like a glowing Orb of melted Gold.
Fir'd with excessive Rage he did advance,
And shook from far his formidable Lance.
Then mounted in his high Refulgent Car,
He plung'd with loosen'd Reins amidst the War.
Brave *Gisau* first did in his Bosom feel
The deadly force of his projected Steel:
Down to the ground the wounded Warriour came,
And by his fall advanced the Conq'rou's fame.
Another Spear at *Roderic* he threw,
Which thro' his Shield, his Head, and Helmet flew.
The noble *Briton* stretcht upon the ground
And felt departing Life Ebb from his Wound:
He gather'd up his quiv'ring knees, and strait
He stretcht them out, and yielded to his fate.

Bold *Gotric* next did in the Front appear,
Resolv'd to stand the mark of *Clotar*'s Spear:
With mighty Vigor he his Weapon cast;
It flew, and hiss'd with fury as it past.

It

It struck the Shield, but by unhappy chance
Did from the brazen Brim obliquely glance.
But that his Message might not be in vain,
By its refracted stroke was *Ruthen* slain,
And lay extended on the dusty Plain.
Where *Clotar* stood *Ruthen* was always near,
No Courtier more was to his Master dear.
With him the Monarch did the Secrets trust
Both of his Cruelty, and of his Lust.
The noblest *Franks* did by his Ponyard bleed,
Whose Doom by *Clotar* had been first decreed.
Or he the poison'd Bowl bore in his hand,
If bloodless Death his Master did command.
The fairest Women to his Bed he brought,
By Force, or Fraud, or by his Silver bought.
By *Ruthen*'s fall King *Clotar* all enrag'd,
His utmost strength in deep Revenge engag'd.
With his extended Arm his Dart he cast,
Which as a Bolt of Thunder swiftly past.
On *Gotric*'s Shield the hissing Vengeance fell,
Nor could the temper'd Steel its force repel.
Thro' Plates and Plys and Hides it's way it made,
And in his brawny Thigh the Weapon staid.
The Bearded Plague stuck in his wounded Veins,
And rack'd the Hero with tormenting Pains.
Down on his Knees he fell as in a Trance,
The haughty Victor fiercely did advance
To strike his head off, when brave *Cutar* broke
Thro' the thick Files, to ward the furious Stroke:

He

He took the Monarch's blow upon his Shield;
A fuddain shout rung thro' th' applauding Field.

Then *Cutar*, *Clotar's* progress to arrest,
Discharg'd a noble Blow against his Crest;
The *Frank* receiv'd it on his temper'd Shield,
But stagger'd with the stroke, and backward reel'd.
Mean time brave *Gotic* had new Spirits gain'd,
Reviving from his Swoon, and then sustain'd
Both by his faithful Friends and faithful Spear
Retir'd in Pain, and halted to the Rear.
Gibbonius thro' all *Britain's* Isle admir'd
As one with *Æsculapian* Skill inspir'd,
Prescrib'd a nobler Balm to heal the Wound
Then that the famous *Locatella* found.
King *Clotar* soon recover'd, and for Fight
Collect'd all his Rage, and all his Might.
As when a Lyon roaming o'er the Plains
Is stop'd by Huntsmen, and surrounding Swains,
If wounded once by some adventurous Spear,
He sees his blood upon the Ground appear,
Straight double fury gathers in his Eyes,
And on the Foe with double force he flies.
So with a fiercer Fire the Monarch burn'd,
And to the War with greater Rage return'd.
Then with his mighty Spear he did Assail
His valiant Foe; nor Shield, nor Coat of Mail
Nor harden'd Cuirass could its fury stay,
Till glancing on the Ribs it flew away.

The

The *Briton* felt the Wound within his Side,
And all his Limbs the streaming Purple dy'd.
The noble Leader rag'd at this Defeat,
But Loss of Blood oblig'd him to retreat.

Next valiant *Horan* did the *Frank* engage,
Fam'd for his Arms and splendid Equipage:
He from the flowry Banks of *Isis* came,
To win in *Gallie* Fields heroic Fame.
But in those Fields the Combatant was slain
Unable *Clotar's* Fury to sustain.
Then Valiant *Malgo* shook his pondrous Lance,
And bad his bold *Dimetian* Troops advance.
He bravely march'd the foremost of the Band,
And charging boldly made a noble Stand.
As when the Rocky Fragments standing up
In a rude Channel oft the Torrent stop
Which during Summer from dissolving Snows
Down the rough Sides of some high Mountain flows.
Obstructed thus the foaming Deluge raves
And roars against the Rocks with all its Waves.
So did the *Britons* *Clotar's* Course oppose,
And in his boiling Veins like Fury rose.
With high Applause great *Malgo* kept his Ground,
Till feeling in his Head a painful Wound
Inflicted by a Dart which *Clotar* cast,
His Friends compell'd him to retire at last.

Then did the *Frank* with Sword in Hand invade
The *British* Ranks, and vast Destruction made.

Q

Now

Now grisly Death with Crimson Garlands crown'd,
 In horrid Triumph reign'd, while all the Ground
 With Helmets, Shields and broken Spears was spread,
 With ghastly Spoils, and slaughter'd Heaps of Dead.
 When famous *Shobar* with his watchful Eye
 Perceiv'd the *British* Troops begin to ply,
 Highly enrag'd, he call'd aloud to those
 Who did his own select Brigade compose,
 See, where your Countrymen begin to yield,
 And fearing *Clotar's* Arms forsake the Field.
 Let us advance our Ensigns, to sustain
 Our staggering Friends, till they their Ground regain:
 With this Applause the *Britons* all adorn
 No rallying Troops so oft to Fight return.
 Did now that youthful Vigor warm my Veins
 Which once I felt in *Lusitanian* Plains;
 Could I with such a Force the Fauchion wield,
 As when I slew *Gelasou* in the Field,
 When *Romolar* who flew to his Relief,
 Fell by the Side of that expiring Chief,
 While *Rhenus* was amaz'd to see its Flood
 As once *Egyptian* Rivers turn'd to Blood;
 I would not doubt King *Clotar* to subdue;
 Whose conqu'ring Arms our yielding Friends pursue.
 But since his Sword such Numbers have destroy'd;
 And *Arthur's* Arms we see elsewhere employ'd;
 I'll stay no longer a Spectator here,
 But with King *Clotar* will exchange a Spear.
 Old as I am I will my Fortune try
 In *Arthur's* Cause I'm not displeas'd to dy.

Between

Between the rising Fields on either Hand
 Where *Shobar* and King *Clotar* did command,
 A shady Ticket rose, near which the Way
 That led between the *Franks* and *Britons*, lay.
Moloc who often had with Joy embrou'd
 His reeking Hands in slaughter'd Christians Blood,
 Who thro' their Towns with Hellish Fury past,
 And laid with Fire and Sword their Dwellings wast,
 Chose fifty *Gauls* of equal Strength and Rage,
 Who did themselves in dreadful Oaths engage,
 Ne'er Children Wives or Lands to see again,
 Till they had first the mighty *Shobar* slain.
 And when they saw where his stout Squadron staid
 They to this Thicket strait themselves convey'd:
 That if his Squadron should advance this Way
 They with united Arms might *Shobar* slay.
 Now as the Warriour near the Thicket past
 Marching to aid his Friends with eager Haste,
 The *Gallie* Foes did from their Ambush spring,
 And all at once their furious Javelins fling.
 Then with loud Clamour they did onward rush,
 And with unequal Force the Hero crush,
 While *Shobar* rais'd his Shield and stood inclin'd,
 Th' Ignoble Foe *Morander* came behind,
 And pierc'd between his Armour's Skirts his Reins,
 And left the Javelin in his bleeding Veins.
 Great *Shobar* wounded with th' inglorious Thrust,
 Fell down, and lay besmear'd with Gore and Dust.

Q 2

A

A while he lay convuls'd upon the Ground
 While his warm Life gush'd from the treacherous Wound.
 His wailike Soul flew up to take its Post,
 Midst the bright Squadrons of the Heav'nly Host.
 Yet this great Life he did not cheaply sell,
 For with his fatal Arms before he fell
 He *Dorlac*, *Taman* and *Orbassan* slew,
 Bruis'd *Bodan's* Head and pierc'd *Tibaldo* thro.
 Nor did his Squadron stand Spectators by
 As unconcern'd to see great *Shobar* dy.
 For valiant *Calmot* when he saw the Chief
 Opprest with Numbers flew to his Relief.
Calmot to pious *Clovis* was ally'd,
 In Blood and Vertue both, and now he dy'd
 Striving insulting *Oran's* Blow to ward,
 And from the furious Crowd the Chief to guard.

Altubar next for Arts and Valour known
 Strove *Shobar's* Life to save, but lost his own.
 Next thro' the Files noble *Gravellan* broke,
 But came too late to save the fatal Stroke.
 But on the Field he left *Moranfon* dead,
 And with his Fauchion struck off *Moloc's* Head.
 Thus *Shobar* fell unable to withstand
 The suddain Charge of such a desperate Band.
 The *Britons* rav'd to see him lying slain
 By ignominious Arms upon the Plain.
 And to revenge so great a Captain's Fall,
 With utmost Rage they charg'd the treacherous *Gaul*

Th

Th' amaz'd Conspirators the Fight forlook,
 And their swift Flight back to the Thicket took.
Gravellan close pursu'd with Sword in Hand,
 And such a Slaughter made that of the Band
 Which made the treacherous Onset, only two
Gamol and *Zipan* from their Fury flew.
 Great *Shobar's* Fall reveng'd, the valiant Chief
 March'd with his Troops to give his Friends Relief.
 Who prest too hard by *Clotar's* Arms retir'd,
 And whom his Prefence with fresh Life inspir'd.
 When *Solmar* likewise saw those Troops dismay'd
 He brought the *Ordovicians* to their Aid.
 Thus reforc'd the rallying *Britons* burn'd
 With a new Flame, and to the Fight return'd.

And now the *Franks* and *Britons* high enrag'd,
 Were close thro' all the bloody Field engag'd.
 Now Files on Files, Cohorts on Cohorts rush,
 Steeds Steeds o'erturn, Spearmen at Spearmen push.
 Shields ring on Shields, Fauchions with Fauchions clash,
 And Flames from clattering Arms, like Lightning, flash.
 Thick Clouds of Dust obscure th' astonish'd Skys,
 And on the Field ghastly Destruction lyes.
 Buckler lay heap'd on Buckler, Dead on Dead,
 And sever'd Limbs and Heads the Ground o'erspread.
 Loud Shouts, prodigious Clamour, warlike Sound.
 From Hill to Hill, from Spear to Spear rebound.
 The Neighings of the Coursers, and the Noise
 Of battering Arms, and raging Captains Voice,

Insulting

Insultring Threats of Conq'rous, and the Prayer
 Of conquit'd Warriours, fill the echoing Air.
 As when an Earthquake shakes the cavern'd Soil,
 And rocking Mountains of *Sicilia's* Isle.
 Th' imprison'd Tempests bellowing in the Caves
 Raile on the heaving Fields amazing Waves.
 The Sea no more restrain'd by ancient Shores,
 In new unfashion'd Channels foams, and roars.
 The Ships, prodigious Sight! o'er Citys ride,
 And sail amidst the Land without a Guide.
 They leave the Harbour, and the Oazy Shore
 To visit Forrests where they grew before.
 The gaping Earth within her horrid Jaws
 Hills with their Woods and sinking Citys draws.
 Nature's disjoynted with the noisy Shock,
 Mountain on Mountain falls, and Rock on Rock.
 United Clamours and distracting Crys,
 Fill all the Land, the Ocean, and the Skys.
 So do's the Noife of Arms the Region scare,
 Shaking the Ground, and rending all the Air.

Gaston mean time did their left Wing invade,
 And thro' the *British* Files great Slaughter made.
 He march'd along the Plain with Martial Grace,
 Mighty of Bulk, and of Gigantic Race.
 A while as Conq'rour he maintain'd the Field,
 And to his Force the *Britons* long did yield.
 Till aided by a fresh and strong Recruit
 They rally'd, and reviv'd the hot Dispute.

The

The *Britons* with their Troops encompass'd round
Gaston advanc'd too far on hostile ground.
 Archers their Arrows on the Champion spend,
 And clouds of Spears the shouting Spearmen fend.
 Yet bravely still the *Frank* his ground maintain'd,
 And on his ample Shield the War sustain'd.
 So when arm'd Swains on the fam'd banks of *Nile*
 Befet a fierce, Voracious *Crocodile*,
 In vain their Darts, in vain their Spears assail
 His scaly Sides, and native Coat of Mail.
 On his hard Back they pour a fruitless War,
 Which strait recoyls, but can't imprint a Scar.
 So did the temper'd Steel unpierc'd repel
 The Weapons which on *Gaston's* Buckler fell,
 Like an *Egyptian* Obelisk he stood,
 Or as a lofty brazen Pillar show'd,
 Which grateful Citys out of high respect,
 To Princes or Victorious Chiefs erect.
 Thus stood the mighty Champion and defy'd
 The various Deaths which flew on every side.
 With proud Disdain he travers'd all the Ground
 Then stood, and cast his Haughty Eyes around.
 Aloud he cry'd, what have you not a Knight
 In Battle bold, and brave enough in Fight
 To come out hither and his fame advance,
 By being slain by *Gaston's* Conquering Lance.
 Then let him come, let him his Valour try,
 And chuse the way by which he'd rather dy.
 Will none step forth his name to Eternize,
 For that he gains, who by this Weapon dys.

While

While *Gaston* thus the *British* Knights defy'd,
 And stalk'd around the Field in all his Pride.
 The *British* Monarch he defy'd from far
 Advancing thro' the Files to seek the War.
 Then cry'd the *Frank*, yonder his Arms I see
 On which depend your hopes of Victory.
 He will not sure decline the glorious Fight,
 Nor seek his Safety by a shameful Flight.
 By this time Flying on with eager haft
Arthur advanc'd within a Javlin's cast,
 Then thus he Cry'd, *Gaston* a Foe appears
 Not us'd to Idle words, but active Spears.
 Then from his Arm his mighty Spear he cast,
 Exploded Light'ning scarcely flies so fast,
 Which the strong *Hero's* sevenfold Buckler struck;
 It past Six folds, but in the last it stuck.
 Then *Gaston* with enormous fury burn'd,
 And his Vast Spear with mighty force return'd.
 When to discharge the Weapon he prepar'd,
 He all his brawny Sinews strain'd so hard,
 Such strength employ'd to give a mortal Stroke,
 That as he threw, Fire from his Eyeballs broke.
Arthur who ne'er had felt the power of Fear
 Receiv'd within his Shield the massy Spear.
 Within the outmost folds the Point stuck fast,
 And not the middle of its thickness past.
 A shiv'ring Dread thro' both the Armys went,
 On either side they fear'd the vast event.
 Now from their Shields the Spears the *Heroes* drew,
 The next the *British* King with Vigor threw.

It

It pass'd his Shield, and passing did divide
 The treble Plate, and fourfold Bullock's Hide,
 Then pierc'd his Belly with a dreadful Wound,
 Which tore his Flesh, that clos'd his Bowels round,
 The *Frank* no longer could in Combate stand,
 But threw his Spear and Buckler on the Sand,
 And held his reeking Entrails in his Hand.
 Off from the Field the wounded Chief did fly,
 And fill'd the Region with a dismal Cry.
 So when a bold *Rhinoceros* in Fight
 With a strong *Elephant* compares his Might :
 The noble Combate all the Forest fills,
 And Terror strikes thro' all th' echoing Hills.
 This with his Trunk invades, and every Blow
 Rings on the scaly Armour of the Foe :
 Who with his Horn do's on th' Assailant rush,
 And makes a furious but a fruitless push.
 The Warriours long a doubtful Fight maintain,
 And spend a thousand noble Strokes in vain.
 Till the *Rhinoceros* do's gore by chance
 The Foe's soft Belly with his Horny Lance.
 Then do's the Monster roar in tort'ring Pain,
 And flying drags his Entrails o'er the Plain.

Mean time King *Clotar* with his massy Spear
 His Passage to the Quarter strove to clear,
 Where the *Britannic* King victorious stood,
 And murth'ring *Caliburno* reek'd in Blood.
 But as the raging Monarch swiftly pass'd
 High in the Chariot, valiant *Maca* cast

R

His

His furious Spear, which cut the liquid Air
 Attended with the pious Warriour's Prayer.
 Who cry'd, Good Heav'n's, the Weapon's Flight assist
 And let not *Clotar's* Shield its Force resist;
 Pierc'd by the Steel may he extended ly;
 Kind Heav'n in part, did with the Prayer comply.
 The Plate the Weapon's Progreſs could not ſtay
 Which thro' the Monarch's Thigh ſtrait made its Way:
 A bloody Torrent all the Chariot ſtain'd,
 And of his Wound the tortur'd King complain'd.
 Exclaiming loud he bad his Charioteer
 Turn his hot Steeds, and drive him to the Rear.

Soon as the *Franks* obſerv'd their Chief's defeat
 And ſaw their Monarch from the Field retreat,
 Their ſcatter'd Troops diſmaid began to yield,
 And diſarray'd forſook the bloody Field.
 The *Britiſh* Youth purſu'd them as they fled,
 And all the Ground with fearful Slaughter ſpread,
 Till Night advancing did their Fury ſtay,
 Night to the *Franks* more welcome than the Day.

King

KING ARTHUR.

BOOK V.

THE Chiefs returning from the hot Purſuit
 Did with becoming Joy their Friends ſalute.
 But all lamented mighty *Shobar's* Fall,
 A Chief rever'd, applauded, lov'd by all.
 But ſummon'd now King *Arthur* to attend
 To his high Tent they did their Footſteps bend.
 The *Britiſh* Monarch from his Chair of State
 Began, the Captains did around him wait.

Th' Almighty Lord of Hoſts whom we adore
 Has added to the paſt this Triumph more.
 Firſt to propitious Heav'n the Praise is due
 For this Succeſs, and next, brave Men, to you.
 Your Arms this Day have rais'd the *Britiſh* Name,
 And equall'd your great Father's Warlike Fame.
 The Courage and the Conduct you have ſhown,
 Your Faithfulneſs long try'd, and ſo well known,
 Aſſure me, you will *Clotar's* Force ſuſtain,
 Whiſt I my Troops forſake to paſs the Main.
 Know, *Britons*, ſome in *Albion* left behind,
 Impatient, proud, and turbulent of Mind,
 Intefline Heats and civil Feuds create,
 And with ſeditious Arts embroil the State.

I therefore to *Britannia* must return
 To quench the Flames wherewith the *Britons* burn.
 When from its Fears my Kingdom I have freed,
 Back to the Camp I'll come with equal Speed.
 Till I return to the *Neuftrasian* Strand,
Solmar in chief my Army shall command.
 Seek not again t' engage the *Gallie* Host,
 But with defensive Arms maintain your Post.
 Such valiant Troops can never be annoy'd,
 If private Strife and Contests they avoid.

He ceas'd. The Captains by their Aspect show'd
 The Joy was sunk which from their Conquest flow'd.
 They griev'd to hear the pious King relate
 What Strife embroil'd *Britannia's* troubled State ;
 Which forc'd him to forsake the *Gallie* Soil,
 To re-establish Peace in *Albion's* Isle.
 Then from his Princely Seat King *Arthur* rose
 Intending *Albion's* Tumults to compose.

Now did the Morn her radiant Lap display,
 And gently on the Air shook forth the Day.
 When strait the King his Chariot did demand,
 And took his Way to the *Neuftrasian* Strand.
 Valiant *Gravellan* did his Prince attend,
 And faithful *Lucius Arthur's* bosom Friend.
 Soon as they reach'd the Shore without Delay
 They all embark'd, and strait stood out to Sea.
 The bounding Vessel ran before the Wind,
 Leaving *Neuftrasia's* Rocks and Towers behind.

And

And when the rising Sun dispell'd the Night,
 The *Regnian* Strand appear'd within their Sight.
 Soon as they came on Shore they took the Way
 To *Domar's Castle*, there resolv'd to stay,
 Till brave *Gravellan* should return, who sent
 To learn the State of things t' *Augusta* went,
 And down from thence his chieftest Frinds to bring
 Fit to assist and to advise the King.
 Thrice had th' unweary'd Sun his Chariot driv'n
 O'er the wide Plains and trackless Wast of Heav'n.
 When the wife Lord return'd, and with him came
 The Peers and Prelates of distinguish'd Fame
 For Zeal and Wisdom, Men who ever stood
 For *Arthur's* Glory, and their Country's Good.

Then *Albion's* pious Monarch Silence broke
 And thus the Prelates and the Peers bespoke.
 For *Britain's* Safety to express my Care
 I leave in *Gallia* an unfinish'd War.
 My Arms have met Success, but Zeal for you
 Will not permit our Conquests to pursue.
 What Feuds some Peers and Prelates ill dispos'd
 Have rais'd, *Gravellan* has before disclos'd,
 But what has happen'd since do you relate,
 And tell the present Posture of the State.
 Suggest some ready and effectual Way
 To check Sedition, and its Progress stay.
Britannia might despise all foreign Power,
 If from contentious Sons she stood secure.

Het

Her Strength abroad is formidable grown,
 No Arms can shake her Greatness but her own.
 Only our Strife can *Clotar's* Empire Guard,
 Obstruct our Triumphs, and our Arms retard.
 Only your Feuds can sinking *Gallia* prop,
 Your Feuds their Refuge, and their single hope.

Then Reverend *Arman* for his Learning known
 And his Capacious Genius thus begun.
 Illustrious Monarch! whose Victorious hand
 From Pagan Kings and Gods has sav'd the Land,
 Urg'd by Affection and a Loyal Zeal,
 The Cause of our Distractions I'll reveal.
 The Liberty Sectarians have enjoy'd
 By your Indulgence, has our Peace destroy'd.
 At first they cry'd, Indulgence would content,
 Ease they demanded, but Dominion meant.
 For since from Punishment they live secure,
 And dread no more an unarm'd Church's Power,
 They now disclose their Malice, and their Pride,
 Affront our Order, and our Laws deride.
 They boast the Court Sectarians dos befriend,
 And dare for Empire with the Church contend.
 Freedom and Ease they know not how to use,
 But gentle Monarchs favours still abuse.
 Peevish, Illnatur'd, Proud and Arrogant
 They crave still more, and still more Merit vaunt.
 Those who to give a troubled Kingdom Ease
 Cherish these restless Sects, do but release
 Outragious Winds to calm th' unquiet Seas.

Such

Such call the Foe in, to Protect the Town,
 Or dig before the Flood their Fences down.
 This Pious Prince is *lad Britannia's* face
 While Sects let loose disturb our Church and State.
 Cheer'd with indulgent Rays the monstrous Brood
 Like Vermin hatch'd in *Nile's* prolific Mud,
 O'erspread the Land, th' uneasy State molest,
 Devour our Country, and the Church infect.
 The Sediment which at the bottom lay
 From the pure Church thrown down and purg'd away,
 Awaken'd now, attempts a fresh ascent,
 And with new Strife the Struggling Parts ferment.
 Sectarian Dreggs audacious are become,
 Rise up and on the top appear in Scum.
 The Church can ne'er be from Disorders free
 Till fin'd, and tackt from this unquiet Lee.
 I labour'd once to give Sectarians Ease,
 And thought Indulgence might Establish Peace;
 With Youthful Zeal I did assert their Cause,
 And strove to blunt the Edge of Penal Laws.
 But long Experience and Maturer Thought
 Make me retract the Deed, and own the Fault.
 I know th' Ambitious Race, they only claim
 The Right of Subjects, but at Empire aim.
 Which when they grasp, they Cruel Tyrants grow
 And unknown Rigour to their Subjects show.
 They lash with Scorpions, who complain'd before
 Of the mild Whips that show'd the Churches Power.
 With Tragic Clamours they for Freedom strive,
 Which they when Masters ne'er to others give.

The

The Church's temperate Empire they destroy,
 That they themselves a wider may enjoy.
 'Tis not in point of Power we disagree,
 But who should be the Rulers they or we.
 For, pious Prince, since by Compassion mov'd
 You first th' Indulgence of the Sects approv'd,
 Th' aspiring Race deliver'd from the Awe
 Of Court Displeasure, and coercive Law,
 Stand over us insulting, threaten high
 And treat with Scorn the sacred Hierarchy.
 Their Contumacy, Pride, and Insolence
 Justly the Lovers of the Church Incense.
 Her Sons too far transported with their Rage,
 For her Protection now in Arms engage.
 The Trait'rous Deed all highly must condemn,
 But would you soon th' impetuous Torrent stem,
 Would you at once the threatening Troops disarm,
 Which o'er *Britannia's* troubled Region swarm,
 Against audacious Schismatics declare,
 With Vigor carry on the Pious War.
 Revoke th' Indulgence granted, and restore
 To *Britain's* ancient Church her ancient Power.
 Her Friends whom now too much Repentment warms,
 Will at your royal Feet cast down their Arms.
 This pious Edict will their Troops disband,
 Secure your Throne, and bless with Peace the Land.
 Then mighty Monarch unmolested you
 Your glorious Triumphs may abroad pursue.

He

He said, and ancient *Ladan* silence broke
 And gravely thus the *British* King bespoke.
 Th' Expedient Reverend *Arman* do's suggest,
 T' appease the Tumults which the State molest;
 Great Prince, do's fully with my Judgment suit;
 It lays the Axe home to Sedition's Root.
 The civil Broils which *Albion* discompose
 From Fears and anxious Jealousies arose,
 Lest the proud Sects which kindly you protect,
 Should once their Empire o'er the Church erect.
 'Tis true, that some who with the Rebels joyn,
 Their Country's Fall, and *Gallia's* Growth design;
 But if those Troops which for the Church appear
 Submit their Arms, the rest we need not fear.
 Now 'tis with Reason that the Church suspects
 The Growth of proud, morose, designing Sects.
 I've long observ'd their Pride and Arrogance,
 And what destructive Doctrines they advance.
 Where they prevail the Church is soon defac'd,
 Becomes a wild, uncultivated Wast.
 A horrid Wilderness wherein we see
 The monstrous Forms of howling Heresy.
 Where Grizzly Schism, and raging Strife appear
 And raving Sects each other rend and tear.
 Where mad Enthusiasm and Discord reign,
 And endless Errors endless War maintain.
 These sad Effects their Liberty abus'd
 Thro' *Albion's* Isle already has produc'd.

S

Au-

Audacious Schismatics with lawless Pride
 Affront the Church, and all her Laws deride.
 Now Heresy her odious Head do's rear,
 And fresh engender'd Monsters thick appear,
 Which run upon the Church with open Jaws
 And fasten in her Wounds their dreadful Claws.
 Ev'n ancient Heresys which once annoy'd
 The Church's Peace, but seem'd long since destroy'd,
 Now hear'd and warm'd by this indulgent Heat,
 Stretch out their hideous Limbs, and Life and Vigor get
 Since the Rebellious *Britons* but reveal
 In a Religious Cause an erring Zeal,
 And for themselves alledge they flew to Arms
 To save their Altars from the Foe's Alarms ;
 I must for *Arman's* wise Advice declare,
 As likely to prevent th' Effects of War.
 Th' Indulgence granted to the Sects revoke
 And thus Sedition's quell'd without a Stroke.

He ceas'd. And Reverend *Olbar* rose and spoke. }

The Gospel Genius and a Christian Mind
 All fierce destructive Methods still declin'd.
 Our Founder did not raise his Regal Throne
 By his Opposers Sufferings, but his own.
 He gave his Church no Arms for her Defence,
 But Wisdom join'd with Dove-like Innocence.
 He always taught his Followers to profess
 Meekness Divine, and God-like Gentleness.
 When urg'd by eager Zealots to employ
 Fire from Heav'n Opposers to destroy,

He

He us'd no other Flames, but those of Love,
 The gentle Fire he brought down from above.
 The blest Restorer of undone Mankind
 With soft and mild persuasive Ways inclin'd
 The World his Heav'nly Mission to believe,
 And his bright Train of Blessings to receive.
 He us'd no other Force, no other Arms
 But Mercy's tender Crys and Pity's Charms.
 And all his Followers he oblig'd to be
 Gentle, and kind, and merciful as he.
 He gave Command they should in Friendship live,
 Patient of Wrongs, and easie to forgive.
 Mutual Forbearance, Meekness, Peace and Love
 Which fashion Men like the pure Minds above,
 He oft declar'd were Heav'nly Marks design'd
 To make them known from th' unbelieving Kind.
 He never arm'd his Church with Regal Power,
 Nor bad the strong the weaker Part devour.
 He to the valiant Champions of the Faith
 Allow'd the Serpent's Wisdom, not his Teeth.
 He came from Heav'n lost Blessings to restore
 But took from Men none they possess'd before.
 He ne'er pronounc'd Error or Unbelief,
 Just Forfeitures of Liberty or Life.
 He never bad his Church for Arms declare
 Nor taught the Rules and Stratagems of War.
 He never show'd them how Campaigns to make,
 How to defend, and how they should attack.
 He ne'er instructed them in future Days
 When numerous grown, what Bulwarks they should raise.

S 2

What

What Forts and Cittadels they should erect
 The Church's sacred Frontier to protect.
 He came to save Mens Lives, and not to Kill,
 And therefore taught no Military Skill.
 No Models left of Arsenals to be reer'd,
 Nor said what Warlike Stores should be prepar'd.
 His Church he ne'er Commanded to Amass
 Spears, Fauchions, Helmets, Shields and Boots of Brass.
 Her Valiant Champions first with Error strove }
 In Arms Divine, and Armour from above, }
 Immortal Truth, and Light, and Heav'nly Love. }
 Thus Arm'd the Chiefs their glorious Course pursu'd,
 Defeated Vice, and Ignorance subdu'd.
 Error before them fled, and Pagan Gods
 Of Light impatient, left their old abodes.
 Then a wide Empire Christian Faith possess'd,
 And Truth Divine Believing Nations blest.
 The White *European* and the Swarthy *Moor*,
 With a like flame Religion did adore.
 So powerful then were her Celestial Arms,
 So bright her Form, so ravishing her Charms,
 That where she came th' obsequious World obey'd,
 And at her Altars due Devotion paid.
 But when she once her Heav'nly Strength forsook,
 And in Exchange Terrestrial Weapons took,
 When Martial Faith in Armour first appear'd,
 And in the Field her bloody Standard reer'd,
 Advancing like an *Amazonian* Dame
 To vanquish Heresy with Sword and Flame;

The World at such a Figure stood amaz'd,
 And on the hideous Sight with horror gaz'd.
 Against her Throne the Nations soon rebell'd,
 And Arms with Arms, and Power with Power repell'd.
 Her Innocence, her Love, and Meekness lost,
 The warlike Church could no new Triumphs boast.
 She soon was stopt in her Victorious Course,
 Weak by her Arms, and impotent by Force.
 Christ's peaceful Flock with Wolves devouring Jaws,
 And his meek Dove arm'd with the Faulcon's Claws,
 Prodigious Monsters to the World appear'd,
 No longer to be lov'd, and scarcely fear'd.

Religion thus against it self was arm'd,
 And Civil War the troubled Church alarm'd !
 Temple contended Temple to subdue,
 And Flames from Altars against Altars flew.
 Religion endless Revolutions saw,
 And all by turns were Orthodox by Law.
 The Men condemn'd for Hereticks before
 Grew Apostolic, as they grew in Power.
 Prevailing Sects did weaker Sects invade,
 And Desolation not Conversions made.
 For Pain and Suffrings may indeed affright,
 But can't persuade us with Convincing Light.
 Torments 'tis true strong Arguments appear,
 But 'tis not to our Reason, but our Fear.
 Our Heav'nly Founder who at distance saw
 Ambitious Churchmen back'd with Power and Law,

Their Peaceful Neighbours would with force invade,
 Difarm'd the Gown, and Violence forbad.
 Nor do those Princes for their Peace provide,
 Who with one Sect against all others side.
 Those Counsels therefore *Arman* gives for Peace
 Both as unjust, and dangerous too, displeafe.

He ceas'd. Then noble *Sefel* did begin,
 Of Prince like Prefence, and Majestic Mien.
 A noble Genius to the Muses dear,
 Yet none knew better how the State to steer.
 Whom every Minister and every Bard
 With equal Awe, and Reverence did regard.
 To form the wondrous Man great *Pompey's* Mind,
 And *Tully's* flowing Eloquence combin'd.
 All Orators grew proud who gain'd his praise,
 And where he pleas'd he gave the Poet's Bays.
 All charg'd with lessening or debasing Wit
 His Sentence did Condemn, or did Acquie.
 The trembling Bards at his Tribunal stood,
 None prais'd their Songs, till he pronounc'd them good.
 None strove with greater Prudence to compose
 Contentious Heats, which in the Church arose.
 Then this wise *Briton* thus himself exprest,
 And show'd how *Albion's* Strife might be suppress.

Subjects who Tribute to their Monarch pay,
 And Peacefully his just Commands obey,
 With highest Justice from their Prince expect
 He should their Lives and Liberties protect.

No Errors in Religion can destroy
 Th' Immunities which we, as Men, enjoy.
 Those whom the Churchmen as Sectarians blame,
 Lose not the Rights which they as Subjects claim.
 The Sacred Laws our Heav'nly Author made,
 Were not to force Belief, but to Perswade.
 Prisons were ne'er for Christian Schools design'd,
 Nor Whips and Racks for Arguments enjoyn'd.
 Unless our Wills could Laws to Reason give,
 And Man could what he pleas'd, as Truth believe,
 Force for Conversion is employ'd in vain;
 Whose Judgment ever was inform'd by Pain?
 Churches should Arms forbear till they agree
 On some unerring mark of Heresy.
 Some Christians call'd, of Antichristian mind,
 To Force and not to Argument inclin'd.
 To take the Sword lay down the Pastor's Crook,
 And into Wolves convert their Peaceful Flock.
 Forth against Schism they march exclaiming loud,
 And make the Church a reeking Field of Blood.
 These Sons of Thunder thus the Gospel Preach,
 And red in Slaughter Heav'nly Meekness teach.
 These Men perswade, and make their Doctrines known,
 Not by th' Almighty's Terrors, but their own.
 Declining Reason's mild perswasive Court,
 They Press for Heav'n, and Christians Lift by force.
 These from the Temple's Battlements display
 The bloody Flag, and draw out in Array
 Their Warlike Orders, who Embattled stand
 With Sabres, not the Gospel in their hand.

Then breathing Fire, they March Mankind to free
 From Hereticks, as well as Herefy.
 How ill her Arms and Military drefs
 The Gentle, Meek and Paffive Church exprefs?
 How will this Equipage and ftrange difguife,
 The mild Reftorer of Mankind furprife?
 How will he like his Vineyard which appears
 A Bulwark'd Camp all planted o'er with Spears?
 How will he know his Church in Tented Fields,
 Midft Chariots, Steeds, bright Helms and blazing Shields?
 How will he know her when with Conqueft proud,
 Laden with Spoils and Garments roll'd in blood?
 Thefe Arm'd Evangelifts muft fure difpleafe
 Their Gentle Lord, the Prince of Love and Peace.
 When Converts firft were in *Britannia* made,
 The Chriftian Planters only did perfwade.
 When they were few, eafy to be fuppreft,
 Then the Religion which the Sword poffeft,
 Was not allow'd a Right to cruft the reft:
 Then Perfecution was aloud condemn'd,
 And Violence the higheft Crime esteem'd.
 And fhall the Chriftians ftrong and numerous grown,
 The Maxims which advanc'd their Church difown?
 Shall they Affert an Antichriftian Power
 Their difagreeing Neighbours to devour,
 Which if the Pagan Princes had employ'd,
 The Chriftian Church long fince had been destroy'd?

But grant the Church Sectarians may refrain
 Inflicting rigorous Penalties and Pain;

Grant

Grant too that this the Rebels will appeafe,
 Who will have none, if others have their Eafe.
 Will this *Britannia*'s troubled State compofe,
 Or dry the Spring whence our Difurbance flows?
 Will not th' opprest Sectarian think it hard
 To be of Rights to Subjects due debar'd?
 Will *Arthur* thus their Services reward?
 Thofe who themfelves and humane Nature know
 Forefee the Mifchiefs that from hence muft flow.
 Thofe whom unjuft Severities provoke
 Will ftruggle hard to break th' uneafy Yoke.
 All will confpire, as they Occafion find,
 To fink a Government to them unkind.
 Whom States opprefs they Enemys create,
 Who, when they fafely can, exprefs their Hate.
 If Princes but a Party will protect,
 They on a narrow Bafe their Throne erect,
 And can't be more than Monarchs of a Sect.
 Wife Princes who would lafting Peace create,
 And from all reftlefs Bigots fave the State,
 Should not on any fide their Power engage,
 But guard the weaker from the Stronger's Rage.
 No Fav'rite Party fhould their Sword employ,
 Thofe, whom they cannot profelitate, to destroy.
 Wife Parents if their Sons for Power conteft,
 Will no one aid to Ruin all the reft.
 Monarchs who feek their own and Subjects Eafe,
 Between contending Sects fhould keep the Peace.
 All will obey when all Protection find,
 And Rev'rence Kings without Difinction kind.

T

Could

Could greater Number, Power, or Splendor shew
 What Churches are erroneons, what are true,
 Yet peaceful Subjects have a just Pretence
 To be secur'd from Force and Violence:
 I still would guard Sectarians from the Awe
 Of Courts of Justice and coercive Law.
 This will to all the Government commend,
 And every Subject will be too a Friend.
 Freely to speak my Sense in this Debate,
 The Way suggested to compose the State
 By ceasing all Sectarians to protect,
 Because not just, nor wise, I would reject.
 I would persuade King *Arthur* to decree,
 And straight proclaim a gen'ral Amnesty.
 This would the Rebels into Friends convert,
 And make the *British* Youth their Chiefs desert.
 The *Britons* soon grow hot, but soon repent,
 They threaten high, but with soft Words relent.
 Their Love to Liberty and ancient Laws,
 Oft turns to Jealousy without a Cause:
 With whose impatient Flames they quickly burn,
 But to their Temper do as soon return.
 Their Passions swell, but easily subside,
 Kind Looks, and Words repress th' o'erflowing Tide.
 The Rebels sure must dread King *Arthur's* Name,
 And think on their Ingratitude with Shame.
 The common Men by specious Words misled
 Begin the fatal Consequence to dread.
 A general Pardon then to all declare
 And you prevent the sad Effects of War.

He

He ceas'd and most applauded his Advice:
 The *British* Monarch, as an Angel wife,
 Who by his God-like Temper was inclin'd
 To Pity, and support oppress'd Mankind,
 With *Olbar's* and with *Sefel's* Language mov'd
 Their Prudence and their Piety approv'd.

Mean time the Rebels at *Cononium* lay,
 And as their Head did *Morogan* obey,
 When they had heard that on the *Regnian* Strand,
 The pious King was safely come to Land.
 Their Monarch's Presence some began to dread,
 And in their Breasts a secret Terror fed.
 They trembled at his Arms, and Warlike Fame;
 And seem'd already vanquish'd with his Name.
 Some of a less ungrateful Mind begun
 To think of all the Wonders he had done
 And what his Arms had for *Britannia* won.
 How to a Thousand various Dangers, he
 To save *Britannia's* State by Land and Sea,
 Midst Storms and more inexorable Foes,
 His sacred Life did freely oft expose.
 What vast Herculean Toyl he underwent
Albion's impending Ruin to prevent.
 What Patience, what amazing Fortitude,
 The God-like Man in endless Labour shew'd,
Britannia's Peace and Freedom to restore,
 To raise her Glory, and extend her Power.

T 2

Many

Many for this who dar'd in Arms appear
 Mov'd by their Gratitude, or by their Fear
 In numerous Bodys did the Camp forsake,
 And by Desertion left the Rebels weak.
 They now their Levity, and Folly mourn'd,
 And to their Houfes and their Farms return'd.
 Amongst the Rebels hence disorders grew,
 And great Distrust and Contests did ensue.
 The Leaders saw they could no more depend
 On their rash Troops their Treason to defend.
 They found the *British* Youth would never stand
 Against an Host where *Arthur* did Command.

Then *Morgan* perplex'd his Servants sent,
 To call the Chief Commanders to his Tent :
 That they might all things prudently debate
 That to th' Important Juncture did relate.
 Straight to their Gen'als high Pavilion came
 The Chiefs of highest Trust, and greatest Name.
 To whom the General thus himself address'd,
Britons, you see the Zeal which some express
 For *Albion's* Liberty is soon expir'd :
 You see, what Troops are from our Camp retir'd.
 A fresh example here, brave Friends, you see
 Of the weak Vulgars Fear and Levity.
 Speak what you think a prudent Man should do,
 Shall we desist, or our Design pursue ?
 Then many Chiefs did various ways suggest
 Which they believ'd in this Conjunction best.

But

But while in sharp debate they did oppose
 Each other's Counsel, great disturbance rose.

Then *Adal* who in Wisdom all the rest,
 And Eloquence excell'd, his Thoughts express'd.
Britons, with great astonishment we see
 The Wavering Crowd do's from our Banners flee.
 The Vulgar we by this sad Instance find,
 As Seas unstable, changing as the Wind.
 All our Affairs are now in such a State,
 As must oblige us to Capitulate.
 With any Terms King *Arthur* will comply,
 That shall disarm a *British* Enemy.
 His Heart is so on Foreign Conquest set,
 He'll easily what's done at home forget.
 He would abroad be for a Hero shown,
 Nor cares at home to know or to be known.
 To our Demands no doubt he'll soon assent,
 Domestic War and Tumults to prevent.
 The Terms on which I'm willing to agree,
 Are first an Universal Amnesty.
 That all who please may undisturb'd retreat,
 Or to their City, or their Rural Seat.
 And all who in the State have been employ'd
 Shall keep the Places they before enjoy'd.
 But all the Chiefs and Captains who declare
 They'll serve King *Arthur* in his Foreign War,
 When they attend him to the *Gallie* Land,
 They in his Troops shall have the same Command.

He

He ceas'd. The rest fearing an ill Event,
 In loud Applauses gave a full Assent.
 So when the Dogs that chase a timorous Hind
 Which o'er the Lawns fly swifter than the Wind,
 Are at a fault, and now enjoy no more
 The cheerful Scent that lay so hot before :
 If some Stanch Hound who rarely do's mistake,
 In great Esteem and Credit with the Pack,
 Opens, to tell that he the Scent has found,
 The rest attending to the joyful sound,
 In his Experience and his Skill confide,
 And follow with full Cry their faithful Guide.

Then four Commanders from the rest they chose,
 In whom they all could Confidence repose.
 Who to the Castle where King *Arthur* lay,
 To make this Overture strait took their way.
 Where they arriv'd during the great debate,
 About the measures to compose the State.
 Which ended, they admitted to the King,
 The Message told they had in Charge to bring.
 The Pious Monarch who his Subjects lov'd,
 By tender Mercy and Compassion mov'd,
 To win the Rebels hearts did soon agree,
 To grant the Universal Amnesty.
 Nor did he think it prudent to withstand,
 Those other Terms the Rebels did demand.
 That he henceforth might undisturb'd pursue
 His high design King *Clotar* to subdue.

That

That he his Foreign Conquests might repeat,
 And the Deliv'rance of the *Gauls* compleat.
 For Crafty *Adal* wisely did suggest
 That the chief Passion in King *Arthur*'s breast
 Was Liberty to *Neustria* to restore,
 And free the Christian *Franks* from *Clotar*'s power.

The Messengers that from the Rebels went
 Back to their Friends were by King *Arthur* sent.
 Where they their Monarch's gracious Pardon read,
 As was agreed, at every Squadron's head.
 That done, the Chiefs did all their Troops disband,
 And from Seditious Uproar freed the Land.
 Thus did *Britannia*'s jarring Discord cease,
 And in its place return'd Harmonious Peace.
 So soon King *Arthur*'s Fame and Presence quell'd
 The Discontented *Britons* who Rebel'd.
 As when a Heav'nly Angel comes to Chase
 Infernal Fiends from some Inchant'd Place.
 Forthwith th' Inchantment's force is gone, and Hell
 No longer Aids the black Magician's Spell.
 Th' Imaginary Castles disappear,
 The brazen Gates and Bulwarks melt to Air.
 No Warriours more in Airy Armour stand,
 Gripping prodigious Bucklers in their hand :
 Phantastic Monsters are no longer seen,
 But all the Pageant Horrors quit the Scene.
 The struggling Air throws off the Magic Chains,
 And strait appear sweet Meads and flowry Plains.

So

So all the Terrours which did *Albion* scare,
At *Arthur*'s Presence vanish'd into Air.

The *Briton* who with ardent Zeal did burn,
Back to his Troops in *Gallia* to return.
Now all things for his Voyage did prepare,
And to protect *Britannia* did declare
What Lords he did invest with Regal Power
In whom both Prince and People were Secure.

Olbar was first a mild and prudent Guide,
Who o'er *Britannia*'s Churches did preside.
Nor Care nor Pains th' Indulgent Pastor spar'd,
Nor Vigilance his Flock to Feed and Guard.
His Erudition did their Reverence move,
And his diffusive Charity their Love.
His Christian Temper oft Contention charm'd,
And the hot Bigots of all Sects disarm'd.
By Moderation, Patience, Gentleness
And Candor which to all he did express.
He ever strove th' Erroneous to reduce,
Who to the Church Obedience did refuse.
But he Employ'd to set their Judgments right,
No Force but Reason's mild but powerful Light.
Resolv'd on Truth and not on Power to stand
He did the Lictors of the Church disband.

Arista was the next whom all Men prais'd,
To Honour by distinguish'd Merit rais'd.

Such

Such was his Justice, such his Eloquence
So strong his Thought, so solid was his Sense,
So well his Wisdom was in *Albion* known,
That all his Judgment prais'd, to shew their own.
His universal Genius was refin'd
With Sciences, and Arts of every kind,
All held with Ease in his capacious Mind.
In *Arthur*'s Cause he did such Zeal declare,
To serve the State such was his Toyl and Care,
None his high Station did with Envy view,
For all believ'd it to his Merit due.
He with his Wit could when he pleas'd surprize,
But he suppress'd it, choos'ing to be Wise.
None better knew the Business of the State,
Clear as the Day, and as the Night sedate.
Fav'rite and Patriot he the Secret knew
How both to Prince and People to be true,
He made their Intrests one, and shew'd the Way
To serve the first, and not the last betray.
Happy *Britannia* had in after Days
Thy Statesmen strove thy Glory thus to raise.
Had they not toyl'd with anxious Care and Sweat,
To make themselves, and not their Country great.
Had they not Law and Right and Justice sold,
And form'd their Judgments by inlight'ning Gold.

Hebar was next of noble Parents born,
No Peer did more King *Arthur*'s Court adorn.
Nor *Archimedes*, nor the *Stagirite*
Could boast a clearer intellectual Light.

U

For

For he th' extensive Power of Nature knew
 Whose secret Springs lay open to his View.
 She all her wondrous Skill to him disclos'd,
 And all the Myſtery of her Work expos'd.
 Great was his Genius as by Nature wrought,
 But 'twas by Art to ſuch Perfection brought,
 By Contemplation and laborious Thought.
 Tho Nature, Art and painful Induſtry
 To make th' accompliſh'd Man did all agree,
 Yet was he humble, affable, and kind
 The true Diſtinctions of a noble Mind.
 All in a Stateſman were amaz'd to ſee
 Such ſpotleſs Honour, and Integrity.
 Courteous without betraying Virtue's Cauſe,
 Juſt to his Prince, but not beyond the Laws.
 He both to Church and State alike was true,
 And gave to *Cæſar* and to God their Due.

Canvallo next. The Land did not afford
 To repreſent a King a fitter Lord.
 No Peer did ever grace the *Britiſh* Court
 With ſuch a noble and Majeſtic Port.
 Like *Saul* amidſt the *Hebrew* Knights he ſtood,
 His Head and Shoulders rais'd above the Crowd.
 And yet with no leſs Kindneſs Nature join'd
 To ſuch a graceful Frame an equal Mind.

The next was *Galbut* of illuſtrious Birth,
 Of perfect Honour, and unrivall'd Worth.

Whoſe Vertues thro' the Iſle aſſiduous Fame
 Yet for the Task unequal did proclaim.

With theſe King *Arthur Sakil* did unite,
Sakil the People's and the Court's Delight.
Arthur did envy'd Favour to him ſhew,
 As all wiſe Monarchs to the Muſes do.
 So the fam'd Conquerour of the ſpacious *Baſt*
 To the great *Stagyrite* his Love expreſt,
Auguſtus ſo the *Roman* Wit careſt.

Danmonian was the laſt, a noble Lord
 Bred in a Court, yet faithful to his Word.
 All in his Honour might ſecurely truſt,
 To promiſe ſlow, but in Performance juſt.
 His Words were full and pertinent, but few,
 For ſparingly he ſpoke, but always true.
 None better knew the Art of Government
 To guard the State, and Dangers to prevent.
 Skilful to lay a Maſterly Deſign,
 And as expert the Foe to undermine.

Theſe were the noble Lords King *Arthur* choſe,
 In whom th' important Truſt he might repoſe.
 He did to theſe commit th' Imperial Power,
 Yet they with Pain the Weight of Empire bore
 Which ſingly he with Eaſe ſuſtain'd before.
 Thus did the Hero *Albion's* State appeaſe
 And ſettled all things for its future Eaſe.

And now he wish'd himself on *Neustria's* Coast,
 Impatient to rejoin the *British* Host.
 Back to his Ships with eager Haste he flew,
 His glorious Undertaking to pursue.

King

KING ARTHUR.

BOOK VI.

THE Prince of Hell finding his purpose crost,
 And all his hopes from *Albion's* Troubles lost,
 Thus to himself began all fir'd with Rage.
 Against this *Briton* must we then engage
 Our Arts in vain, must he our Force repel,
 And disappoint the deep Designs of Hell?
 Must he continue to advance his Arms,
 And vex our Empire with his loud Alarms;
 Hard Fate, Infernal Gods, if this proud Wight
 Must scape our Snares, and baffle all our might.
 Still with Success have I the Sect pursu'd,
 Vanquish'd their Armys, and their Towns subdu'd.
 If Force and open Violence have fail'd,
 Discord and mighty Schism have still prevail'd.
 Their strongest Bulwarks have I overthrown
 Or by my Subjects Arms, or by their own.
 And shall this *Briton* thus my Power defeat,
 And force my Priests and Vot'rys to retreat
 And fly from Town to Town, from Seat to Seat?
 If Aid I can't to high *Lutetia* bring,
 And guard her Towers against the *British* King,
 I must my Temples Abdicate, and make
 My fixt abode within th' Infernal Lake.

Did I exert such Strength, such Toyl sustain
 T' invade this World, did I with wondrous pain
 And wondrous Art beat out th' untrodden way
 Till Earth I found and the Mild Coasts of Day ?
 From Hell's Abyss with mighty Force I sprung,
 And in the Stagnant, gloomy Region hung ;
 Unbroken with my Flight and endless Care,
 With lab'ring Wings I beat the pondrous Air.
 Without a glympse or ray of Light I past
 The Realms of Night, and all the *Stygian* wast,
 Till I arriv'd upon the noisy Shore
 Where the Tempestuous waves of *Chaos* roar :
 With God-like Courage and with Looks unchang'd
 I plung'd into the Deep, and o'er the Defart rang'd.
 Now soaring high I did the way explore,
 Now round I flew, now swept the bleak Shore.
 Undaunted I pursu'd my toilsom Flight
 O'er horrid Wilds, and lonesome Plains of Night ;
 Thro' dreadful Tempests, Whirlwinds, blustering War
 Fierce Strife, and hostile Rage, till from afar
 I did with wondrous Joy descry at last
 Some Streaks of Light, which darted on the Wast ;
 Pale Beams that on the face of *Chaos* lay
 The glim'ring Fragments of the Ruin'd Day.
 Mounting this way I reach'd the lightsome Sky ;
 And saw the beauteous World before me ly.
 The fresh Creation look'd all charming mild,
 And all the Flowry Face of Nature smil'd.
 To me come newly from the Caves beneath
 Thro' Smoke and Flame, what an Ambrosial breath

What

What Odours, such as Heav'nly *Zephyrs* blow
 From the sweet Mouth of th' Infant World did flow ?
 Charm'd with the Clime and ravish'd with the Air
 To gain these Regions was my anxious Care.
 And spite of Heav'n the mighty Deed was done,
 And from th' Almighty this fair World I won.
 Shall I so rich and sweet a Region quit
 And see my *Franks* to Christian Arms submit ?
 If all the Arts, and all the Power of Hell
 Can stop his Course, the *Briton* I'll repel.

Mean time upon his Adamantine Throne
 That high amidst th' Etherial Region shone
 Th' Eternal State, collected in his Might,
 Girt with Omnipotence, and cloath'd with Light.
 The Sons of God who serve his high Command
 Adoring round the sacred Mount did stand :
 Angels, Arch-Angels, great Seraphic States
 Heav'n's Viceroy's, Generals, and great Potentates,
 Who o'er Terrestrial Provinces preside,
 And their respective Realms, and Empires guide.
 The mighty Princes of the spacious *East*
 With *Ganges* Flood and fam'd *Euphrates* blest.
 The Guardian Angels which for *Parthia* stand,
 Who rule soft *Persia* and th' *Arabian* Sand.
 The Prefidents of the vast Tract of *Nile*
 Of *Lybia*, and the *Mauritanian* Soil.
 All the Protectors of the Sun-burnt *Moor*
 From the *Red Sea*, to *Guinea's* Golden Shore.

And

And all th' Angelic Prefects who preside
 O'er rich *Europa*, and her Realms divide.
 Who the wide *Seythian* Continent direct,
 And all the snowy Northern Isles protect.
 While round the Throne these shining Orders wait
 Their great Transactions humbly to relate.
 Whelm'd over with unsufferable Light
 With Wings display'd they screen their troubled Sight.
 Hither a Thousand bright Expresses came
 Envoys divine, and Couriers wing'd with Flame,
 Return'd from distant Worlds to tell at large
 Th' important Business which they had in Charge.

Hither repair'd ambitious *Lucifer*,
 And in the bright Assembly did appear;
 Distinguish'd by his Form so much decay'd,
 And the deep Scars by vengeful Lightning made.
 Like a torn Oak above the verdant Wood
 Blasted from Heav'n the ruin'd Seraph stood;
 Prepar'd the Just and Upright to arraign,
 And his black Charge with Slanders to maintain.
 When the blest Seraphs had Narration made
 How their Instructions they had all obey'd,
 What Revolutions they had caus'd below,
 What Kingdoms guarded from th' unequal Foe.
 What Monarchs Lust of Empire they restrain'd
 What Kings advanc'd, what sinking States sustain'd.
 What mighty Nations they had overthrown
 By monstrous Crimes ripe for Destruction grown.

Then

Then thus th' Almighty from his lofty Throne
 Which bright with uncreated Glory shone
 To Satan spoke. Usurper of the Air
 Whence dost thou come to these blest Seats, declare.

Th' Apostate thus return'd. I dayly rowl
 From farthest *East* to *West*, from Pole to Pole.
 O'er Hills and Dales I pass, o'er Lands and Floods
 O'er howling Desarts, Wilds, and spacious Woods.
 I cross the raging Seas from Isle to Isle,
 And fly from Realm to Realm with endless Toil,
 To learn the State of Empires, and to know
 What busy Mortals say and do below.
 O'er the Terrestrial Regions thus I roam,
 And now from wandering there, am hither come.

Th' Eternal to th' Impostor thus reply'd:
 In all thy tedious Journeys far and wide
 Hast thou observ'd my Servant *Arthur's* Ways,
 That just and perfect Man who still obeys
 With chearful Zeal and Pleasure my Command
 And rules with equal Laws the *British* Land.
 Whom I've anointed, Tyrants to destroy
 And proud Oppressors who the World annoy.
 To ease th' afflicted and relieve the poor
 And banish'd Peace and Justice to restore.

Then *Lucifer* reply'd:
 'Tis true King *Arthur* in the Field succeeds,
 And by his Arms achieves Heroic Deeds.

X

His

His Zeal seems great to serve the Christian Cause,
 And his vast Labors have procur'd Applause.
 But do's the pious Monarch serve for nought,
 And Vertue's Cause for Vertues sake promote?
 Is all this Zeal for pure Religion shewn?
 Do's he pursue Heav'n's Int'rest, or his own?
 Do's not a steep insuperable Mound
 Rais'd by thy Hand this *Briton's* Throne surround?
 Fenc'd thus about he do's the Foe despise,
 Mocks all their Rage, and all their Power defys.
 Do not Seraphic Squadrons aid his Arms,
 And guard his Camp against the Foe's Alarms?
 Do not the bright, divine Militia stand,
 Immortal Sabres flaming in their Hand
 Around this Fav'rite Monarch, to direct
 His Conduct, and his Armys to protect?
 Do's not the Angel of thy Presence lead
 His Armys forth, and his Battalions lead?
 'Tis known he still attends him in the Field,
 And do's his Head in the hot Battle shield.
 He watches always with officious Care
 To guard his Life from the sharp Edge of War.
 He in the Front of Battle do's appear
 And shakes against the Host his dreadful Spear.
 He marches on before him to the Foe
 Divides their Files, and lets this Favourite thro'.
 No Wonder then he should such Laurels gain,
 And ride so oft triumphant o'er the slain.
 That vanquish'd Nations should receive his Yoke,
 For those that him oppose, thy Wrath provoke.

In

In vain his Foes their hot Revenge pursue,
 He must prevail, till Heav'n they first subdue.
 Tho' various Deaths in horrid Shapes convey'd
 On every side th' encircled King invade,
 Tho' Showers of Darts and glittering Javelins fly,
 Hissing, like deadly Adders thro' the Sky:
 Tho' o'er the bloody Field Destruction reigns
 And loads with ghastly Heaps the slippery Plains,
Arthur encompass'd with Celestial Bands,
 As if a God invulnerable stands.
 Those Heav'n defends from Danger are secure,
 And those it fights for, are of Triumph sure.
 King *Arthur's* Arms immortal Wreaths have won
 By Power receiv'd from hence, and not his own.
 Th' admiring World profusely praise bestow,
 And worship *Arthur* as a God below.
 In time they'll Altars to his Name erect,
 And ask his Aid their Kingdoms to protect.
 No wonder then the *Briton* do's pretend
 Such Zeal for Heav'n, while Heav'n is such a Friend.
 But let it now withdraw its aiding Hand,
 And like impartial Judges neutral stand:
 Or let some unexpected Suffering prove
 His fam'd Integrity, and stedfast Love,
 And thou shalt find he'll curse thee to thy Face,
 And shew himself of Man's apostate Race.

Then did th' Almighty thus reply, to prove
 King *Arthur's* Patience, Fortitude and Love

X 2

To

To shew how much the mighty Man can bear,
 And how unjust these Accusations are,
 For twice seven Days thou mayst his Vertue try,
 Use all thy Arts to prove his Constancy.
 For that determin'd Space he's in thy Power,
 His sacred Person only I secure.

The Prince of Darkness felt an inward Joy
 From Heav'n's Permission *Arthur* to annoy.
 Down thro' th' aerial Void he swiftly flew
 His deep Revenge and Malice to pursue:
 In mighty Wrath, knowing the time but short,
 He came, to make his terrible Effort.
 So when in ancient *Rome* a furious Beast
 With Hunger pinch'd was from his Den releast
 A constant Christian Martyr to devour
 Condemn'd by some Imperial Monster's Power,
 He roar'd and ran with open Jaws to tear
 His Prey and pleas'd the bloody Theater.
 Th' infernal Prince from Heav'n's Cerulean Top
 Shot thro' the liquid Gulph, nor did he stop
 Till he had reach'd the thick inferiour Air,
 And saw beneath King *Arthur's* Ships appear:
 In th' Atmosphere with level Wings he hung,
 And call'd with such a thund'ring Voice, as rung
 Thro' all the Skys, and with its dreadful Sound
 Shook all the Rocks, and Shores, and Hills around.
 His dusky Ministers who Storms prepare
 And temper flaming Meteors in the Air,

Who

Who drest the Magazines of Hail and Rain,
 And whip wild Whirl winds round to vex the Main,
 The Engineers that in the troubled Skys
 Recruit exhausted Clouds with fresh Supplies,
 These their great Leader's Summons did obey
 And to receive his Orders hast away.
 To whom thus *Lucifer*, see yonder see
 Amidst the Waves Hell's greatest Enemy.
 Aerial Powers make hast at my Command,
 And beat th' Invader from the *Gallie* Land.
 On his tall Ships a sudden Tempest pour
 Sink him, or beat him to *Pomona's* Shore.
 Strait did the Fiends their Diligence employ
 To embroil the deep, and *Arthur* to destroy.
 The Seeds of Tempests that imprison'd lay
 In hollow Cliffs, and Caves remote from Day,
 The lab'ring Demons did aloft convey.

Now gathering Clouds the Day begins to drown,
 Their threatening Fronts thro' all th' Horizon frown.
 Their swag'ring Wombs low in the Air depend
 Which struggling Flames, and imbred Thunder rend
 The strongest Winds their Breath and Vigor prove
 And thro' the Heav'ns th' unwieldy Tempest shove.
 O'ercharg'd with Stores and Heav'ns Artillery
 They groan and pant and labour up the Sky.
 Impending Ruin do's the Sailor scare
 Rolling and wallowing thro' th' encumber'd Air.
 Loud Thunder, livid Flames, and *Stygian* Night
 Compounded Horrors all the Deep affright,

Rent

Rent Clouds a medly of Destruction spout,
 And throw their dreadful Entrails round about.
 Tempests of Fire and Cataracts of Rain
 Unnatural Friendship make t' afflict the Main.
 Preſt by incumbent Storms the Billows riſe,
 Climb o'er the Rocks, and foam amidſt the Skys.
 Then falling lower than before they roſe
 The ſecret Horrors of the Deep diſcloſe.
 Purſu'd by conquering Winds they fly and roar
 And crowd and headlong run againſt the Shore.
 This Orb's wide Frame with this Convulſion ſhakes,
 Oft opens in the Storm, and often cracks.
 Horror, Amazement and Deſpair appear
 In all the hideous Forms that Mortals fear.
 Driv'n by the furious Winds the Ships were toſt
 On the rough Waves, near wild *Pomona's* Coaſt.
 Here the *Pigbtlandian* Gulph's impetuous Tyde
 Do's cold *Jerne* from the Iſles divide ;
 A dreadful Sea, where adverſe Currents meet
 And beat their clashing Heads to Foam and Sleet.
 The roaring Billows back and forward rowl,
 And from the hollow Rocks Sea Monſters howl ;
 Monſters which from the *North* here rendezvous,
 And on this Coaſt their hideous Dwelling chuſe.
 Th' amazing Noiſe and Uproar from afar
 Alike the Shepherds and the Seamen ſcare.
 Sailers that once ſhould theſe dire Terrors hear,
 Would *Scylla* mock, and by *Charybdis* ſteer
 And only *Piſkland* Gulph hereafter fear.

Here

Here *Remora's*, if Fame belief may gain
 Ships under Sail with wondrous force detain,
 That thus becalm'd ev'n in a Storm remain.

Stronſa they paſt with ſuch a furious Gale
 As almoſt rent the Womb of every Sail.
 They paſt the Land, where on the rocky Coaſt
Agricola his *Roman* Navy loſt,
 Miſled by Pilots of *Pomona's* Iſle,
 Who gave their Lives to ſave their Native Soil.
 Cauſe *Rome* ne'er thought in Northern Climes to find
 A People brave, and of a *Roman* Mind,
 Who could for Publick Good their own deny,
 And for their Country, like her *Decij*, dy.
 While Winds and Waves and Tempeſts waging War,
 Vex'd all the Sea and troubled all the Air ;
 Indulgent Heav'n did the kind Aid afford
 Which with their Prayers the *Britons* had implor'd.
 A glorious Spirit from the Fields above
 Deſcending with the ſwiftness of the Dove,
 Approach'd King *Arthur* with Celeſtial grace,
 And with Ambroſial Odour fill'd the Place.
 Around his head a gentle Glory ſhone,
 And thus the beamy Miniſter begun :

The Powers of Hell their Angry Forces joyn
 T' oppoſe your Arms, and thwart your high Deſign.
 Theſe did the Seas with this fierce Storm embroil,
 To beat your Navy from *Neuſtraſia's* Soil.

Your

Your Arms, to try your Vertue, are delay'd,
 So Heav'n permits, and Heav'n must be obey'd.
 Know, by supream Command I now prepare
 To chase the Demons that infest the Air,
 Down to their Prisons, that the troubled Seas
 May rest enjoy, and the fierce Tempest cease.
 And when the Morn shall spread with dawning Day
 Her Purple Loom, and shoot her early ray,
 You'll *Thule* and th' *Orcadian* Isles descry
 Which scatter'd o'er the Ocean's bosom ly.
 Then steer directly to *Pomona's* Shore,
 Where you will Terrors meet unknown before.
 Fear not this Isle and Dangers yet untry'd,
 Heav'n you invoke, and Heav'n will be your guide.
 Know, that the Prince of Hell has leave obtain'd
 To prove your Constancy, and now unchain'd,
 Th' Apostate with excessive Rage prepares
 His fiery Tryals, and his various Snares.
 That he in this great Combate may prevail,
 He'll bring the Pious *Arthur* to Assail
 Prodigious Monsters all of dreadful Shape,
 From whom few Heros e'er did yet escape:
 When you to Combate these shall take the Field,
 Assume your Heav'nly Sword and Heav'nly Shield.
 Your Helm unpierc'd shall fiery Darts arrest,
 And your Celestial Plate protect your breast.
 In these your Arms divinely wrought appear,
 And then no Monster, no Aggressor fear.
 That with prodigious toil and sweat, for want
 Of Food and Rest, you grow not weak and faint;

This

This Balm which Heav'nly Gardens yeild, receive,
 Th' Ambrosial Odour will fresh Vigor give,
 Your drooping Spirits cheer, and wasted Strength revive.
 But when your Arms Hell's Terrors have repell'd
 And with immortal praise fierce Monsters quell'd:
 Your Chiefest Danger still remains behind,
 From a fair Foe, who Murders while she's kind.
 A fatal Foe, *Fascina* is her name,
 Whose Triumphs Vanquish'd Kings and Chiefs proclaim.
 You may not stay and Gaze, but straitway fly
 The Sight of this perfidious Enemy.
 No Mortal Courage can abide the Fight,
 You Conquer when you're brave and bold in Flight.
 All who contend fall by *Fascina's* Charms,
 'Tis Fear must here protect you, not your Arms.
 Your diffidence the surest guard will yield
 The Wise who run will only Win the Field.

He said, and strait the Seraph disappear'd
 King *Arthur* with his Looks and Language cheer'd,
 Waiting th' appearance of approaching Day
 Resolv'd the Heav'nly Vision to obey.
 Th' Aerial Demons from the Seraph fly
 Born off on rapid Whirlwinds from the Sky.
 The Winds no more insult the flying Waves,
 But for repose retreat to Neighb'ring Caves.
 The Sea subsides, and on its peaceful breast
 Billows diffus'd dispose themselves to rest.

Y

Now

Now did the beauteous Morn serenely rise
 And open'd with her Smiles the Eastern Skys.
 The perfect Day ensu'd, when midst the Seas
 They had in view the clustring *Orcades*.
 Direct to make *Pomona's* Isle they steer'd,
 Which near and easy of access appear'd.
 Soon did the *Britons* see a peaceful Bay
 To guard their Ships her spacious Arms display.
 Where weary Billows did securely sleep
 Withdrawn to shun the Tumults of the Deep.
 Within the winding Shores they safely past
 Took in their Sails, and all their Anchors cast.
 A Chosen Band of *Britons* went on Shore
 Who might Refreshments and Sufficient Store
 Of fresh Provisions for the Navy gain,
 Worn with their mighty sufferings on the Main.
 Where many Nights and Days they had been lost
 Before the Men descry'd *Pomona's* Coast.
Arthur in Person did the Men Command,
 Who from their Vessels leap'd out on the Strand,
 And boldly thence march'd up to view the Land.
 When in the neighb'ring Mountains did appear.
 Wild Swine and Goats and Herds of Fallow Deer.
 Their fatal Arms did the wild Game pursue,
 And soon abundant Store there Weapons slew.
 Then laden with their Spoil they turn'd their feet
 And came rejoycing to th' expecting Fleet.
 In foaming Caldrons some fat Venison boil'd,
 They Roasted some, and some on Coals they broil'd.

Spred

Spread on the Shore they did themselves refresh,
 And prais'd the Swine and Deer's delicious Flesh.
 When they had eat and drank with toil oppress'd
 The Men dispos'd their weary Limbs to rest.

Soon as the tender Morn began to dawn,
King Arthur for Devotion was withdrawn.
 While he his humble Prayers was offering up
 To Heav'n upon a Neighb'ring Mountain's top,
 The Prince of Darknes caught him up on high,
 And bore th' undaunted Hero thro' the Sky,
 But near a Mountain in a lonesom wast,
 Swiftly alighting, he the *Briton* plac'd.
 A mighty Dragon came down from the Hill
 Whose hideous Crys did all the Valley fill.
 The monstrous Beast was of prodigious size,
 Smoak from his Nostrils broke, Fire from his Eyes.
 His odious Feet resembled Harpys Claws,
 And the fierce *Crocadile's* his bloody Jaws.
 Which when expanded did three murthering Rows
 Of Teeth his native Armory disclose.
 His Wings spread out o'ershadow'd all the Air,
 Wide as the broadest Sails in Ships of War.
 Hard scaly Armour to his Body grew
 For Ornament and for Protection too.
 Along he drew his mighty poisonous train
 Like crooked Rivers sliding thro' a plain.
 As on the ground the turgid Volumes rol'd,
 They all their Speckled Terrors did unfold.

Y 2

On

On did the vast, voracious Monster come
 With dreadful noise, denouncing *Arthur's* Doom.
 Sometimes like heavy Bustards rais'd with pain
 He flew, and sometimes ran upon the Plain.
 Sometimes employing Feet and Pinions too,
 The Dragon both together ran and flew.
 The Beast with horrid noise advancing near,
 Th' undaunted *Briton* pois'd his maffy Spear
 Which strait projected with prodigious Might,
 From his strong Arm took his auspicious Flight.
 Dragon and Spear against each other hilt,
 Nor could the Beast this stress of Death resist.
 For while he yawn'd and belch'd out dreadful Flames
 Amidst the Air in long impetuous Streams,
 Down his wide throat the Spear its passage made
 And buried deep within his Stomach staid.
 Down fell the wounded Beast with mighty sound,
 Shook all the Plain, the Woods, and Hills around,
 And beat his quivering Wings upon the ground.
 A Sea of loathsome Gore resembling Blood,
 Sprung from his Throat, and o'er the Region flow'd.

Then did the raging Prince of Darkness bear
 Aloft the Conquering *Briton* thro' the Air.
 But set him down amidst a shady Wood,
 Which in a wild, amazing Desert stood.
 Where only ancient Pines, and baleful Yew,
 Unwholsome Box, and mournful Cypress grew.
 The noxious Glebe did nothing else produce
 But poisonous Flowers, and Herbs of Magic use.

Bald

Bald Toadstools, Henbane, Nightshade, Hemlock here,
 Abundant choice of Mischiefs, did appear.
 The Birds obscene which love the Shades of Night
 Frightful to hear, and odious to the Sight,
 Owls, Ravens, Bats, and all th' ill-boding Race
 Increast the Horrors of the dismal place.
 So black the Shade, so thick the stagnant Air,
 That no reviving Sunbeams enter'd there.
 Nothing but here and there a straggling Ray
 Which lost it self in wandering from the Day:
 Which serv'd not to Refresh, but to affright,
 Not to Dispel, but to Disclose the Night.
 Within the midst an antient Castle stood,
 Encompass'd with a Mote of reeking Blood.
 Wherein a dreadful Monster did reside,
 Who all th' attempts of humane Force defy'd:
 A Cruel Tyrant, of Infernal Shape,
 Whom none, who Fear her fury, can escape.
 Vipers, like those in *Syrian* Caverns found,
 Swoln with black Gore, her meagre Temples crown'd.
 Her ghastly Eyes were sunk within her head,
 And Death-like Paleness did her Cheeks o'erspread.
 Her long, lank Breasts she o'er her Shoulders flung,
 Or to her Waist the loathsome Burden hung.
 Her shapeless Form no Words have force to tell,
 Black as the Night, and Horrible as Hell.
 The Monsters which *Sicilia's* Seas defame
 If this appear'd, would gentle seem and tame.
 She brandish'd in her hand a poison'd Dart,
 Which Strikes desponding Mortals to the Heart.

Fast

Fast in the festring wound the Weapon rests,
 And tears with pain their miserable Breasts.
 For death in vain the tortur'd Wretches cry,
 Still do they Live, but still they Live to Dy.
 None but the Brave conscious of Vertuous Deeds;
 Whose Courage from their Innocence proceeds,
 Are able to withstand her dreadful Power,
 The rest the Monster do's with Ease devour.

No sooner in th' enchanted Wood appear'd
Britannia's Pious King, but straight he heard
 The saddest Accents, deep despairing Sighs,
 Bitter Complaints, and loud amazing Crys,
 Promiscuous Howlings, lamentable Moans,
 Outrageous Sorrow, and redoubled Groans.
 Clashing of Whips, hissings of mighty Snakes,
 Clancking of Chains, and noise of tottering Racks:
 Yellings of raging Furys, and the cry
 Of Men in dreadful Torments read the Sky.
 Then thro' the Air Flashes of Lightning past,
 And flaming Firebrands at his head were cast.
 Dragons of Fire flew swiftly thro' the Air,
 And ruddy Meteors shook their blazing Hair.
 Then murdering Ruffians leap'd out from the Wood,
 And grasping bloody Daggers threat'ning stood.
 Hell-hounds of hideous Forms, and dreadful Claws
 Ran roaring on him with their open Jaws.
 Pale shivering Ghosts past groaning by, a sight
 Which humane Nature cannot but affright.

These

These various Horrors did he see and hear
 Yet stood unmov'd, and ignorant of Fear.

The Prince of Darkness all enrag'd to see
 The pious King's unshaken Constancy.
 To see him midst such Terrors fearless stand,
 Grasping his Heavenly Buckler in his Hand;
 Wherewith the Hero did with Ease repel
 The Rage of all the united Powers of Hell;
 Invited dire *Anelpis* to his Aid,
 Of whom both Men and Angels are afraid.
 Aloud th' Apostate call'd, and at his Cry
 The Castle's Brazen Gates did open fly.
 The Draw-bridge all with Plates of Iron wrought
 Fell down, and lay across the Bloody Moat.
 When from the Castle Gates a hideous Rout
 With mighty Noise and Outcrys issued out.
 The Marks and all the ghastly Shapes of Fear
 In their distracted Faces did appear.
 Consummate Horror all their Looks possess'd,
 And Consternation not to be express'd.
 They beat their Breast, and tortur'd with Despair
 Tore from their Heads their stiff erected Hair.
 Torrents of Tears they pour'd out from their Eyes,
 And fill'd the echoing Wood with dismal Crys.
 Then next the Hellish Fury came in Sight,
 And call'd forth all her Terrors to affright.
 She shook her Vipers, and aloud she roar'd
 Than Death more cruel, and as Hell abhor'd.

With

With horrid Port the meagre Monster strode,
 Foiling her poison'd Dart all stain'd with Blood.
 Up to the King she march'd with furious Haft,
 And at his Breast her dreadful Dart she cast.
 Off from his temper'd Shield the Weapon glanc'd,
 The King with God-like Courage strait advanced,
 And brandishing his Fauchion in the Air
 T' attack the grisly Fury did prepare.
 Who straitway fled with all her odious Train,
 And in a Moment did her Castle gain.
 For she the timorous only can devour
 But flies the brave who dare resist her Power.

With Spite and Rage th' Infernal Monarch swell'd
 When he the *Britons* glorious Deed beheld.
 Then thus he to himself. Still my Design
 My Vengeance still this *Briton* do's decline,
 He all my chosen Ministers defeats,
 And even *Anelpis* from his Arms retreats.
 Yet still I'll try, unwearied I'll pursue,
 I will molest him if I can't subdue.
 This mighty Favourite of Heav'n shall find
 That I have Snares and Dangers yet behind,
 Milder in show, but of more fatal Kind.
 I'll change my Arms and Method of Attack,
 Conquer by Wiles whom Danger cannot shake.

In the South Corner of *Pomona's* Isle
 Blest with a temperate Air and fertile Soil.

On

On the sweet Margin of a Crystal Flood,
 Within a flowry Vale a Palace stood,
 Adorn'd with Turrets of Stupendious height,
 With Walks and Gardens ravishing to Sight.
 Here did *Fajcinia* with her wanton train
 In unmolested Peace and Pleasure reign.
 Her Form was lovely, and amazing fair
 Her Looks so sweet, so tender was her Air,
 That such soft charms, such an alluring grace
 Besides her own adorn'd no Mortal Face.
 A thousand Graces, and a thousand Joys
 Smil'd in her Cheeks and danc'd within her Eyes.
 Where late Victorious Love with Triumph crown'd,
 His Conquering Arms and Trophys spread around.
 From these bright Magazines to Vanquish Hearts
 He drew his keenest flames, and all his surest Darts.
 Great Heros who Immortal Fame pursu'd,
 Citys reduc'd, and mighty Kings subdu'd,
 Have at this Conqueror's Feet laid down their Arms,
 Pleas'd to be vanquish'd by her gentle Charms.
 The Lilly, Jasmine, Violet and Rose
 Mingling their various Beautys did compose
 The Flowry Garland which encompass'd round
 Her softer Hair, and fairer Temples crown'd.
 Her Amber Locks loose on her Shoulders lay,
 Whither lascivious *Zephyrs* came to play.
 With sporting Wings they rais'd them up, then all
 Flew off, and let their Golden Burden fall.
 Her Silken Garments which with careless grace
 Her beauteous Limbs and Body did embrace,

Z

Did

Did thro' the Air a rich Perfume diffuse,
Such as *Arabia's* balmy Woods produce.
And yet beneath the specious, fair disguise
Of tender Words, and soft enticing Eyes,
The treach'rous Sorcerers within her Mind
Conceal'd the deepest Hate to Humane Kind.

She all the Herbs and potent Juices knew
Which on *Pomona's* Hills in Plenty grew ;
These with infernal Art she could dispence
And Mixtures Form of wondrous Influence.
These Magic Draughts the fair Enchantress gave
To all whom first her Beauty did enslave.
Various the skillful Dispensations were,
Which she for various Uses did prepare.
As soon as some had drank th' infectious Bowl,
They Wolves became, and strait began to howl.
Some did the Form of wanton Goats acquire,
Some Swine became, and straitway fought the Mire.
Some with the Herds did thro' the Forrests pass,
And like *Affyria's* Monarch fed on Grasse.
Some as from Humane Shape they did decline,
Up to the Waist were Goats, and after Swine.
Some half transform'd compos'd a monstrous Herd,
Where one half Man, and one half Beast appear'd.
Many *Fascinia* with amazing Art
Changing their Sex to Women did convert.
The Sorcerers these anointed with an Oyl
Of wondrous Force brought from *Campania's* Soil :

Then

Then by her Servants they were all convey'd
To a warm Bath with strong Decoctions made
Of *Porna* which without the Gard'ners Toil
A Native grew thro' all *Pomona's* Isle.
When she had bath'd them for a certain Space,
She then remov'd the Captives from the Place
And laid them softly on a downy Bed,
With Lillys, Poppys, and fresh Roses spread.
Then while she touch'd her Lute's enchanting String
And with a charming Voice began to sing,
Sweet Slumber strait their Eyelids gently prest,
And on their Bed they lay dissolv'd in Rest.
Mean time their Transformation did ensue,
Their vig'rous Bodys smooth and slender grew ;
Their Limbs their Force did by degrees abate,
And by degrees turn'd fair and delicate.
Their Nerves grew slack, their Skin, as Lillys, white,
Soft to the Touch, and easy to the Sight.
From their fair Chins dropt off their Manly Beard,
And on their smiling Lips a lovely Red appear'd.
For mild and tender Looks, their changing Face,
Put off its bold, its stern and martial Grace.
Their Shape all o'er discover'd Female Charms,
And all the Distaff fought, instead of Arms.
These in *Fascinia's* Court did still remain,
And furnish'd out her soft lascivious Train.
Monarchs and warlike Chiefs who hither came
Drawn by her charming Beauty, and her Fame
In mighty Numbers did her Palace fill,
Their Sex first chang'd by her prodigious Skill.

Z 2

Strait-

Straitway the Prince of Hell on Wings display'd,
 To this sweet Seat the *British* King convey'd.
 And fet him down amidst the balmy Powers
 With od'rous Herbs adorn'd, and fresh blown Flowers.
 Wherein appear'd on Iv'ry Tables set
 Rich garnish'd Dishes of delicious Meat.
 Choice Fruits in great Profusion lay around,
 And with their Golden Heaps the Tables crown'd.
 Plenty of Wine was plac'd; no nobler Juice
Ausonia's Hills or fertile *Greece* produce.
 Music exceeding that of tuneful Sphears
 With soft harmonious Airs engag'd his Ears.
 Hither *Fascinia* with her Train to eat
 Now from her gilded Palace did retreat.
 Her, *Lucifer* had form'd and taught with Care
 How best the *British* Monarch to ensnare.
 Telling that this would raise her Glory more
 Than all the Triumphs she had won before.
 Soon as she saw the Hero stand in Arms
 She smil'd, and call'd forth all her conqu'ring Charms.
 Advancing near, the lovely Sorceress
 Did these soft Words to *Britain's* King address.

Tho you great Monarch are a Stranger here
 Your Fame is not, your Person's therefore dear:
 Faint with your Toil with Vict'rys oppress'd,
 Accept reviving Meats, and Wine and Rest.
 Make haste, and your exhausted Strength recruit,
 Conquest you've gain'd, and now enjoy the Fruit.

With-

Without Refreshment, and a due Repair
 Your mighty Limbs will fail, your Vigor wear.
 Your martial Genius for a time unbend,
 Some easy Hours in soft Enjoyment spend.
 Dangers you've born now taste these peaceful Joys,
 Divert your self with Pleasure's charming Voice.
 In this Refreshment while you please to stay,
 All my Attendants shall your Will obey,
 And I my self will own your sovereign Sway. }
 Here we'll advance the Name of *Albion's* King,
 And in soft Peace your Wars and Triumphs sing.
 Then you again shall Martial Fame pursue,
 And in the warlike Field your mighty Deeds renew.

She ceas'd. And from her fair enchanting Eyes
 Shot Showers of Conqu'ring Darts to gain the Prize.
 The *British* Monarch view'd her beauteous Face
 Her tender Shape, soft Air, and every Grace.
 Speechless the Hero and astonish'd stood,
 And found an unknown Temper in his Blood.
 A painful Pleasure seiz'd his beating Heart,
 And in his Breast he felt and lov'd the Smart.
 The wand'ring Flame creeps thro' his wounded Veins,
 And all the Springs of Life the soft Contagion gains.
 He ne'er before met such a potent Foe,
 Nor did he e'er such Danger undergo.
 At last the *Briton* fir'd with Love, reply'd,
 Amidst such Charms who would not still abide ?

Happy

Happy the Kings, happy the Conquerours are
 Who after all their Warlike Toil can share
 The Smiles of one who's so divinely Fair.
 Then to the Bower she led him by the hand,
 And strait to fill out Wine she gave Command:
 She drank the Wine off, and of Conquest sure
 Bid them a second Bowl for *Arthur* pour.
 But when the *Briton* took the fatal drink
 And stood upon the Precipice's brink,
 At last he recollected in his Mind,
 How strictly he had been from Heav'n Enjoin'd
 In fair *Fascinia's* Preference not to stay,
 But from her fatal Arms to break away.
 In haste the Monarch rose, resolv'd to fly
 Th' Enchanted Place, the Lovely Enemy
 Perceiving *Arthur's* great and brave intent
 Fell on her Knees his Purpose to prevent.
 She with her Arms his Martial Legs embrac'd,
 And in the snowy Fetters held him fast.
 With Tears and Prayers and every moving Art,
 She labour'd to confirm his wav'ring Heart.
 The Pious Monarch undetermin'd stood,
 And felt Alternate tydes Command his blood.
 He would not Heav'n's high order disobey,
 Nor had the Power or Will to break away.
 Thus he a while maintain'd a doubtful Field,
 And tho' he did not Conquer, did not yield.

Mean time great *Gabriel* watchful of his Care,
 To give him Aid to break the fatal Snare,

Cloath'd

Cloath'd in white Air appear'd, and with a Cry
 Which shew'd the Monarch's Danger bid him fly.
 If thou he said wilt Life and Honour save,
 If thou wouldst prove above all others brave,
 No longer with this fair Enchantress stay
 Come on, and follow where I lead the Way.
 The *Briton* rous'd with this divine Alarm
 Felt now a nobler Flame his Bosom warm.
 Upon the Ground the fatal Bowl he threw,
 And from the fair *Fascinia's* Presence flew,
 Who with her earnest Cries did long pursue.
 The Gates flew open with obsequious Haste,
 Thro' which the Seraph and King *Arthur* past.
 Now in th' Aerial Realms had Light and Shade
 Twice seven alternate Revolutions made;
 When *Lucifer's* Commission was expir'd,
 Who from the *Briton* all enrag'd retir'd.
 Him his great Guardian *Gabriel* did convey
 Down to the Coasts where then the *Britons* lay.

Gravellan, faithful *Lucius*, and the rest
 For their great Leader's Absence sore distressed,
 From Place to Place, with Care and anxious Thought
 In vain their Prince thro' all *Pomona* sought,
 They rang'd o'er Hill and Dale, and all around
 The Woods and Caves did with their Cries resound.
 At last o'erwhelm'd with Sorrow and Despair
 They to the Coast from whence they came repair;
 There to debate what Measures they should take,
 If they should cease, or fresh Enquiry make.

Mean

Mean time the King amidst his Friends arriv'd,
 Whose Presence their desponding Minds reviv'd.
 With Wonder they beheld the Hero's Face,
 And did with Tears of Joy his Feet embrace.
 But when th' excessive Passion did abate,
 The King at large did to his Friends relate,
 What Dangers in his Absence him befel,
 And how by Aids divine he did repel,
 All the confederate Force and Frauds of Hell.

The mighty Triumphs by the Hero gain'd
 His Patience, and the Labors he sustain'd
 In various Combates, all his Friends amaz'd,
 Who fixt with Admiration on him gaz'd.
 With Joy transported all congratulate
 His mighty Conquests and his prosperous Fate.
 Some did to Heav'n his wondrous Patience raise,
 Some did his Courage, some his Goodness praise.
 And all the Sovereign of the World ador'd,
 Who to the *Britons* had their Prince restor'd.
 Whose powerful Hand assisted his Escape,
 From Dangers of such Formidable Shape.
 Then Meat and Wine they did prepare in haste,
 Which now the *Britons* could with Pleasure taste.
 Refresh'd with Food the pious King arose
 And went his weary Members to repose.
 But first declar'd that when the dawning Day,
 From the cold Air should chase the Shades away,
 He would embark to make *Neustasia's* Coast,
 To lead against the *Franks* the *British* Host.

King

KING ARTHUR.

BOOK VII.

These things befel the King since *Gallia's* Soil
 He left to calm *Britannia's* troubled Isle.
 Mean time in *Gallia* when their Monarch found
 Himself recover'd from his painful Wound,
 He with his greatest Lords in Council sat
 About the Means to save the *Gallic* State.
 Then thus the haughty Prince his Chiefs bespoke,
 Our Foes who would on *Gaul* impose their Yoke,
 Are now expos'd to your avenging stroke.
Arthur's withdrawn *Britannia* to compose,
 From whom his Army's Confidence arose.
 His Courage, Conduct, Military Fame
 Kindled within their Breasts a Martial Flame.
 His Presence made them obstinate in Fight,
 Eager of Conquest, and ashamed of Flight.
 But since the Soul that mov'd their Troops is gone,
 Leaving this Kingdom to secure his own,
 Let us employ this favourable Hour
 To free our Country from the *British* Power.
 Let us advance our Ensigns valiant *Franks*
 To attack the Foe encamp'd on *Elsa's* Banks.
 We shall a weak desponding Host assail,
 And of a glorious Conquest cannot fail.

A a

He

He ceas'd, and all his Captains did reveal
To form the *British* Camp a cheerful Zeal.
Forthwith their Monarch's orders to pursue
The Generals rose and to their Posts withdrew.

Soon as *Aurora* with her Rosy Light
Had streak'd the gloomy Bosom of the Night;
The Monarch rose and Eager of the War
His bloody Labour did himself prepare.
His Armour and his Arms his Servants brought
All temper'd Plate by famous Masters wrought.
His ample Shield was all of Burnish'd Gold,
Dreadful indeed, but Glorious to behold.
He lac'd his dazling Helm around his Head,
Which thro' the Air did keen Reflection spread.
His massy Sword he girded to his Waist,
And his strong Thighs in beaten Gold encas'd.
His Breast and Back in noble Armour shone
In Battle by excessive Splendor known.
Then in his hand two pondrous Spears he took,
And round him cast a Stern and Haughty Look.
On to the Field he led his Warlike *Franks*
And drew forth on the Plain th' embattled Ranks.
The Steeds with raging Hoofs the ground did tear,
And Chariots with their Thunder fill'd the Air.
The Troops advancing o'er the Hills did Choak
The Concave of the Sky with Dust and Smoke.
Thro' which their Armours glancing Lustre shew'd,
Like radiant Sunbeams breaking thro' a Cloud.

The deep Brigades compos'd an endless Throng,
And with an awful Slowness march'd along.
Drawn out in Order they display'd from far
The fullen Pomp, and the rough Looks of War.
As when short Days and cold Autumnal Air
To some new Seat warn Swallows to repair,
The chattering Race do's round their Leaders fly,
And at their Summons rendezvous on high,
And with their Numbers darken all the Sky.
So thick the *Franks* did on their March appear
So black and wide their Front, so long their Rear.

Mean time the Scouts and Outguards did alarm
The *British* Youth, and made the Captains arm.
Who did, as order'd, in their Camp remain,
Not to attack the *Foe*, but to sustain.
Wife *Solmar* plaid a wary Gen'ral's Part
Guarding the Camp by all the Rules of Art.
He in Battalia rang'd his valiant Host
And did his Squadrons, as a Master, post,
Where no Advantage of the Ground was lost.
No prudent Measures did the Chief neglect
Their Lines against th' Invader to protect.
The chearful Captains to their Charge repair,
Each takes his Post, and waits th' advancing War.
The *British* Youth in Arms the *Franks* attend
Bravely resolv'd each other to defend.
Solmar within the Army's Center stands,
As most convenient to dispence Commands.

The left Wing *Talmar* did as Gen'ral sway,
 The right the valiant *Clovis* did obey.
 Now at a distance did the marching Foes
 Their numerous Army's Warlike Front disclose.
 Bright Jav'lins, Sabres, brazen Backs, and Breasts,
 Gauntlets, contiguous Helmets, burnish'd Crests,
 Longglitt'ring Spears, broad Fauchions, temper'd Shie's
 Spread with illustrious Horror all the Fields.

In his bright Arms King *Clotar* did advance
 Before his Troops, and shook his threat'ning Lance.
 The haughty Warriour strait began the Fight
 And furiously attack'd the *Briton's* Right.
 With mighty Clamour and insulting Shouts
 The *Gallie* Squadrons storm th' advanc'd Redoubts.
 The noble *Clovis* all their Force sustains,
 Unmov'd, undaunted he his Ground maintains.
 Fearless of Death he on the Rampart stands
 Dispensing to his Troops sedate Commands.
 Projected Stones in Rocky Tempests fly,
 And Showers of Arrows fill the troubled Sky.
 Their brawny Arms destructive Javelins throw,
 And glitt'ring Darts on deadly Errands go.
 Some to oblige the *Britons* to retire
 Hurl on them smoking Brands, and Storms of Fire.
 The *Briton* stands the flaming Charge, and pours
 Down in Exchange vast Stones in craggy Showers.
 Which with the slaughter'd Heaps the Trenches fill,
 And the bold Foe at once entomb and kill.

A leafless Wood of tall erected Spears,
 O'erspreading all the spacious Field appears,
 As thick and close, as the young tender Trees
 Shoot up their Heads in thriving Nurseries.
 Undaunted they the lofty Bulwarks scale,
 And with their Sword in Hand the Foe assail.
 But by the valiant *Britons* beaten back
 With mighty Slaughter they forsook th' Attack.

Then with fresh Force the *Britons* to invade
 Valiant *Olcanner* brought his bold Brigade.
 All valiant Men inur'd to Arms and Blood,
 Bred on the Banks of *Liger's* Silver Flood.
 The mighty Chief mounts up, and on the Lines
 Waving his Sword in noble Armour shines.
Rollo advanc'd to beat him from his Post,
 And to regain the Ground their Men had lost:
 But with his utmost Force his furious Foe
 On his bright Crest dealt such a dreadful Blow,
 That *Rollo* staggr'ing in a dizzy Swoon
 Fell down upon his Knees, and prest the Ground:
 He lean'd upon his Buckler with his Hand,
 Yet scarcely so his swimming Head sustain'd.
 Then brandishing his Fauchion in the Air
 The fatal Stroke the Conq'rour did prepare:
 When mighty *Oloron* the *Neufbrian* Chief
 All fir'd with Rage flew to his Friend's Relief.
 He interpos'd his generous Arms, and took
 Upon his ringing Shield the falling Stroke.

The *Neustrian* Lord ran in, and round his Waft
 With his strong Arms he hugg'd and grip'd him fast :
 Then from the Ground herais'd the Warriour up,
 And hurl'd him headlong from the Rampart's Top.
 Off from the high rais'd Works the mighty *Gaul*
 Fell down, and shook the Vally with his Fall.
 So vast *Enceladur*, as Poets tell,
 Gigantic Ruin, from the Mountains fell
 By which he scal'd th' Imperial Seat of *Jove*,
 Struck down by vengeful Thunder from above.

Brave *Miran* next warm with his Youthful Flame
 Up to the Charge with his Battalion's came.
 To mount the Lines he straitway gave Command,
 But would himself be foremost of the Band.
Vebba observing brought a mighty Stone
 And from the high Entrenchment roll'd it down,
 It took the noble Warriour in his Way,
 And both within the Trenches buried lay.
Rofan advanc'd, *Romulian's* learned Son,
 Who midst the *Bards* had many Laurels won,
 And now to martial Glory did aspire ;
 He climb'd the Works urg'd with a noble Fire:
 With his right Hand he did his Fauchion wield,
 And with his left he held his spacious Shield.
 Up to the high Entrenchment's brow he rose,
 Amidst the thickest Darts, and thickest Foes.
 He with his Spear *Radan* and *Tabal* flew,
 And down the Works *Lanvallo* headlong threw.

Coril the valiant *Durotrigian* Knight
 Bravely advanc'd, and undertook the Fight.
 The undaunted *Frank* stept forth to meet the Foe,
 And aiming at his Breast a mortal Blow,
 To give his Javelin Force stretcht every Vein,
 Did all his Nerves, and brawny Muscles strain.
 The *Briton's* Shield receiv'd th' impetuous Stroke
 Which in the second Fold its Fury broke.
 Then with a mighty Force the *Briton* cast
 His massy Spear, which thro' the Buckler past,
 And pierc'd the *Frank* between the Hip and Waft.
 Down to the Ground he came, and endless Night
 Swam o'er his Eyes, and choak'd their vital Light.
 Then to the Charge renown'd *Olando* flew,
 Which mounting up *Capellan's* Javelin flew.
 With such a Vigor was the Weapon thrown,
 It pierc'd his Buckler crash'd his Collar Bone,
 And enter'd deep within the Warriour's Chest,
 Who fell with all the Pangs of Death oppress'd,
 And rolling down from the high *Ramparts* Brow
 Increast the Dead, that lay in Heaps below.

Now ghastly Ruin and Destruction reign,
 And scatter'd Spoils o'erspread the bloody Plain.
 The Noise of raging Cohorts, horrid Crys,
 And Groans of dying Men afflict the Skys.
 O'er Shields and Helms down the steep *Rampart* flow'd }
 Torrents, and Crimson Cataracts of Blood
 That fill'd the Trenches with a dismal Flood.

In vain the *Franks* their fierce Assault repeat,
 Vanquish'd with mighty Loss they still retreat.
 King *Clotar*'s Soul was gaul'd, and all on fire
 To see his Legions from th' Attack retire.
 He flew along the Lines to take a View
 Where he th' Assault might with Success renew.
 That done he drew his Forces from the Right,
 And on the Left began a second Fight.
 Now did the King his fresh Battalions pour
 Upon the Place he judg'd the least secure.
 Great *Oromel* did at his Lords Command,
 Lead on the Troops his Sabre in his Hand.
 Thick Clouds of glittering Darts and Spears they send
 To break the Troops that did the Lines defend.
 The *Britons* to repel th' invading Foe
 Hurl mighty Stones, and Showers of Javelins throw.
 Those bravely storm, and these as well defend,
 And missive Arms in bloody Contest spend.
 While they with mutual Wounds each other gall,
 On this and that side mighty Numbers fall.
 But *Oromel* shaking his trembling Lance
 Commands his bold Battalions to advance.
 He mounted up the Works, and with his Spear
 His Passage thro' the thickest Ranks did clear.
 Dispensing Death upon the Lines he stood
 With Brains bespatter'd, and deform'd with Blood.
 In vain the *Britons* did the *Frank* invade,
 Who all around him vast Destruction made.
 Nor glittering Darts, nor Stones, nor Smoke, nor Fire,
 Could damp the Chief, and force him to retire.

His

His fatal Fauchion first *Glendoran* felt
 Fam'd for his Arms, and rich embroider'd Belt.
 The dreadful Weapon did his Arm divide,
 And not yet cloy'd went deep into his Side.
 He fell upon the Ground and endless Night
 Lay on his Eyes to interrupt the Light.

Balandor next a noble *Neufrian* Lord
 Felt in his bleeding Veins the Conquerour's Sword.
 Down on the Neck it fell with horrid Sway,
 And forc'd quite thro' the sever'd Joynt its Way.
 Strait Crimson Jets sprang up from every Vein,
 The gasping Head leap'd off, and bounded on the Plain.
 Then *Ridar*, *Araban*, and many more,
 Slain by the *Frank* lay weltring in their Gore.

Othar mean while his furious Javelin threw
 Which aim'd at *Milo* on its Message flew.
 It pass'd his Buckler, and the painful Point
 Wounded his Knee, and enter'd far the Joynt.
 Back to the Rear off from the fierce Attack,
 Strong *Sebul* bore him on his brawny Back.
 Then *Asdran* cast his Dart with wondrous Force,
 The glittering Death with an impetuous Course
 Against young *Trebor*'s Helmet flew direct,
 Which now no longer could his Head protect:
 The Dart his ample Forehead struck, and full
 Between his thick-black Eyebrows pierc'd his Skull.
 It reach'd the inmost Marrow of the Brain
 Where we perceive our Pleasures, and our Pain.

B b

There

There where the Soul upon her Throne abides,
 And from our Sight conceal'd her Empire guides:
 Do's various Orders various Tasks dispence,
 To all th' inferiour Ministers of Sence.
 Now suddain Death do's her high Seat invade,
 And spreads the Courts of Life with horrid Shade.
 A fatal Dart which strong *Odallon* cast,
 Pierc'd *Modar*'s Shield and thro' his Temples past:
 Extended on the Ground the Hero lay,
 His Eyeballs struggling with departing Day.
 A massy Spear which *Orbal*'s Arm convey'd,
 Past half its Length thro' *Kirtou*'s Shoulder Blade,
 And on the Dust th' expiring Captain laid.
 A pondrous Stone crush'd *Cadel*'s brawny Thigh,
 Which made the Chief in raging Anguish ly,
 But then a second struck him in the Breast,
 And of its painful Prison Life releast.

When noble *Talmar* saw what Numbers fell;
 By the Victorious Sword of *Oromel*;
 And how his wavering Friends began to yield
 Preft by the furious *Frank*, the bloody Field:
 Up to the Charge he came resolv'd to chase
 Th' Invader back, or dy upon the Place.
 Against the *Frank* his massy Spear he hurl'd,
 Which had dispatch'd him to th' infernal World,
 Had it not glancing from his Buckler flew,
 And by an erring Wound *Somellan* flew.
 Then *Oromel* advancing to the Fight,
 Threw his long Weapon with prodigious Might.

Th'

Th' impetuous Spear cut swiftly thro' the Sky,
 And thro' his Buckler raz'd the *Briton*'s Thigh.
 A Purple Stream spun from the painful Wound,
 And stiving thro' his Armour stain'd the Ground.
Talmar enrag'd both with the Shame and Smart,
 Cast at th' insulting Foe his second Dart.
 A prosperous Flight the vengeful Weapon took,
 The Buckler pierc'd, and thro' the Cuirass broke:
 Thro' the left Side it made its Way between
 The Border of the Midriff and the Spleen.
 The Warriour fainting with the fatal Wound,
 Dropt his bright Arms, and fell upon the Ground.
 Cold Death congeal'd his Blood within his Veins,
 And clos'd his Eyes, with everlasting Chains.
 Then did the Conq'rour with his Arms attack
 The thickest Foes, and forc'd their Legions back.
 Across the Lines he did his Troops pursue,
 And as they fled prodigious Numbers flew.
 The thin Remains forsook th' unequal Fight,
 And sav'd themselves by ignominious Flight.
 As when loud Western Winds arrive from far
 Upon *Batavia*'s Coast to levy War:
 The roaring Sea draws down its threatening Troops,
 To storm the Frontier, which its Progress stops.
 The foaming Files, and all the wary Ranks
 Rush on to Battle, and insult the Banks.
 But they contend to force their Way in vain,
 The *Digues* unshaken all their Force sustain.
 The wearied Sea murmurs at these Defeats,
 Draws off its broken Billows, and retreats.

B b 2

Soon

Soon as King *Clotar* saw his Men retir'd,
 With Rage, and Shame, and Indignation fir'd,
 He drew up fresh Brigades against the Right,
 Resolv'd to try his Fate again in Fight.
 Advance your Ensigns to the *Franks* he cry'd,
 And show your Valour oft in Battel try'd.
 For *Gallia's* Glory often you have fought,
 And from the Field triumphant Laurels brought.
 Now to protect her Towns and Altars show
 Your fearless Arms, and here invade the Foe.
 Here let us force their Lines, and make our Way,
 When well resolv'd no Works your Course can stay.
 Then lifting high his Shield to guard his Head,
 He up the Lines his furious Cohorts led.
 With double Rage they did the Works invade,
 And with loud Shouts a vigorous Onset made.
 By various Ways th' undaunted *Briton* strove
 The Foe that press'd so boldly to remove.
 Some Spears, some Darts, some iron Wedges threw,
 Here flaming Firebrands, here bright Javelins flew
 And here vast Stones the fierce Invader flew.
 Here to oppress their Sight hot Embers fell,
 Here Pots with horrid Stench annoy'd their Smell.
 Great Numbers perish'd in the bold Attack,
 Such stout Resistance did the *Britons* make.
Ormanfel by a craggy Stone was slain,
 Which from his broken Skull dash'd out his Brain.
Bertran a Chief brave and expert in Fight,
 By a projected Firebrand lost his Sight.

An

An iron Wedge struck strong *Raymundo* dead,
 Beating his Helmet deep into his Head.
 Valiant *Manfellan* cast his furious Darr,
 Which thro' stout *Theodon's* Shield transfixt his Heart.
 Blood, Brains, and Limbs did the high Lines distain,
 And all around lay squallid Heaps of slain.
 The dreadful Roar did all the Region scare
 Which issu'd from the brazen Throat of War.
 Horrid Confusion, lamentable Moans,
 Clashing of Arms and dying Warriours Groans,
 Amazing Clamours, and th' insulting Threats
 Of raging Captains vex'd th' Ethereal Seats.
 Long did the *British* Youth their Works maintain,
 And bravely did the fierce Assault sustain.
 Till worn with Toyl, and prest with numerous Troops,
 Still fresh pour'd on, they left the Ramparts Tops.
 King *Clotar* on the Works his Standard plac'd,
 O'er which his throng'd Battalions raging pass'd.
 They forc'd the Camp, and like a conqu'ring Flood
 Pass'd o'er the Banks, that long their Force withstood.
Clotar insulting at his Armys Head,
 On to the Foe his eager Squadrons led.

Mean time brave *Clovis* midst the *Britons* flew,
 And urg'd the Youth the Battle to renew.
 With Shame and Fury mingled in his Eyes
 To the desponding Troops aloud he cries.
 What mean, my Friends, their Country to defame,
 And sink the Glory of the *British* Name ?

Will

Will you forget your Conquests? will you throw
 Your Wreaths and spreading Laurels from your Brow? }
 Shall we be vanquish'd by a vanquish'd Foe? }
 Can *Arthur's* Souldiers fear? were *Arthur* by
 Would you forsake your Monarch? would you fly?
 Unthoughtful Troops, say, Whicher would you run,
 You fly to Danger, and your Safety shun.
 You cannot reach your Ships to pass the Main,
 You must disperse, and be as Stragglers Slain.
 Come fly from Danger and the Fight renew,
 You can't be safe unless you Conquer too.
 He said, and strait urg'd with impetuous Rage
 The Chief advanc'd th' Invaders to engage.
 Upon the thickest Files the Warriour fell,
 Resolv'd to dy, or *Clotar* to repel.
Alfonso who his progress first withstood
 Fell wounded down, and welter'd in his Blood.
 Within his Side he felt the fatal Dart
 Between his Ribs an Inch beneath his Heart.
 Another Spear was at great *Beson* thrown
 Which pierc'd his Hip, and stuck within the Bone.
 The *Frank* roar'd out, and tugging at the Spear
 In grievous Anguish halted to the Rear.
 Another Weapon did at *Damon* fly,
 Which enter'd deep the Hollow of the Thigh;
 Wriggling and writhing in tormenting Pain
 He strove to draw the Weapon out in vain.
 From his wide Wound a reeking River flow'd,
 And all the Field around lay bath'd in blood.

Feeble and fainting with the Vast Expence,
 The Warriour fell bereft of Life and Sense.
Hemar and *Dival* by his Arms were Slain,
 And many more lay gasping on the Plain.
 The *British* Troops who had before retir'd,
 Return'd to Battle by this Chief inspir'd.

Mean time Wife *Solmar* did with anxious Care
 Watch all the Turns and Chances of the War.
 And when he saw the *Franks* had forc'd the Line,
 And that the *Britons* did the Fight decline.
 Inglorious Rout and Ruin to prevent
 He fresh Recruits from the Main Battle sent,
 Which might the *British* wavering Troops sustain,
 Repel the *Franks* and still the Fight maintain.
 Then to inspire his Men to keep their Post,
 And strike a terror thro' the *Gallic* Host,
 He noble *Ofor* from the Camp detach'd,
 And with the Chief a thousand Horse dispatch'd:
 And to their faithful Leader gave Command
 To wheel about, and take the Hilly Land
 Which on the Right hand of the Camp arose,
 And then to March direct upon the Foes.
 Then valiant *Ofor* did without delay
 Wheel from the Rear his orders to obey.
 And in his March he took a Compass round,
 That undiscern'd he might possess the Ground.

Now had brave *Clovir* with his fatal Blade
 Amidst the Squadrons great Destruction made.

Boldly he stood to stem th' o'erflowing Tide,
 Encompas'd round with Spoils on every Side.
 The *Franks* enrag'd still fresh Battalions brought;
 And prest with whole Brigades the Warriour fought.
 He lopt strong *Clomire's* Arm off at a blow,
 And cleft the bold *Orbazel's* Head in two.
Ellan who in his Strength repos'd his trust,
 And *Gramol* in his Armour prest the Dust.
 Nor did *Roballon* better Fortune meet,
 Who lay expiring at the Conqueror's feet.
 Then at fierce *Maurel's* head he aim'd his Stroke,
 But on the temper'd Shield his Fauchion broke.
 The *Franks* who stood at distance round about,
 Ran in to seize him with a mighty shout.
 The Pious Warriour was their Captive made,
 And bound in Fetters to their Camp convey'd.
 Brave *Trelon* to prevent great *Clovis* Fate
 Brought up his Valiant Troops but came too late.

Clotar mean time did *Erla's* Troops invade,
 And thro' the Files a mighty Havock made.
 The *British* Chief did wondrous Courage show,
 But strove in vain to stop th' unequal Foe.
 Young *Harrel* felt the Conqu'rous Weapon first,
 And groaning lay, and grov'ling in the Dust.
Torman advanc'd the Monarch to sustain
 But at his feet fell Dead upon the Plain.
 He next his massy Spear at *Corbel* cast,
 Thro' all the Buckler's fold's the Weapon past,

And

And thro' his tender Entrails passage found,
 The Cawl came forth, and hung down from the Wound.
 Down on the ground he fell, and gasping lay,
 While Death excluded from his Eyes the Day.
 Next *Pricel's* Arm receiv'd the Javelin's point
 Between the Elbow and the Shoulder Joynt:
 The fatal Steel did the large Vein divide,
 And from its Chanel sprang th' Arterial Tide.
 Subsiding Life Ebb'd down apace, and left
 The Youth of Motion and of Sense bereft.
 Then at *Hermander* did his Jav'lin fly,
 Which pierc'd his Bucklers Plate and Bullhide Fly:
 Then thro' his breast and breathing Lungs it went,
 And sticking in his Back it's Fury spent.
Hermander Cough'd up from his Wheezing Chest
 Fresh Frothy Blood, but strangled and Opprest
 He fell upon the Ground and ratling lay,
 Stretch'd out his Limbs, and groan'd his Life away.
Coman applauded for his Youthful Charms,
 From all distinguish'd by his Painted Arms,
 And his rich Scarlet Scarf, by luckless chance
 Stood the next mark of *Clotar's* fatal Lance.
 So the fair Lilly and the Poppy stand
 A gaudy Harvest for the Mower's hand.
 Strait at his Breast the Monarch's Weapon flew,
 First pierc'd his Shield, and then his Body thro'.
 Th' expiring Youth fetch'd deep repeated Throbs,
 And of his hopes his mournful Father robs.
 Then *Eldred*, *Ribal*, and *Comander* dy'd,
 All these were Brothers by the Mother's Side.

C c

All

All from the Mountains of *Brechinia* came
 To win in *Gallie* Fields immortal Fame.
 Vast numbers of the *British* Youth lay dead,
 And with their scatter'd Spoils the Ground o'erspread.

When *Solmar* to relieve his Troops oppress'd
 And the fierce Victor's Progress to arrest,
 Brought the main Battle up to charge the *Franks*,
 And bravely did attack their foremost Ranks.
 Strait thro' the Camp a noble War ensu'd,
 And martial Rage was in their Breasts renew'd.
 Now Front to Front the Files each other press'd,
 And Foot to Foot they stood, and Breast to Breast.
 All on the Ground their missive Weapons threw,
 And with their Swords to close Engagement flew.
 Fauchions with Fauchions clast'd, Shields rub'd on Shields,
 And the loud Din of War rang thro' the Fields.
 Now *Franks* prevail, and now the *British* Host,
 And both their Arms alternate Conquest boast :
 While undetermin'd Victory did shew
 Such Doubtfulness, as trembling Needles do,
 When they between two courting Loadstones stay,
 To neither yield, yet neither disobey.

At last with bloody Toyl the *Britons* worn,
 And with unequal Numbers overborn
 Began to shrink, while *Clotar's* ravening Sword
 With undistinguish'd Rage around devour'd :
 When on the neighb'ring Hill upon the Right
 The Troops detach'd by *Solmar* march'd in Sight.

Great *Ofor* who the foremost did appear
 In Stature, Presence, Arms, and martial Air,
 Of all the Heros of the *British* Host,
 The God-like *Arthur* did resemble most.
 Then *Solmar* cry'd aloud, see you your King,
Arthur's arriv'd, and do's sure Conquest bring.
 Loud Shouts of Joy rang thro' the *British* Camp,
 And struck thro' *Clotar's* Troops a shiv'ring Damp.
 Those reassume the War with double Rage,
 And these but faintly with the Foe engage.
 Wavering a while they stood, but then gave way,
 And left th' unfinish'd Triumph of the Day.
 The *Gallie* Troops did by their Flight proclaim,
 How much they fear'd Victorious *Arthur's* Name.
 The conqu'ring *Britons* did the *Franks* pursue,
 Hung on their Rear, and mighty Numbers slew.
 Only King *Clotar* still refus'd to yield,
 But with his single Arms maintain'd the Field.
Solmar advanc'd to charge th' undaunted King,
 And at his Head did his bright *Javelin* sling ;
 His blazing Shield the furious Weapon struck
 Pass'd the first Fold, but in the second stuck.
 Then did the *Frank* project his pondrous Spear
 Which hiss'd along, and cut the liquid Air.
 Thro' his right Leg in burnish'd Steel encas'd,
 Across the brawny part the Weapon pass'd.
 The Veins that deep for sure Protection lay,
 The fatal point divided in it's way.
 Its Springs broke up, out gush'd the leaping Blood,
 And in his reeking Life the fainting Warriour stood.

The *British* Youth ran in to bring Relief
 And from the Field bore off the wounded Chief.
Albert the first who rush'd in to withstand
 The furious *Frank*, fell by his fatal Hand.
Bodal and *Eldan* went undaunted on,
 To save the General's Life, but lost their own.
 But when the Monarch saw the Battel lost,
 Himself alone left to engage an Host,
 He grew enrag'd, but forc'd at last to yield
 With bitter Execrations left the Field.
 So much did *Arthur's* Name the Battel Sway,
 And chang'd so soon the Fortune of the Day.
 Their own great losses and the Evening Shade,
 From long pursuit the *British* Youth dissuade.
 For Rest with Joy they to their Tents return,
 But *Clovis* Chains and *Solmar's* Wound they mourn.
Solmar in pain had past the restless Night,
 And when the Sun had sped the Hills with Light,
 Exhausted with expence of Blood expir'd,
 Lamented much, and much by all desir'd.

Brave *Ofor* next in Power and Honour, sent
 To call the *British* Captains to his Tent.
 Soon hither all the great Commanders came,
 All high in Office, and of Martial Fame.
 Th' Assembly made a Sound like that of Waves
 Roll'd on the Shore, or Winds in hollow Caves.
 Or that which high *Augusta's* Merchants make,
 When in their frequent Burse they Counsel take.

What

What Riches to their Neighbours they shall lend,
 What *British* Growth to Foreign Climates send.
 What Luxury to fetch, what wealthy Stores,
 Or from the *Asian*, or the *Afric* Shores.
 To which Pole next their numerous Fleets shall run,
 If to the Rising, or the Setting Sun.

The throng'd Assembly straight in Council sat
 Fit measures for their Safety to debate.
Ofor arose, and with deliberate words
 He thus bespoke th' Allies, and *British* Lords.

Twice has the Moon her changing Face renew'd
 Since we our Monarch's Orders have pursu'd.
 Expecting his return from *Albion's* Coast,
 We with Defensive Arms have kept our Post.
 And twice seven days are past since certain Fame
 That *Albion* was compos'd first hither came.
 That *Arthur* was embark'd to cross the Main
 In *Gallic* Fields new Laurels to obtain.
 But when in Prospect of the *Neustrian* Strand
 A sudden Tempest beat him off from Land:
 So those relate who on the Mountains stood,
 And saw his ships advancing thro' the Flood.
 Yet still his Ships are on the Ocean tost,
 Or forc'd on some inhospitable Coast,
 Else had the King return'd to *Neustria's* Shore
 And we had seen our Monarch long before.
 So long we had not labour'd in Suspence,
 Nor wanted *Arthur's* Arms for our Defence.

Our

Our heartless Troops impatient grown declare
 They would return, and leave th' unfinish'd War.
 Mean time our Leader's Absence makes the Foe
 More insolent, and bold in Battle grow.
 Captains advise, what Measure we shall take,
 Shall we return and *Gallia's* Realm forsake,
 Or shall we here entrench'd our Camp defend,
 And till th' Arrival of our Prince attend.

He said, wife *Gotrick* rose, and to the rest
 Thus with majestic Air himself express'd.
 The Stratagem which did the *Franks* defeat
 We can no more, illustrious Chiefs, repeat.
 The *Franks* who *Arthur's* Presence then believ'd,
 By busy Fame will soon be deceiv'd.
 Then well we know that no *Britannic* Lord
 Is able to withstand King *Clotar's* Sword.
 Should he again our high Entrenchments scale,
 His numerous Squadrons may at last prevail.
 Our two great Heros left in chief Command,
 Who could if any, *Clotar's* Rage withstand
 These we, alas, have lost. Great *Solmar's* slain,
 Brave *Clorvis* do's in *Clotar's* Power remain.
 Thrice happy Man if midst the fighting Bands
 Thou hast expir'd and escap'd the Tyrant's Hands!
 These were the Chiefs on whom we did depend
 As Men whose Arms our Bulwarks would defend.
 Our weary Troops who did demand before
 Their native Land do now demand it more.

Pref

Prest by our hard Affairs we may presume
 King *Arthur's* Leave to lead our Squadrons home.
 The pious Prince our Conduct will approve,
 Who to his People thus expresses our Love.

He said. VVhen mighty *Talmar* Silence broke
 And thus the Lords and valiant Chiefs bespoke.
 Here did our Pious Monarch bid us stay,
 And his Command what Chief dares disobey?
 VVe must persist our Bulwarks to defend,
 And *Arthur's* coming in the Camp attend.
 Shall we the Honour of our Isle deface,
 And show our selves a weak, degenerate Race?
 How will the Neighbour States our Arms despise,
 And mock our ignominious Cowardize?
 How will our Countrymen upbraid our Flight,
 And ask what Monsters did our Youth affright?
 Our Wives and Children swarming on the Strand
 Will mock our Fears, and beat us off from Land.
 How will th' observing VVorld our Conduct blame?
 How will th' unhappy Christians curse our Name,
 VVhom from their Chains we promis'd to release,
 VVhen our Retreat their Sufferings shall encrease?
 For thus provok'd th' inexorable Foe
 VVill add more VVeight, and multiply their VVoices.
 VVhat Plagues, what Desolation must o'erwhelm
 Both the *Neustrasian* and the *Gallie* Realm,
 If we no longer will our Arms engage,
 But give them up a Prey to *Clotar's* Rage?

Le

Let us prevent their Ruin, and our Shame,
Express our Pity, and advance our Fame.
Fixt and resolv'd let us our Bulwarks guard,
Success at last our Patience will reward.

He said. And *Trelon* thus himself exprest.
What Madness *Britons* has your Minds possess'd ?
Will you betray your Monarch's righteous Cause,
Defame your Isle, and yet expect Applause ?
Scar'd with phantastic Terrours will you run,
And leave a War with such Success begun ?
Fear seems a Passion wise and eloquent,
But makes the Danger which it would prevent.
Let us the Passion own, and not disguise.
In Virtue's Shape inglorious Cowardise.
For running home what Reasons e'er you bring,
Wisdom's the grave Pretence, but Fear's the thing.
We still in *Gallia* may in Safety stay,
Defend our Bulwarks, and our Prince obey.
Vainly 'tis urg'd the *Britons* are dismay'd,
'Tis fearful Captains make their Men afraid.
Your Courage will confirm your wavering Troops,
Inspire new Vigor, and revive their Hopes.
Blame not the *British* Youth who still obey,
And boldly follow, when you lead the Way.
Then laying on his mighty Sword his Hand,
He cry'd, the Man that leads the foremost Band
From out the Camp shall by this Fauchion dy,
He ne'er shall scape, who first attempts to fly.

He said. And straitway *Coril* thus reply'd,
Meer Courage is to Madness near ally'd,
A Brutal Rage, which Prudence do's not guide.
Cool Sense and Judgment with a noble Fire
To make a finish'd Leader must conspire.
Some by a wife Retreat have more Renown
Than other Captains by a Conquest won.
'Tis blind Perverseness in our Camp to stay,
And not to go when Prudence leads the Way.
Wisdom is no Defect of Martial Heat
When Reason bids, 'tis Manly to retreat.
For our Return no Reasons need be us'd
Than those which *Gotric* has before produc'd.
I must declare for breaking up, to shun
The mighty Risk which staying here we run.
And if some Chiefs will this as Fear condemn,
We must object their Want of Sense to them.
We are not aw'd by Threats, and haughty Words,
Nor do we think we wear unequal Swords.

He ceas'd. And strait immoderate Heats arose,
While chol'rick Chiefs each other did oppose.
Some for retreating, some for Stay contend,
Some would forsake, and some their Camp defend.
When *Maca* saw the Strife still hotter grew,
Fearing the Dangers which might thence ensue,
He rose, and thus th' assembled Chiefs bespoke,
Britons; too much each other you provoke.

A calm Debate our Conteſts might decide,
 But ſharp Reproaches more your Minds divide.
 Your Dangers by your Diſcords you augment,
 And bring the Miſchiefs which you would prevent.
 'Tis prudent then this Conteſt to adjourn,
 And when the dawning Morning ſhall return,
 Our Heats compos'd with Reſt, our Minds ſedate,
 In Council we'll revive this great Debate.
 He ſaid. And from the moſt receiv'd Applauſe,
 Who cry'd adjourn, and ſtrait the Council roſe.

King

KING ARTHUR.

BOOK VIII.

THE *Britiſh* Captains thus with Choler boyl'd,
 And theſe Contentious Heats the Camp Embroil'd.
Clotar mean time who full of Rage and Shame,
 Back to *Lutetia* for Protection came,
 Thus to his Servants cry'd; let *Clovis* come,
 I'll ſee the Rebel and pronounce his Doom.

Straight did the bloody Guards in Triumph bring,
 The Pious *Clovis* to the *Gallic* King.
 When *Clotar* ſiſt the Captive Lord eſpy'd
 Inſultingly he ſmil'd, and thus he cry'd.
 Thou doſt not only *Gallia's* Gods reject
 Adhering to the Chriſtians impious Sect,
 But Trai'trous to thy King art not afraid
 To call in Foreign Arms, and give them Aid,
 Striving with blackeſt Malice to ſubdue
 Thy Nat'ral Lord, and Native Country too.
 But now juſt Heav'n has giv'n thee to my hand
 T' inflict that Vengeance, which thy Crimes demand.
 Speak what Infernal Fury laſh'd thee on,
 What made thee hope thy Sovereign to dethrone?

He said. And *Clovis* fearless thus reply'd,
 'Tis true I still have Pagan Gods defy'd.
 I ne'er would Incense on their Altars throw,
 Nor in their Groves, nor in their Temples bow.
 I ne'er have Worship to your Idols shewn
 Stupid, as are the Rocks from whence they're hewn.
 Gods Deify'd by Superstitious Fear,
 Gods whom Creating Statuaries rear.
 Who *Pyrrhus* and his Wife have far outdone,
 Transforming into Gods the senseless Stone.
 To th' unseen Mind I've still Obedience paid,
 Who this, and those bright Worlds above us made.
 This Independent Being I adore,
 One God I reverence, but revere no more.
 He in whose Power and Goodness I believe
 Will from your Rage this Mortal Life retrieve
 Or in Exchange will Life Eternal give. }
 I own, I did with humble prayer persuade
 The Pious *Briton Gallia* to invade,
 His Arms in our Deliv'rance to employ
 To save a Realm you labour to destroy.
 How have you triumph'd and insulting stood
 With Garments rowl'd in Slaughter'd Christians blood?
 Haughty Proscriptions, Murders, Banishment
 And all the Plagues that Tyrants can Invent,
 At your Command the Christians have destroy'd,
 Yet your Infatiate Rage was never cloy'd.
 Tormentors with their cruel labour tir'd
 To gain their own, the Sufferers rest desir'd.

Your

Your frighted People from their Towns are fled,
 And Prisons only are inhabited.
 All *Europe* echoes with *Lutetia's* Groans,
 And every Land receives her straggling Sons.
 We justly arm'd to set our Country free
 From unexempl'd Rage, and barbarous Cruelty.
 Subjects should Kings revere and raise their Fame,
 But cruel Monsters lose that sacred Name.
 A Father do's not arm'd with lawless Power,
 Instead of feeding them, his Sons devour.
 Wolves should they Crooks usurp, no Shepherds are,
 Nor Spoilers Princes, tho' they Scepters bear.
 Wild Violence, and Power outrageous grown
 Proclaim the Tyrant, and the King dethrone.
 Scepter'd Destroyers do themselves depose,
 And all their Right to our Obedience lose.
 This is your Case, this sinking *Gallia's* Fate,
 We, mov'd by Pity to her Suffering State
 Call'd in the Generous *Briton* with Intent
 Her universal Ruin to prevent.
 This I have done, and Glory in the Deed,
 And tho' I fall may *Arthur's* Arms succeed.
 Steadfast in Christian Faith I've always stood,
 And ready am to seal it with my Blood.
 I will not Life from *Clotar* e'er demand
 Nor ask Deliv'rance from his cruel Hand.
 For my expected Sufferings I prepare,
 You've Power indeed, but want a Heart to spare.

More

More had he said, but *Clotar* furious grew,
 And flashing Fire from his fierce Eyeballs flew.
 The Captive's Words like Spears the Monarch gor'd,
 And stung with Guile and Rage aloud he roar'd:
 What Pity 'tis that Man but once can dy,
 That Life when urg'd begins so soon to fly?
 But oh, may thine prove tough and obstinate,
 Mighty to bear repeated Strokes of Fate.
 May'st thou be hard, resolv'd and bold in Pain,
 Able my choicest Torments to sustain.
 May baffled Tortures scarcely waft thy Breath,
 And may'st thou late escape my Hand by Death.
 May all thy Nerves be firm, thy Muscles strong,
 Thy Heartstrings sound to bear thy Sufferings long.
 Oh, may Gigantic Force and Vigor show
 That thou uncommon Racks canst undergo.
 Strive not by Death basely thy self to save,
 Be constant on the Wheel, and prove in Torment brave?
 For thou canst only make this Recompence,
 A slight one too compar'd with thy Offence.

Away the noble Captive was convey'd,
 And bound with iron Links in Prison laid,
 To be expos'd soon as the Morning came
 To cruel Torments, and to publick Shame.
 Unmov'd, unchang'd great *Clotus* did sustain
 His heavy Doom and ignominious Chain.
 As calm as Peace, as heav'nly Seraphs mild
 He view'd the Racks, and on his Torments smil'd.

With

With easy Arms his Fetters he embrac'd,
 And thought himself with Marks of Honour grac'd.
 He thought it noble Matter of Applause,
 To dy for *Gallia's*, and the Christian Cause.

What Honour is it, did the Hero cry,
 To dy for him that did for Sinners dy?
 To rescue Mortals from the Gulph of Hell,
 And raise them up to Heav'n from whence they fell?
 All our laborious Services are slight,
 And all our heavy Sufferings wondrous light
 When in a just and equal Ballance thrown
 Against th' excessive Bliss, and massy Crown
 Of pondrous Glory, which attends at last
 The constant Martyr's Zeal and Labour past.
 The Way to *Canaan* by those Martyrs trod
 Lys thro' a red amazing Sea of Blood.
 Martyrs, *Elijah*-like, to Heav'n aspire
 On ruddy Steeds, and rapid Cars of Fire.
 Here on a bleak tempestuous Shore I stand,
 Cast on a wild, inhospitable Land,
 Which for Disorder do's on *Chaos* joyn,
 And for its Guilt do's close on Hell confine;
 A wastful, howling, horrid Wilderness,
 Which Beasts of Prey in humane Shape possess:
 So monstrous dark that Heav'n's recoiling Light
 Bounds from the Surface of the solid Night.
 On the other side appears a glorious Shore
 Enrich'd with glittering Gems and golden Oar.

The

The Land is all a native Theater,
 Where flowry Plains, and spicy Groves appear.
 A Paradise blest with reviving Beams
 Immortal Fruit, and sweet, Celestial Streams.
 Where Love and Peace and Friendship free from stain,
 Pure Light, and Truth, and Joy unmixt with Pain,
 Oh happy Regions ! do for ever reign.
 To gain this Blissful Land, this Golden Coast,
 Death's interposing Channel must be crost.
 'Tis true the gloomy Flood afflicts the Sight,
 And self preserving Nature dos affright.
 The *Stygian* Tide a dismal Horror spreads,
 And dusky Billows rear their threaten'g Heads.
 Nature upon the Brink dos shiv'ring stand,
 And dreads the Passage to the Blissful Land.
 She willing still terrestrial Joys to keep,
 Starts at the awful Prospect of the Deep.
 She spins out time, and lingers in Debate,
 And dos a thousand Ways Expostulate,
 Displeas'd to try a new, and Unknown State.
 By Various shifts she labours to Evade
 The frightful Gulph, and Solitary Shade.
 But Nature is Controul'd by Reason's sway,
 Reason's her Guide, Reason must lead the Way.
 I'll plunge amidst the Flood, and fearless stride
 To gain the happy Shore across the tyde,
 Or with bold Arms th' opposing Waves divide.
 What if I sink, the shore I cannot miss,
 We dive by Death, but to Emerge in Bliss.

The chiefest Terrors which in Death we dread,
 Are in our own Imagination bred.
 We are not pleas'd aglorious World to know,
 Whereof our Senses no Impression show.
 Reluctant Sense declines the untrodden Path,
 Tho aided both by Reason and by Faith.
 Empty phantastic Horrors hence arise
 Which fright the vulgar, not the brave and wise.
 Th' advancing Shades of Death weak Nature scare,
 As hideous Forms and Monsters drawn in Air:
 Which issuing forth from the dark Womb of Night
 Impregnated with Fear, weak Minds affright.
 If tender Infants who imprison'd stay
 Within the Womb, prepar'd to break away,
 Were conscious of themselves, and of their State,
 And had but Reason to sustain Debate,
 The painful Passage they would dread, and show
 Reluctance to a World they do not know.
 They in their Prisons still would chuse to ly
 As backward to be born, as we to dy.
 This is the Christian's Case detain'd on Earth,
 Whose Death is nothing, but his Heav'nly Birth.
 Yet still he fears the dark and unknown Way,
 Still backwards shrinks, still meditates Delay,
 And fresh Excuses finds for longer Stay.

The pious Peer in such divine Debate
 Prepar'd himself for his approaching Fate.
 His Wife mean time fair *Merula*, a Dame
 Of wondrous Beauty, who when *Cloris* came

To *Albion's* Isle, in *Gaul* was left behind;
 Now to the Prison came her Lord to find.
 Fir'd with her Heavenly Charms great *Clovis* burn'd,
 And she to his an equal Flame return'd.
 None to each other did more constant prove,
 None more admir'd, and fam'd for mutual Love.
 Long she unmov'd had born her heavy Chains,
 Long underwent the most afflicting Pains,
 But tir'd at last, her Torments to evade
 Her Saviour she renounc'd, her Faith betray'd.
 The Pagan Altars once so much abhor'd,
 And Gods of various Kinds she now ador'd.
 Yet did she constant to her *Clovis* prove,
 Apostate from her Faith, but not her Love.
 Her Lord thus sentenc'd, she to *Clotar* went
 Brave *Clovis* Death and Suffrings to prevent.
 And knowing nothing could his Life procure
 Unless the Christian Faith he did abjure,
 She thought as once revolted *Eve* had done,
 Her Lord by her Perswasion might be won
 To break th' Almighty's sacred Law, and eat
 When offer'd by her Hand, forbidden Meat.
 And oh! how oft do Female Charms prevail
 Ev'n when the brave and wisest they assail?
 She therefore undertook by *Clotar's* Leave
 To try the pious *Clovis* to deceive;
 To form his Mind the Christian's God to quit,
 And to the Pagan Idols to submit.
 Her Son and Daughter both of tender Age
 The Mother brought, hoping they might engage

The

The Hero's Pity and Paternal Love,
 And from his Breast his settled Purpose move.

Thus *Clovis* she bespoke.
 Pres'd by restless Love I hither come
 To rescue *Clovis*, and avert his Doom.
 Too great a Zeal, and Labour can't be shown
 To save a Life far dearer than my own.
 'Tis in your Power your Suffrings to evade,
 Oh, that it were in mine too, to persuade
 My *Clovis* that Deliv'rance to receive,
 Which here with Joy I bring by *Clotar's* Leave.

Here *Clovis* interrupting her reply'd,
 Oh *Merula* have you your God deny'd,
 Have you renounc'd the Christians solemn Vow,
 And learnt before the Pagan Shrines to bow,
 And are you in your Guilt so stupid grown,
 So like the Gods you worship, Wood and Stone,
 That to my Presence you thus boldly press
 No inward Gripes and no Remorse express?
 Should not your Crime in Crimson Blushes glow?
 Should not your Eyes Shame and Confusion show?
 Amazing Power of Guilt! one great Offence
 Benumbs the Mind, and stupifies the Sense,
 Binds fast reluctant Conscience with its Charms,
 And of its Sting the Worm within disarms.
 But, *Merula*, your Message tell, prepare
 Your Golden Bait, and spread th' alluring Snare.

E e 2

No

No Question you your Guilt would propagate,
And make me quit my Faith to shun my Fate.
Speak, is not this your cruel, kind Intent
To change my Faith my Torments to prevent?

Then, beauteous *Merula* reply'd, 'tis true
The Means to save my *Clovis* I pursue.
No Joy but you, no Life but yours I own,
I must survive my self, when you are gone.
How strong, how pure, how bright a Flame of Love
To *Clovis* always in my Bosom strove?
You're conscious of my Passion, you must know
That from your Presence all my Pleasures flow.
If you withdraw your Light, how black a Shade
Must the sad Region of my Breast invade?
This World's a Heav'n to me when you are here,
And Heav'n will more be Heav'n to meet you there.
What I could ever Joy or Pleasure call
'Twas you I tasted, you enjoy'd in all.
The Spring from whence your Stream of Life proceeds
My Veins with vital Warmth and Vigor feeds.
My Life's dependent and precarious Fire
Must quickly cease, should you its Source retire, }
As Evening Rays forsaken soon expire.
Deserted and defrauded of Supply
Streams flow no longer, when the Fountain's dry.
Should I behind my *Clovis* here remain, }
I should of Life's uneasy Load complain,
And drown'd in Tears drag on th' encumbering Chain.
How sad, and hard a Task it is to live
When I must all that Life endears, survive?

No

No wonder then I strive a Life to save,
Where I such vast Concern and Int'rest have.

I can your Freedom and your Ease procure,
Nor need you e'er the Christian Faith abjure.
You need but only to their Altars go,
And on the Flames a little Incense throw.
Th' Almighty dos you know the Heart require,
And you may that preserve for him entire.
When you to Images respect shall show,
Your Mind you need not with your Body bow.
In every place th' Eternal dos abide,
And therefore must in Statues too reside.
When therefore you shall Adoration pay,
Your Mind may thro' the Image make its way, }
And Worship to the God within convey.
We do not Worship to a Stone demand,
To Gods created by the Carver's hand.
The God we Honour has his Throne above,
To whom the Image dos our Rev'rence move.
Presents we prize, and Pictures we commend,
Because they mind us of our absent Friend.
By Nature we to Nature's Lord arise,
Who dwells in Bliss conceal'd from mortal Eyes.
We view his Image stamp'd on Nature's Face,
And by the Creatures to their Maker pass.
This beauteous VVorld, and all the rest above,
Were made to raise our Wonder and our Love.
The noblest Ufe that we in Creatures find
Is to the first great Cause, t' advance the Mind.

The

The Sun himself whose bright revealing Ray
 To it's more glorious Author shews the way,
 Serves Mortals more by this, than when it's Light
 From these dark Seats removes the Shades of Night.
 We can't Divine, Essential Glory see,
 Nor view th' Almighty's naked Majesty.
 We can't th' unequal Object comprehend ;
 The Creatures must their help to Reason lend,
 While step by step it dos to Heav'n ascend.
 Wide Nature's Frame and all her stiddy Laws
 Lead thinking Man to th' Independent Cause.
 And then the Creatures have their noblest Use,
 When thoughts Divine they in our Minds produce.
 Now in the Sacred Images we rear,
 This pious Use more plainly do's appear.
 These in our Breasts do warm Devotion raise,
 And mind us to advance th' Eternal's praise.
 They move our Minds his Greatness to adore,
 To love his Goodness, and revere his Power.
 They to his Duty stupid Man excite,
 And when he aims at Heav'n assist his Flight.
 And those who know the high and steepy way,
 The painful steps that reach Celestial Day,
 Will not of friendly Succors be afraid,
 But thankfully receive the proffer'd Aid.
 Our Senses to the Mind while lodg'd in Clay,
 Do all their various Images convey.
 Things that we taste, and feel, and see, afford
 The Seeds of Thought with which our Minds are stor'd.

We

We therefore must the Deity conceive
 By such an Image as our Senses give.
 Spirits to us this only way are known,
 And such Conceptions we must form or none.
 Why then should Statues be condemn'd, design'd
 To raise Devotion in a Pious Mind,
 When if we think of God, within our Thought
 Some Image of his Being must be wrought ?
 The Sacred Volumes oft th' Almighty name
 As having Parts and Limbs and Humane Frame.
 Th' Eternal to our Minds by Words and Ways
 Adapted to our Sense himself conveys,
 Whose Being still must be from Man conceal'd,
 If not by means that fit our State reveal'd.
 These Arguments my yielding Reason sway'd,
 When Worship first to Images I paid.
 And these with *Cloris* too would soon succeed,
 Were first your Mind from Prepossession freed.
 Oh, let no groundless Prejudice oppose
 The Light, that from so pure a Fountain flows.
 May these kind Beams dispel the Clouds, and find
 An unobstructed Passage to your Mind.
 Thus you'll preserve your Life with guiltless Art,
 And still remain a Christian in your Heart.

She ceas'd, and Pious *Cloris* thus reply'd:
 In vain these artful Snares have oft been try'd.
 These are the Nets your crafty Priests prepare,
 The timorous and th' uncautious to ensnare.

Such

Such Arguments no Conquests could procure,
 If unassisted by the Tyrant's Power.
 If e'er these Feeble Arms Impression make,
 They from the Sword their Edge and Sharpness take.
 Affrighted Nature's willing to receive
 The dreadful Reason's Death and Torment give.
 She'll by a thousand shifts her Post maintain,
 And feels no Argument like that of Pain.
 The clearest Light and Reason will displease,
 Which thwart our Interest and disturb our Ease.
 A lawless Rout of Passions still engage
 In Nature's Cause with hideous Noise and Rage.
 Reason is in the Tumult quite suppress'd,
 And still the safest side we think the best.
 But let Tyrannic Power stand Neutral by,
 You'll soon the weakness of your Cause descry.

You that would still th' Almighty Being own,
 And yet to Idols bow and Gods unknown,
 Delude your selves with an absurd pretence,
 That still your Minds preserve their Innocence.
 We to th' Eternal Mind should Honour pay,
 As he himself prescribes the Rule and Way.
 No Modes of Adoration he'll admit,
 Because our wanton Fancy thinks 'em fit.
 No other Forms of Worship should be sought,
 But those alone observ'd which he has taught.
 He oft declares you shall no Image make,
 And asks from whence you'll his Resemblance take.

This

This is his Will, this his commanding Word,
 Shall Man contend and call his Law absurd?
 Subjects are to obey, and not dispute
 A Will so pure, a Power so absolute.
 In vain alas deluding Priests pretend,
 That they their Worship to th' Almighty send.
 That all the Honour to the Image paid
 Is thro' the Marble up to Heav'n convey'd :
 Then *Dan's* and *Bethel's* Calves would be excus'd,
 Which by the Tribes were for Devotion us'd.
 They mighty Zeal to *Jacob's* God express,
 To honour him proclaim'd a solemn Feast,
 And Worship by the Calves to Heav'n address.
 When *Aaron* by the murm'ring *Hebrews* sway'd
 A Golden God of molten Ear-rings made,
 'Twas reer'd in Honour of th' Almighty Hand,
 That brought their Youth from *Egypt's* cruel Land.
 Yet in the sacred History you read
 How God incens'd condemn'd the impious Deed.
 When you Devotion to an Idol show,
 And on the Altar od'rous Incense throw,
 You make the Heathen Worshiper believe
 That you and he like Adoration give:
 You thus confirm the Pagan Votary
 And not asserting God, your God deny.
 The Mind by Words and Actions is express'd,
 And secret Reservations in the Breast
 Whereby you think to save your Innocence
 Make Hypocrites, and add a fresh Offence.

Ff

The

The jealous God will not his Honour part,
 Nor share with Idols a divided Heart.
 'Tis not enough to own him in your Breast,
 He must in publick boldly be confest.
 Th' eternal Mind no prudent Neutral knows,
 We for his Cause declare, or are his Foes.
 The Managers who cautious Measures use,
 And fain would neither Sin nor Suffering chuse.
 Who like a crafty Statesman to provide
 For his own Safety fawns on either Side.
 These most th' Eternal's Jealousy provoke,
 At these his Vengeance aims the deadliest stroke.
 The Hypocrite defeats his own Design,
 Splits on the Rock he labours to decline.
 He can't himself by base Compliance save
 The Secret to be safe, is to be brave.
 We are to fiery Tryals brought to prove
 Our stedfast Faith, our Courage, and our Love.
 To shew th' Heroic Confessors are fit
 With Glory crown'd on Heav'nly Thrones to sit.
 To draw amaz'd Spectators to believe
 That Cause divine, that could such Courage give.
 You know, if you in Heart a Christian are,
 Our Heav'nly Founder often did declare
 The Marks that must his faithful Friends approve
 Are patient Suffering and their mutual Love.
 His Precept, and Example form'd his Friends
 For all the Sorrow that his Cause attends.
 He oft foretold them their approaching Fate
 And what they must expect from Tyrants Hate.

He

He set the price, and told what Heav'n would cost;
 And what to gain that Kingdom must be lost.
 And this the constant Martyrs understood
 Who swam to Heav'n thro' a red tyde of Blood.
 Some were with Wounds, and cruel Scourging try'd,
 Some in the Flames with God-like Courage dy'd.
 Some were on Racks and Wheels in pieces drawn,
 Some ston'd to Death, and some asunder Sawn.
 To some a Refuge from the Tyrant's Sword,
 The Dens of milder Beasts did oft afford.
 They oft Deliv'rance nobly did refuse,
 And Vertue when 'twas least inviting chuse.
 Conscious what Bliss and Life Eternal meant,
 The blest Reward of hours divinely spent,
 And what a Heaven 'tis, to be Innocent;
 They could the World with brave Neglect despise,
 And the vain Joys which charm deluded Eyes.
 They with the just did rather Sufferings bear,
 Then guilty Pleasures with th' unrighteous share.
 They laid down Life in Vertue's just Defence,
 Dear Life, but not so dear as Innocence.
 But *Merula* could these blest Saints have taught
 Their Torments to escape without a Fault.
 The specious Arguments which you advance
 Will make them Martyrs to their Ignorance.
 Had thole blest Men your nice distinctions known,
 They to the Idol might have Worship shown;
 For if their inward Thought did not consent,
 The Guilt no farther than the Body went;

F f 2

And

And thus their Innocence had been secure,
 And while the Knee had err'd, the Heart been pure.
 Those who alledge we cannot form a Thought
 But by some Image thro' our Senses brought;
 And therefore we th' Almighty must conceive;
 By some Idea which the Senses give,
 Will soon th' erroneous Argument detect,
 When on their own Conceptions they reflect.
 Sense do's, 'tis true, it's Object first enjoy,
 And that first Object do's our Thoughts employ.
 All Knowledge previous to the acts of Sense
 And in-born Notions, are a vain Pretence.
 But then, 'tis true, that when our Minds embrace
 Those Images which thro' our Senses pass,
 They stop not there, but quickly higher go,
 And on themselves reflecting Know they Know.
 They their own Actions oft review, and thence
 Conceptions form above the Sphear of Sense.
 They by their Operations must conclude
 They are with Life, and Thought, and Choice endu'd,
 And hence the Intellectual World is known,
 While we conceive their Nature by our own.
 Then climbs the Mind to the first glorious Cause,
 And his bright Image by this Model draws.
 Freedom of Choice, pure Intellectual Light,
 Power Independent, Goodness Infinite,
 To form the great Idea we unite.
 All other Images for him design'd
 Debase the Glory of th' Eternal Mind;

Degrade

Degrade his high Perfections, and infuse
 Unworthy Thoughts, and Vulgar Minds abuse.

He ceas'd. Fair *Merula* reply'd. Your Breast
 Is, as I fear'd, too strongly Prepossest,
 To be with new tho' truer Lights imprest.
 When to Dispute a Woman takes the Field,
 A Man believes he can't in Honour Yield.
 I am not here a Match, the Righteous Cause
 From my Defence great disadvantage draws.
 But now if *Clovis* who's in Reason strong,
 Wife in Debate, and Eloquent of Tongue,
 Would change the Scene, and plead my Cause, how clear
 How pure, he'd make my Innocence appear:
 Such is your force in Reasoning, such your Art
 That Error you to seeming Truth convert.
 The strangest Paradox sustain'd by you
 Ev'n to Sagacious Minds appears as true.
 But why, alas, should *Clovis* thus Employ
 Such noble Gifts their Owner to destroy:
 If Reason can't let Love your Breast incline,
 Oh, Pity your sad fate, or Pity mine.
 What Words shall tell, what Accents shall relate,
 If you are gone, my Lamentable State?
 What will become of wretched *Merula*,
 What shall I do, whither my Self convey?
 What can my tedious Life afford to please,
 What can assuage my Grief, or Sorrows Ease?
 I must to unfrequented places creep,
 And seek out secret Corners where to Weep.

I must complain to Woods, and Winds, and Air,
 Conscious, alas, in vain of my Despair.
 Forsaken, helpless, ruin'd, sore distress'd
 With mighty Woe, and Life it self Opprest,
 I must behind you stay, and make my Moan
 To *Gallie* Tyrants, or to Lords unknown.
 Oh, let the dear Engagements of our Love
 Dissolve your Heart, and your Compassion move.
 You warm Affection once to me express,
 And thought me fair, pretended so at least.
 What dear, engaging, tender things you said,
 Which in my Breast the glowing Passion fed?
 What Pleasure in my Presence did you show,
 And how was I still pleas'd to see you so?
 And do's my Presence now so much offend,
 That you to part for ever, thus contend?
 Or if your Love continue, can you go
 And leave me in so sad a Scene of Woe?
 But if from me you can so easie part,
 Let these your tender Children melt your Heart.
 Think how much Woe these Infants must attend,
 Without a Father, and without a Friend.
 See that dear Boy, how the sweet Creature stands?
 How just like you, he moves his little Hands?
 See your own Shape, your very Eyes, and Face,
 He has your Air, your Step, and every Grace.
 Then, *Cloris*, on his Sister cast your look,
 In whom you once such wondrous pleasure took.
 How oft you kist and Danc'd her on your Knee,
 And said you lov'd the Child, because she look'd like me.

These

These are next you, of all my Joys the chief,
 But if you die will give me no Relief,
 But minding me of you, revive my Grief.
 When on them I shall look they'll but invite
 New floods of Tears, and fresh Complaints excite.
 Can't these endearing Pledges of our Love
 Dissolve your Heart, and your Compassion move?
 Can you these sweet Delights chuse to forsake,
 And from the helpless Babes their Father take?
 Think how their Lives they must in Sorrow spend,
 Who will you leave your Orphans to defend?
 You know your Foes will labour to Oppress
 Your helpless Widow, and your Fatherless.
 Can such a Father e'er Unnatural prove,
 Cease to be tender, and forget to Love?
 Can you lay by th' Indulgent Parent's care,
 And leave these Babes abandon'd to despair?
 At such Reflections do's not Nature start,
 And try at every Spring to touch your Heart?
 Do's not soft Pity's fire begin to burn,
 Do not your yearning Bowels in you turn?
 In such a case Breasts arm'd with temper'd Steel
 And Hearts of Marble, should impression feel.
 Then on her bended Knees she fell, and fast,
 All drown'd in Tears, his Fetter'd Limbs embrac'd.
 And thus she cry'd, here ever will I stay,
 Here will I lie, here beg, and weep, and pray,
 And strive in Sighs to breath my Life away;
 Till *Cloris* shall our heavy Doom retrieve,
 And say he do's at last consent to Live.

Then

Then the sad Mother to her Childien said,
 Come, Children, help your Father to perswade.
 Your Accents full of Grief, and free from Art,
 Will penetrate the most obdurate heart.
 Your tender Cries will sure his Soul incline,
 Your Prayer will more successful prove than mine.
 The Children mov'd to see her so distrest,
 Burst out in Tears, and the sad Scene increast.
 They did about their Father cling, and cry
 With mournful Voice, why Father will you dy?
 This tender sight did Pious *Clovis* move;
 And in his Brest his mighty Passion strove.
 Paternal Pity pain'd his lab'ring Soul,
 And made his Bowels in Convulsions roll.
 Deep Groans he in his Agony did fetch,
 And all his heart-strings felt the utmost stretch.
 Striving his Passion to suppress he stood,
 At last broke out in Tears and wept aloud.
 Now Father's, Mothers, Childrens Cries unite,
 And in each others Breasts fresh grief excite.
 Confed'rate Sighs and Tears conspire to show
 A perfect triumph of Victorious Woe.
 Yet constant *Clovis* still maintain'd the Field,
 And tho' o'erwhelm'd with force refus'd to yield.
 So when a noble Oak that long has stood
 High in the Air, the Beauty of the Wood
 Is shock'd by stormy Winds, he either way
 Bends to the Earth his Head with mighty Sway.
 His lab'ring Roots disturb the neighb'ring Ground,
 And makes a heaving Earthquake all around.

Yet

Yet fast he stands, and the loud Storm defys,
 His Roots still keep the Earth, his head the Skys.
 So did great *Clovis* in the Tempest rock,
 And firmly so withstood the Dreadful shock.
 But when the Fury and the boyl'ing Tyde
 Of his Tumultuous Passion did subside,
 Good Heav'ns he cry'd! this is too much to bear,
 In such a Storm what Mortal Force can steer?
 Nature Extended lys upon the Rack,
 And all her shatter'd Frame begins to Crack
 Th' impetuous Strefs of Passion bears me down,
 And the high tyde dos sinking Reason drown.
 To bear this mighty weight Heav'n grant sup'port,
 All Tortures after this will be but Sport.
 The Bitterness and Sting of Death is gone,
 When this sad part is past, this Suff'ring done.

He paus'd, and then to *Merula* he cry'd,
 You now your utmost Strength and Skill have try'd.
 You've chang'd indeed th' Attack with Wondrous Art,
 Quitting your Reason to engage my Heart.
 You Wisely your Artillery apply'd
 To the most tender, and defenceless side.
 You did discreetly think the task not hard
 To gain the illman'd Post, which Passions guard.
 You thought to win me by your Artful Prayer,
 Because I lov'd you and I thought you Fair.
 'Tis true when you your Innocence maintain'd
 By no Defection, no Rebellion stain'd,

G g

You

You more Illustrious in your Heav'nly Spear,
 And lovely as a *Seraph* did appear,
 But now your Crime your beauteous Eyes disarms
 Losing your Piety, you lose your Charms.
 O'er your bright Form a Night of Guilt is spread,
 And hangs in *Stygian* Clouds around your head.
 Like a fallen Angel *Merula* has lost
 The charming Graces which her Form could boast ;
 Which now no longer can afford Delight,
 But like the Sun Eclips'd dos all affright,
 And with a dying Splendor pains our sight.

Think not that I could Ease and Life refuse,
 And Ignominious Death and Torment chuse,
 That I of Bosom Friends could farewell take,
 And Children dearer than my Life forsake,
 Did not th' Almighty this hard task Enjoin,
 And lend the mighty Aid of Grace Divine.
 Down to the Yoke I struggling nature bend
 Rather than his Supream Command offend.
 I am not fond of Shame, nor do I take
 Pleasure in Torment, for the Torment's sake.
 I do not Court the Crofs, nor Wrongs invite
 Nor in Distress, and Ruin take delight.
 I in Obedience, not in Pain rejoyce
 And rather Suffring make, than Sin my Choice.
 Nor may our transient Sorrow be compar'd
 With that bright Crown, that shall our Love Reward,
 With Heav'n's transporting, and unmeasur'd Bliss
 And Life Eternal in Exchange for this,

Tis

'Tis for the Prize we chuse the Painful Race,
 And for the Crown that we the Crofs embrace.
 Here on a dark and dangerous Sea we steer
 Toft on th' uncertain Waves of Hope and Fear.
 Oft dash'd on Rocks, oft in wild Tempests lost,
 Oft chas'd by *Corfairs* to an unknown Coast.
 And shall th' affrighted Voyager recoil
 When Heav'n in Pity to his Fears and Toil,
 Shall kindly tow him to the happy Strand,
 And on the Shores of Light the shatter'd Vessel Land ?
 Would Trav'llours fry'd with *Lybias* burning Heat
 Faint with their Labour, Hunger, Thirst and Sweat,
 Complain if one in Pity would Convey
 Them to their wish'd for home a shorter Way ?
 Men who from Heav'n derive their noble Birth
 Cast on a Forreign Clime live here on Earth ;
 Where the wild Natives with loud Clamor chase
 To Woods and Caves the mild and God-like Race.
 They are insulted, vext, pursu'd and spoil'd,
 Both for their own and Master's sake revil'd.
 And should not these be willing to retreat
 From such a rude, Inhospitable Seat ?
 Should Strangers us'd so ill, and so Opprest
 Be courted to their Home and to their Rest ?
 Should such as these at their departure grieve,
 And drag'd, like lingering *Lot*, this *Sodom* leave ?
 What dismal Seats the dying Saints forsake,
 To what a Blissful Place their Flight they take ?
 There where th' Almighty's Beatific view
 Will crown their Wishes and their Hopes out-do.

G g 2

Where

Where Joys and Pleasures shall their Breasts extend,
Pleasures unmixt, and Joys that never end.

But now Revolted *Merula* reflect
On that vast Woe which Rebels must expect.
Who to appease a Man their God Incent
To scape Man's wrath provoke Omnipotence:
Who on Almighty Goodness can't rely, }
But from their Saviour's bloody Banner fly,
And to preserve their Lives their Faith deny.
Their timorous flight no Safety can afford,
They fly to meet a more destructive Sword.
What if by Guilt they shun a Mortal Foe, }
They run but on his Arms, whose surer blow
Can wound and sink them to the Shades below:
Where they Alternate Death must still repeat
In Piercing Cold, or unextinguish'd Heat;
Where mighty Vengeance they must ever bear
O'erwhelm'd with Wrath, and torn with wild Despair.
Besides when Men from fiery Tryals run,
They meet worse Torments here, than those they shun.
Does not their Guilt their trembling Souls affright,
And place th' Almighty's Terrors in their Sight?
Outrageous Conscience does th' Apostate tear
With inward Whips, and Stings him with Despair.
Oh, *Merula*, say, did you never find
Such Horror, such Remorse within your Mind?
Did ne'er your Fears of Heav'n your Peace molest,
No gripes or inward Pangs torment your Breast.

And

And was not that a far more painful Rack,
Than those which Tyrants skill'd in Torment, make?
Say, are you not with Consternation struck,
When on your Self deform'd with Guilt you look?
Do's not your secret, self-revenging thought
Afflict your Soul, and lash you for your fault?
An angry Judge your tender Saviour's made,
Of whom you were ashamed, now are you not afraid?
Your thoughts of God must have Amazement bred,
You must his lifted Arm and Vengeance dread.
More had the Hero said, but that he saw
A sudden Storm of Grief in *Merula*.
Her troubled Looks strange discomposure show'd,
And floods of Tears down her fair Bosom flow'd.
A while she staid to give her Passion Vent,
And when her Anguish had its fury spent:
She cry'd, my heart do's with this Language melt
'Tis true, those Stings, those Torments I have felt,
Which you describe, too well alas, I know
What Horrors from a Guilty Conscience flow.
I dare no more assert my Innocence,
My Mind inlighten'd owns the black offence.
To Save my Life and Sufferings to evade,
I have my God deny'd, my Faith betray'd.
'Tis true, when Idols I did first adore,
I ne'er design'd by that compliance more,
Then gaining time till I could my retreat
From *Gallia* make, to seek some peaceful Seat,
Where I might find you, and your Love enjoy,
And undisturb'd my future hours employ.

But

But now I fee by your assisting Light
 I'm both Idolater, and Hypocrite.
 How black and dismal do's my Crime appear ?
 How sharp the Stings of raging Conscience are ?
 Who can the Pangs and deadly Anguish bear ?
 O let my head a weeping Fountain grow,
 And from my Eyes let mournful Rivers flow.
 Let me dissolve to Tears, let every Vein
 A stream of Water, not of Blood contain.
 Thro' all the winding Channels to my Eyes
 Let unexhausted Stores of Moisture rise.
 Let no sufficient Treasures be deny'd
 To feed the sad, but Everlasting Tide.
 Let Love's strong Flame by its Celestial Art
 To fill my Eyes, dissolve and melt my Heart ;
 As Central Fire advances watry Streams
 Which from the Mountains spring in Crystal Streams.
 Rivers and Seas I want for my Relief,
 To Ease, and Vent unutterable Grief.
 I, that my Tears may to a Deluge grow,
 Will break my Stores up, my Abyfs of Woe.
 Descend my Tears, in Cataracts flow down,
 Me, and my load of Guilt together drown.
 Let mighty Torrents from my Eye-balls roll,
 Fit to dilute th' Almighty's wrathful Bowl.
 Lord, strike this Marble Heart, thy powerful Stroke
 Will make a Flood gush from the cleaving Rock.
 O draw all Nature's Sluces up, and drain
 Her Magazines, which liquid Stores contain.

My

My Guilt with hideous Crys do's me pursue,
 O, let me make the Poets Fable true ;
 To shun the grisly, formidable Shape,
 And from the Monster's Fury to escape,
 Melting in Tears let me a River grow,
 And in a swift, complaining Water flow.
 What method is there, *Clovis*, to decline
 The black, impending Storm of Wrath Divine ?
 What Balm can my tormenting Pain appease ?
 What can procure my wounded Spirit ease ?
 How to my troubled Breast shall I restore
 That Heav'nly Peace which I enjoy'd before ?
 Oh, what can smooth th' Almighty's frowning Brow,
 Arrest his lifted Hand, and make him drop the blow ?

She ceas'd. And *Clovis* paus'd a little space,
 While suddain Tears of Joy ran down his Face.
 Then spoke the Confessor. Now you appear
 Fair as before, and are to me as dear.
 Now you regain your Form, and lovely Charms
 And as before are welcom to my Arms.
 Heav'n will embrace you too, now you return
 And your late fall with pure Contrition mourn.
 Heav'n's always ready to afford Relief
 To pious Sorrow and ingenuous Grief.
 When Penitents with self-displeasure burn,
 And to themselves, and to their God return.
 Th' Almighty mov'd with Pity will not stay,
 But will advance to meet them on their way.

Their

Their Errors he forgets, revokes their Doom
 And leads his rescu'd Sons in Triumph home.
 Your humble Sorrow gives even Angels Joy,
 Who to protect you will their Care employ.
 The way to make your Peace which you demand
 Is plain, you must the fiery Trial stand.
 You must your God before the World confess,
 And publick Shame, for publick Crimes express.
 We must without debate, without delay,
 Boldly advance where Conscience leads the way.
 Obedience only can our Peace secure:
 No Mind is easie long, that is not pure.
 You must Obey even at your Blood's expence,
 You must to Life prefer your Innocence.
 Regard the Joy that is before you set,
 View but the Prize, and you will ne'er retreat.
 You can't too dear Immortal Glory reap,
 What e'er you give, the purchase still is cheap.
 In Vertues Cause whate'er your Sufferings are,
 Heav'n is oblig'd your Losses to repair.
 If you with publick Fortitude will own
 Your Saviour's Cause, you win the promis'd Crown.
 This Favourite Intercessor can alone
 Fit Merit plead th' Almighty to atone.
 Only his Blood can purge your guilty Stain,
 Without this Aid, your Tears descend in vain.
 Would you succeed in Christian Warfare, joyne
 Sincere Obedience to Belief Divine.

He

He ceas'd. And thus did *Merula* reply,
 Oh, let not Heav'n its promis'd Aid deny,
 And I with Courage will the Crofs embrace,
 And stare the King of Terrors in the Face.
 Both by your words and brave example fir'd,
 And with fresh power deriv'd from Heav'n, inspir'd,
 Back to the Field from whence I fled I'll come,
 And with new Life the Christian War resume.
 Faint from the painful Course I once withdrew,
 But now return, invited back by you.
 I will no more refuse the Christian Yoke,
 Nor him forsake, who never his forlook.
 From this vile World together we'll retire,
 And in Heav'n's Cause together will expire.
 With equal swiftncss we a breast will fly,
 And hand in hand ascend th' Empyrean Sky.

Here he embrac'd her in his Arms, and said,
 Now all my Cares and anxious Thoughts are fled.
 Kind Heav'n assist, that we may stedfast prove,
 And then Reward the labour of our Love.
 Then he with God-like Language did proceed
 The sacred flame within her Breast to feed.
 How nobly he describ'd the bright Reward,
 Th' Eternal Joys for Conquering Saints prepar'd!
 What high and great Idea's did he draw
 Of future Bliss, then cry'd, oh *Merula*,
 These glorious Triumphs will our Sufferings Crown,
 And these blest Joys will quickly be our own.

H h

Thus

Thus they proceeded in Divine debate,
 And Heav'nly Language fitted to their State,
 Till Night was worn, and the declining Moon
 Had now past over her Nocturnal Noon.
 When *Uriel* brighter than the Morning Star,
 And swift as Lightning glancing thro' the Air,
 Did to the Prison, from above, repair.
 Beauty Divine, and Grace ineffable,
 Did on his Cheeks and God-like Features dwell.
 His Eyes, like Diamonds set in polish'd Gold,
 Did a bright Heav'n of Light and Joy unfold.
 Unfading Youth did pure, Ambrosial Red,
 Mild Air, and blooming Honours on him spread.
 His Golden Hair did on his Shoulders shine
 Like Locks of Sun-beams curl'd with Art Divine.
 From his bright Face broke such illustrious Rays
 As all blest Minds imbibe, who steadfast gaze
 Upon the dazzling Beatific Sight,
 Ravish'd with Joy, and overwhelm'd with Light.
 Immortal Life his Heav'nly Mould did move,
 And thro' his radiant Limbs the Vital Glory strove.
 Ent'ring the Room the Seraph Silence broke,
 And thus the Pious Confessors bespoke :

Th' Almighty whose all-penetrating Eye
 Do's search the Heart, and all its thoughts descry;
 Who views the bent and purpose of your Mind,
 Do's your Intention fixt and steadfast find,

To part with Life for your Religion's sake,
 And do's the Will for full performance take.
 Me therefore in Compassion he has sent
 From his high Throne, your Suffrings to prevent.
 I to your Friends will safely you convey,
 Then boldly follow where I lead the Way.

He said, and soon the Constant *Clovis* found
 His Fetters loos'd, and fallen upon the ground.
 One Child the Father, one the Mother took,
 Who at the wondrous Stranger's Presence shook.
 With Fear and Joy possest, without delay
 They follow, and their Heav'nly Guide obey.
 Th' advancing Seraph touch'd the Prison Door
 With the bright Rod which in his hand he bore.
 Th' obsequious Gate obey'd, and open flew,
 Leaving them free their Safety to pursue.
 Whom to the Camp the Angel did convey,
 Where strong entrench'd the Valiant *Britons* lay.
 That done, thro' all the spacious Fields of Air,
 To his Celestial Seat he did repair.

KING ARTHUR.

BOOK IX.

THese Things in *Gallia* pass. The King the while
Prepar'd to Sail from Cold *Pomona's* Isle.

Lovely *Aurora* did serenely rise,
And with her Rosy Footsteps markt the Skys.
When with his Men, and Arms, and war-like store
Arthur embark'd to make *Neustrafia's* shore.
The howling Sailors all their Anchors weigh'd,
And the tall Ships their Spacious wings display'd.
They spoon'd away before the shoving Wind,
And left retreating Cliffs and Rocks behind.
They cut the Ocean, while Officious Gales
Swell'd the Capacious Bosoms of their Sails.
Thrice interchangably the Night and Day
Had from the Air each other chas'd away,
When now arriving on the *Neustrian* Strand
The pious *Arthur* safely came to Land.

Many glad Troops, soon as the welcome Fame
Of their great Monarch's safe Arrival came,
Sent by the Chiefs, Impatient of delay
Pour'd from his Camp to meet him on his way.
And when they saw the *Hero* from afar
Advancing like the Poets God of War,

High in the Air they their round Bonnets flung,
 And all the Heav'ns with Acclamations rung.
 The wild, Transported Youth did run, and shout,
 Each other hug'd, and leap'd, and flew about.
 His Chariot Wheels on which the Cohorts hung,
 Midst loud applauses slowly roll'd along.
 With so much Joy King *Arthur* was receiv'd,
 And thus attended at the Camp arriv'd.
 Where to his high Pavilion soon they bring,
 Rich Wine, and Meats, Refreshments for their King.

His Supper ended, *Arthur* did relate
 How he in Peace had left *Britannia's* State.
 And what amazing Dangers him beset,
 Caus'd by the Malice of the Prince of Hell,
 Both on the Waves and in *Pomona's* Isle,
 All which he vanquish'd with unwearied toil.
 Then did he hear his Chiefs Narration make
 How all things past, since he did first forsake
Lutetia's Fields *Brittania* to compose,
 Leaving the *Franks* to quell Domestic Foes.
 For *Solmar's* fall he did his Grief express,
 And prais'd the pious *Clovis* steadfastness.
 Then he declar'd to all his fixt intent
 That when t' atone th' Almighty they had spent
 Th' approaching Day in Fervent Praise, and Prayer,
 To the proud Foe he would advance the War.

The rising Sun the Throne of Night invades,
 Fenc'd with thick Darkness, and entrench'd in Shades;

His

His radiant Troops break thro' th' Horizon's Line,
 And on the Heav'nly Plains triumphant shine.
 And now appear'd the Sacred resting Day,
 When Christians publick Adoration pay
 To Heav'n, and fervid with Devotion raise
 In rapt'rous Hymns their great Creator's Praise:
 And then with awful Reverence and Fear,
 From Sacred Priests Divine Instruction hear.
 The Captains warm'd with their Religious flame
 Soon to their Monarch's high Pavilion came,
 T' address with humble Prayer th' Almighty's Throne,
 And his unbounded Power, and Rule to own.
 They did his Justice and his Love assert,
 And by Confessions labour'd to avert
 His Judgments, and his Anger to atone,
 Caus'd by their Land's Offences, and their own.
 They cast upon his Providential Care
 The high Concerns of this Important War,
 And with an humble Confidence rely'd
 For Victory on his Almighty Aid:
 Trusting that Heav'n would ever have regard
 To the just Man, and would his Deeds reward.
 When thus the *Britons* had their God ador'd,
 His Goodness prais'd, and future Aid implor'd,
 They fate prepar'd to hear his Heav'nly Word.

Then *Caledon* arose with solemn Air,
 And to instruct them did himself prepare.
 He *Albion's* Rights still labour'd to defend,
 And pure Religion's Empire to extend.

The

The finest Clay and pure Etherial Fire
 Dispens'd with double Bounty did conspire
 To make a Man, that should the World surprize,
 A Genius near of Kindred to the Skys.
 A Genius so sublime, so rich, and vast,
 As all but famous *Tylon* far surpass.
 He did with zeal true piety promote,
 For Publick Good he Preach'd, and Pray'd, and Wrote, }
 All the great Ends for which his Monarch fought. }
 Prodigious was the Compass of his Mind,
 Wide as his Love, which took in Humane Kind.
 He *Albion's* Good, not Fame or Riches fought,
 Generous, and open-hearted to a fault.
 An unexhausted Magazin his Brain
 Did all the Treasures of the Schools contain.
 He shew'd as oft as he Religion taught
 Such Fulness, such Fecundity of Thought,
 Such Luxury of Sense, such Strength and Art
 As soon subdu'd the Hearer's yielding Heart.
 How Wise, how Great, how Good must he appear
 Who was to *Arthur* and to *Tylon* dear ?

The famous Priest th' attentive Audience taught,
 And from the Sacred Oracles he brought
 What in their minds Conceptions Just and Right
 Of the first Glorious Being might excite.
 What might Create Dependance on his Power,
 And by engaging Heav'n make Conquest sure.
 And thus his Wise Instructions did Commence
 With Zeal Divine, and rapid Eloquence.

The

The Pagan World ev'n in its darkest Night,
 Receiv'd from glimm'ring Nature so much Light,
 That by that Candle of the Lord they found
 They were by Duty, and by Int'rest bound,
 The World's high Moderator to atone,
 And their Dependance on his Care to own.
 With solemn Worship they invok'd his Aid
 Before their War-like Ensigns they display'd.
 To take the Field they from the Altar rose,
 And from their Temples march'd to meet their Foes.
 To render Heav'n Propitious to their Arms,
 Christians are more oblig'd to use the Charms
 Of pure Devotion, who more clearly know
 What Blessings from Divine Assistance flow.
 The Lord of Armys in the Battel stands,
 And Vict'ry always watches his Commands.
 Without his Favour and propitious Aid,
 Armies in vain defend, in vain invade.
 The Turns of Empire, and th' Events of War,
 Result from his Supream, directing Care.
 Those who the Self-existent Cause conceive,
 And all his Glorious Attributes believe,
 Who own his Greatness, and unbounded Power
 To crush his Foes, and Vot'ries to secure ;
 His Justice, that with Threats the Bad deters,
 And great Rewards on Upright Men confers,
 His unchang'd Love and Truth that never errs : }
 His Faithfulness, that ne'er forsakes his own, }
 But stands as fix'd as his Eternal Throne,

I i

That

That to his Servants still he Succour brings,
 Gather'd beneath his kind protecting Wings.
 Those Saints who such a Deity conceive,
 With strong Devotion arm'd, will ever strive
 With Heav'n, and first begin their Conquests there,
 Before on Earth they undertake a War.
 Success and Triumph, never to the side
 That Heav'n engages on, can be deny'd.

Who has an Arm like God? who with his Word
 And dreadful Voice, can Thunder like the Lord?
 He walks array'd with Majesty and Light,
 Hid by excess of Glory from our sight.
 He casts his Terrors round on every side,
 Observes the Great, and Laughs to see their Pride.
 He frowns them to the Dust, their Power defeats,
 And tramples down th' Ambitious from their Seats.
 He gathers up the Ocean in his hand,
 And binds the Billows in with Cords of Sand.
 He broke th' Abyss up for the watry Stores,
 And plac'd before the Waves his Rocky Doors.
 He mark'd out for them their appointed Seat,
 And said, Come hitherto, and then retreat.
 He in a Ballance weighs the lofty Hills,
 And stooping down with Ease takes up the Isles,
 Which torn up from their Roots appear so light,
 That when he poises them, they lose their weight.
 By him the spacious Heav'ns are over-span'd,
 And the Sea's lost when held within his hand.

How swift his flaming Darts of Lightning fly,
 Shot from the gaping Engines of the Sky?
 His Voice of Thunder do's his Wrath proclaim,
 And shakes affrighted Nature's rocking Frame.
 Whene'er he bows the Heav'ns, and thence comes down,
 He makes the Mountains tremble at his Frown.
 The Rocks are rent where e'er his Terrors go,
 Hills melted down like Wax before him flow.
 He from their Seats with Ease the Mountains spurns,
 And in his Wrath aspiring Hills o'eturns.
 He makes the Earth warp from its ancient place,
 And wrefts its trembling Pillars from their Base.
 By him rebuk'd, the Sun withdraws his Light,
 And Stars lie hid, seal'd up with suddain Night.
 He the wide Heav'ns transparent Curtain spreads,
 And on the Sea's unstable Billows treads.
 He gives *Arcturus*, and *Orion* Light,
 And bids the *Pleiades* adorn the Night.
 Hell all its dark Dominions to him shows,
 Death and Destruction their sad Spoils disclose.
 He rais'd the Southern Spheres, and bid them rowl
 In unmolested Order round their Pole.
 His Word suspends the Earth, and stretches forth
 Above the empty Void, the Frozen North.
 The Constellations shine at his Command,
 He form'd their radiant Orbs, and with his Hand
 He weigh'd, and put them off with such a Force
 As might preserve an Everlasting Course.
 This mighty King, whose Universal Sway
 This, and the spacious Worlds above, obey;

Encompas'd with a vast Abyss of Light,
 And mounds of Glory of excessive height,
 Do's still unseen, and unmolested dwell,
 Conceal'd in Splendor Inaccessible.
 With perfect Wisdom he all Nature guides,
 And Empires to precarious Kings divides.
 Who while he pleases wear th' Imperial Crown,
 And when he pleases lay their Scepter down.
 Princes by Him, and mighty Monarchs Reign,
 Justice Decree, and all their Laws ordain.
 He first unsheaths the Sword, then bids it go,
 And make a sinful Land Heav'n's Vengeance know.
 The glittering Spoiler not to be withstood,
 Triumphs in Wounds, and Death, and reeks in Blood.
 Enthron'd, on slaughter'd Heaps the Tyrant reigns,
 And spreads with ghastly Spoils the Crimson Plains.
 Where the red Glutton labours to assuage,
 With bloody Riot his insatiate Rage.
 Thus while the high Divine Commission lasts,
 Realms to Destruction doom'd, th' bright Destroyer wasts:
 But when th' Almighty bids the Spoiler stand,
 He stops his Course, and owns the great Command.
 He chokes th' Infernal Throat of Howling War,
 And the black Mouths of Horror and Despair.
 All Martial Noise, Uproar, and Tumult, cease,
 Hush'd by the soft melodious Voice of Peace.
 Long war-like Spears are chang'd for Shepherds Crooks,
 And Swords and Shields for Spades and pruning Hooks.
 The Woolly Flocks again adorn the Hills,
 And Rural Care the busy Vally fills.

The

The grisly shapes of Death and Terror gone,
 New Life and Joy the smiling Regions crown.
 So when a black Tempestuous Night is past
 In which loud Winds have lofty Tow'rs defac'd
 The Mountains rent, and laid the Forrest wast,
 This strife the Morn composes with her Charms,
 And all the fighting Elements disarms.
 A joyful Peace succeeds this Stormy War,
 And calms the troubled Empire of the Air.
 The Sun's bright Beams the reeking Meads adorn,
 And chearful Lab'ers to their toil return.
 He in fet bounds do's wild Ambition keep,
 And to her say's, as to the raging Deep,
 Here stop before the Bars which I have laid.
 Here shall thy proud insulting Waves be staid,
 They strive in vain these Banks to overflow,
 Thus far they shall, but shall no farther go.
 The Fate of Empires flow from his Command,
 And all the Hearts of Kings are in his hand.
 Which by his skill are guided and inclin'd
 Ends to promote those Princes ne'er design'd.
 Sometimes he raises by a mighty hand
 Tyrannic Monsters to Supream Command,
 At once to rule, and scourge a Sinful Land.
 Who like the Prince of Darkness to assuage
 Infernal Malice, and to cloy their Rage
 Furies and bloody Ministers employ
 Mankind with various Torments to destroy.
 These mighty *Nimrods* eager of their Food
 Hunt down Mankind and bath themselves in Blood.

King-

Kingdoms with Defolation they deface
 And in their Rage extirpate *Adam's* Race.
 Then if the Guilty their Defection mourn,
 And back to *Virtue's* Heav'nly Path return,
 If humble Prayer and penitential Cry
 With sacred Violence invade the Skys,
 Which are the only Gyants that assail
 The Throne of Heav'n, and in the War prevail,
 For Heav'n and Earth together still repent,
 This of its Guilt, that of the Punishment ;
 Th' Almighty's Bowels mov'd within him turn
 And in his Breast mild flames of Mercy burn.
 His Heart with soft Compassion melted flows
 And he Decrees to ease that Nation's Woes.
 Then do's he cause some Hero to arise,
 Some mighty Leader, Valiant Just and Wife,
 Some *Moses*, *Joshua*, *Jephtha*, *Constantine*,
 Some pious *Hercules* of Race divine,
 Some *Arthur*, or some Branch of *Arthur's* Line.
 For this great Race with numerous Heros stor'd,
 Always some great Deliverer will afford.
 These he enjoys the Monsters to invade,
 And to support them gives his constant aid.
 These from the Earth Tyrannic Spoilers chase,
 The great Reproach and Plague of Humane Race.
 These Ministers of Heav'n midst loud applause
 Restore Religion, Right, and ancient Laws:
 Then fruitful Peace spreads out her brooding Wings,
 And her bright train of Blessings Justice-brings.

All

All freed from Violence and War-like noise,
 Beneath their Fig-tree and their Vine rejoice.

These *Hero's* from above derive the Fire
 And Force Divine, that dos their Breasts inspire.
 The God-like Vigour and th' Immortal Ray
 That breaks so brightly thro' their purer Clay
 Kind Heav'n bestows ; to form a noble Mind
 For great Events and mighty Deeds design'd.
 And from the glorious Fountain whence it came,
 Divine Supplys must feed the *Hero's* Flame.
 And when their Arms attempt Illustrious Deeds,
 Assisted from above their Sword succeeds.
 Their Safety springs from Heav'n's peculiar Care,
 And from its Aid their Laurels gain'd in War.
 The Lord of Hosts dos in the Battel spread
 His spacious Shield above his Favorite's Head.
 He in the Army's Front dos still appear,
 And shakes from far his vast Almighty Spear.
 He whets his glittering Sword, prepares his Bow,
 And shoots his fatal Shafts amidst the Foe.
 What certain Triumph may those Chiefs expect,
 Whose Arms Omnipotence dos thus Protect ?
 The strong the Battel, and the Swift the Race
 May often gain, but not of Right, but Grace.
 He often his controuling Power to show,
 Bestows the Victory on the Weak, and Slow.
 He often in the subtle Net ensnares
 The crafty Statesman, which himself prepares.

He

He turns their Counsels into Foolishness,
 And makes the Wife their Ignorance Confess,
 Some flight, but unexpected Incident
 Cast in by him, shall all their Schemes prevent.
 Proud Monarchs, who on numerous Troops rely,
 And neighb'ring States united force defy,
 He's often pleas'd as Captives to bestow
 On their much Weaker, tho' successful Foe,
 He do's their Pride by their Defeat upbraid,
 And shows no Power is great without his Aid.

The Fall of Kingdoms is by him decreed,
 And from his Will Events of War proceed.
 He strikes Amazement thro' a Camp, and then
 Shrubs on the Hills appear like Armed Men.
 A Flight of Birds, or else a murmur'ing Breeze
 Shaking the tops of neighb'ring Mulbry Trees,
 When Consternation has prepar'd the Ear,
 Like mighty Hosts upon their March appear,
 Or rapid Torrents which from Mountains gush,
 Or raging Armys that to battel rush.
 They think the Earth, so far perfwades them, feels
 Steeds trampling Hoofs, and brazen Chariot Wheels.
 When none pursue th' affrighted Cohorts fly,
 Fear finds them Wings, that found the Enemy.
 Against themselves he can their Swords employ,
 And by their mutual Wounds an Host destroy.
 He can their stoutest Chiefs and Legions scare,
 With clouds in Warriours shape, and Steeds of Air,
 With glaring Meteors, and Fantastic War.

A slight mistake can valiant Troops defeat,
 Or groundless Fame oblige them to retreat.
 He can his Stars his glittering Host above
 Draw out in bright Array, and make them move
 In radiant Lines of War to Charge the Foe,
 And on them deadly Influence to throw.
 All his Arm'd Elements in Battel stand
 Eager to engage, and Fight at his Command.
 His Airy Troops, Winds, Rain, and Snow, and Hail,
 Heav'n's signal giv'n, the trembling Foe assail.
 He by a thousand ways can make appear
 How weak Man's Power, how vain his Counsels are.
 He can of Insects raise a mighty Host
 That shall invade his Foes best guarded Coast:
 These wing'd Battalions muster in the Sky,
 And rang'd in Battel round his Standard fly.
 Raw Vapours he can Lift, Corruption Arm,
 And raise from every Hedge a war-like swarm.
 With Worms and Flies he can Commissions trust,
 And for new Levys can impress the Dust.
 He can of Frogs a croaking Army form,
 That shall their Bulwarks Scale, their Castles Storm,
 That through their Cedar Palaces shall stalk,
 And thro' their Rooms of State in Triumph walk:
 All these the Lord of Nature can employ,
 And by their force his haughty Foes annoy.
 But this he need not do, unless to show
 How many ways he can destroy the Foe,
 For he th' Angelic Armys can Command
 Who to observe his nod, Obsequious stand,

Arm'd with Celestial Swords all bright and keen,
 As that which o'er *Jerusalem* was seen,
 When in the Air the fierce Destroyer stood
 Reeking in Slaughter, and distain'd with Blood.
 These on the Foe, when the high Order's giv'n,
 Can draw down all th' Artillery of Heav'n.
 They such destructive Weapons can Employ
 As in a moment will Great Hosts destroy.
 Believe that Heav'n engages on your Side,
 Will aid your Arms and humble *Gallia's* Pride.
 Believe your Swords drawn in the Almighty's Cause,
 Will Conquest Win, and meet a loud Applause.

Great *Armacan* whose Breast Prophetic Fire
 Descending from above did oft inspire,
 Whose venerable Words our Isle believ'd,
 And as divine Predictions still receiv'd,
 A famous Prophecy has left behind
 Of Woes against *Lutetia's* Sons design'd.
 Wherein it clearly do's appear that you
 Are rais'd by Heav'n *Lutetia* to subdue.
 Your certain Hopes of Conquest to create
 At large the Prophecy I'll now relate.

Make hast, to all the loftiest Mountains fly,
 From whose aspiring Tops amidst the Sky,
 You may the Regions all around survey,
 Aloft the waving Banner there display.
 Aloft th' Almighty's Royal Sandard rear,
 Spread out the War-like Ensigns thro' the Air,
 And let the bloody Flag denounce the War.

Then

Then call aloud to all the Countrys round,
 And fill the wide Horizon with the sound.
 Call with a mighty Voice that may alarm
 The Realms beneath, and make the Nations Arm.
 That all may hasten to the noble toyl,
 To easy Conquest, but to Wealthy Spoil.
 My sanctify'd, my Chosen Chief, and all
 My mighty Warriours, and my Captains call.
 Call all my Generals, and my Legions forth,
 The Ministers of my avenging Wrath.
 A mighty Race, that by their Arms design
 Not their own Glory to promote, but mine.

Hark, what a mighty noise the Mountain fills,
 How loud it Echoes from Contiguous Hills ?
 How do's the Clamor and tumultuous Sound
 Of marching, Armys from the Sky rebound ?
 What gath'ring Clouds advance, and bring from far
 The heavy Tempest of Impending War ?
 What confluent Multitudes, what numerous Troops
 O'erspread the Hills, and crown the Mountains tops ?
 How fierce they look ? how bright their Arms appear ?
 How wide a Front of War how deep a Rear ?
 The God of Armys do's his Power display,
 And draws his dreadful Battel in Array.
 On high they muster, and with martial Grace
 In long Review before their General pass.
 Embattled Squadrons swarm upon the Plain,
 T' attend th' Almighty in his great Campaign.

K k 2

The

The glorious Leader grasps his Sword and Shield,
And with his war-like Myriads takes the Field.

Ah ! Mourn *Lutetia*, let thy sorrows grow
Boundless and vast, as thy approaching Woe.
Break open all thy secret stores of Grief
Exhaust thy Weeping Springs, hope no Relief,
Tortments pursue thee which exceed Belief. }
Let Grief and Anguish reign with lawless sway ;
For this proud City is thy dismal Day,
This is thy Fatal and Surprizing Hour
When Heav'n will vast destruction on thee pour.
These storms of Vengeance which the Skys o'erspread
Shall be discharg'd on thy aspiring Head.
These mighty Preparations all are made
With dreadful War thy Empire to invade.
Now Sorrows unexpressible are felt,
And in their Breasts the Hearts of Warriours melt.
Ghastrly Distraction do's each Soul possess,
And strange Amazement all their looks confess.
Never such wild and hideous shapes of Fear,
Never such finish'd Horror did appear.
The miserable World could never show
So exquisite a Grief and such excess of Woe.
Gigantic Terrors, Anguish and Despair,
And shiv'ring, howling Fears the City scare.
What Agonys of Grief *Lutetia* shows
Suddain, and strong as Womens Labour-Throws !

How

How she bewails her Fate, and well she may,
For now draws nigh th' Almighty's wrathful Day.
How sad a Day ? what Storms of Vengeance rise ?
What black Destruction gathers in the Skies ?
Oh, inauspicious Day ! amazing Sight !
Oh, Day more dreadful than the blackest Night !
See, how th' Almighty comes, with how much haste
He marches on to lay *Lutetia* waste ?
Mark, in his Eyes what vengeful Fury glows ?
What angry Clouds hang on his frowning brows ?
How keen his Sword ? how terrible his Shield ?
What temper'd Lightnings do's the Conquerour wield ?
How vast his Host ? how bright their Armor shines ?
How long the Order of th' Embattled Lines ?
How great this Day is when, with Sword in hand,
Th' Almighty marches to destroy thy Land ;
Thy lofty Walls, *Lutetia*, to surround,
And level thy proud Turrets with the ground ?
Th' affrighted Stars retreat into the Sky,
And from Heav'n's brow and outmost Frontier fly,
Unable to preserve their Posts, and view
The bloody Labour ready to ensue.
The Planets starting at the dismal Sight,
For sake their Orbs, and wander far in Night.
The Sun so long to woful Sight inur'd,
Owns this is worse than e'er he yet endur'd.
For he no sooner from the East displays
O'er all th' Etherial Fields his golden Rays,

But

But strait he startles, and do's backwards run,
And of its Light defrauds the sick'ning Moon.

Against th' Unjust th' Almighty do's declare,
Against th' wicked he advances War.
He'll from the Earth this impious Race destroy,
And with their Slaughter will his Fury cloy.
He'll give his ravening Sword their Flesh for Food,
And make his thirsty Arrows drunk with Blood.
He from their Thrones will haughty Princes thrust,
And roll their awful Purple in the Dust.
The Proud and Mighty who the Earth Oppress,
His Justice by their Ruin shall Confess.
Such Universal Woe, such Misery,
Such shall th' unheard of Desolation be,
That Men with strict enquiry must be sought,
Grown scarce, as Gems from farthest *India* brought.
Precious and rare as *Ophir's* Golden Oar,
Or purest Pearl from wanton *Asia's* Shore.
How hard 'twill be to find a Man's abode,
And when 'tis found he'll be with Wonder show'd,
The strangest Savage that frequents the Wood.
With Nails o'ergrown, wild Looks, and matted Hair,
He'll sculk in Caves, or wander in Despair.
And if by chance a roaming Beast of Prey
Shall meet him in his solitary VVay,
He'll wonder at a Monster so unknown,
And yield himself by the Man-Beast out-done.

When

When God in Fury wields his deadly Sword,
Nature to see the Terrors of it's Lord,
Amaz'd, and frighted to its Centre, shakes,
Forgets her Duty, and her Course forsakes.
His Wrath o'erturns the Mountains rocking Heaps,
And the scar'd Earth from its strong Basis leaps.
The trembling World's distorted Pillars crack,
And high above prevailing Chaos back,
The Poles stand up to point out Nature's Wreck.
As when a Roe do's on the Hills appear,
Chas'd by the Dogs, and his own swifter fear,
O'er Woods and Lawns he trips, light as the Wind,
And leaves his Foes, tho' not his Fears behind.
So shall thy Sons to Foreign Climates take
Their hasty flight, and thy vex'd Soil forsake.
In distant Realms they'll thy Destruction mourn,
But ne'er to this accursed Land return.
As scatter'd Sheep without a Shepherd stray,
Expos'd to every Ravening Beast a Prey,
So shall thy Children o'er the Mountains roam
Naked, Distrest, without a Guide or Home.
None to the straggling Fugitives shall show
The least Compassion to assuage their Woe.
A thousand ways they'll from Destruction fly,
And by a thousand various Terrors dy.
Those who remain about her shall afford
A bloody Harvest to the raging Sword.

All

All her Adherents in this fatal Hour
 Which either lov'd her Gold, or fear'd her Power,
 In her Distress *Lutetia* shall forsake,
 Left of her Cup of Vengeance they partake.
 Those who before her Majesty ador'd,
 Proclaim'd her Praises, and her Aid implor'd,
 Of her Destruction shall Spectators stand,
 And point, and say, is this the fruitful Land ?
 This the great City so ador'd of late ?
 What an amazing Turn is this of Fate !
 Where are her Walls and lofty Pillars ? where
 Her Towers that shone so glorious in the Air ?
 Where all her gilded Battlements and Spires
 Whose Height and Light outv'd the Heav'nly Fires ?
 Where is her Tyrian Pomp, her Robes of state ?
 Where the high Courts where she in Judgment sat ?
 Those who enslav'd themselves for *Gallie* Gold,
 Betray'd their Trust, and native Country fold,
 Who still with zeal her Praises did proclaim,
 And with their Guilt advanc'd *Lutetia's* Fame,
 Shall in *Lutetia's* Desolation fall,
 While they in vain for her Protection call.
 How will the envious Race with Malice burst,
 How will th' Anointed of the Lord be curst
 By their black mouths, when with his mighty Host
 He marches on to proud *Lutetia's* Coast ?
 What anguish will they feel ? what shiv'ring Fear
 When they the *Briton's* mighty Triumphs hear ?

When

When he shall pull their *Gallie* Idol down,
 And spreading Laurels shall his temples Crown.

The Lord of Hosts shall call his Armys forth;
 Enroll his Troops and Muster in the North.
 He shall his Warriours from *Britannia* bring,
 Led on to Triumph by their mighty King.
 With these the War-like Nations shall combine,
 That come from *Alba's* Banks, and drink the Rhine.
 This valiant Host, th' Almighty will engage
 On *Gallia's* Soil to execute his Rage.
 Vig'rous their Limbs and roughly great their Mind,
 Patient of Labour, and for War design'd.
 All great in Arms, all men of mighty Name;
 Not Wealth and Spoil but Conquest is their Aim.
 The nobly slight rich *Ophir's* Golden vein,
 And look on Silver Heaps with just disdain.
 These to *Lutetia's* Walls their Arms advance
 To humble and correct her Arrogance.

The tender Offspring of the Womb shall dy,
 And dash'd to pieces on the Pavement ly.
 Th' Inexorable Sword around shall rage
 Without destruction made of Sex or Age.
 The fierce Destroyer shall thy Nobles meet,
 And lay thy Youth in heaps in every street.
 Children shall trembling to their Father fly,
 And at his feet shall by the Javelin dy.
 Scar'd Infants cling about the Mothers neck,
 And on the Invader look with Horror back,

L 1

But

But stab'd within her Arms they fill with blood
 The Parent's Bosom whence it lately flow'd.
 Affrighted Maids th' insulting Foe to shun
 To screaming Mothers for Protection run,
 But neither earnest Crys, nor Youthful Charms
 Can melt th' Invader, and Arrest his Arms.
 The Cruel, Deaf, and Unrelenting Spear
 Shall not Compassion's tender Accents hear,
 Or mov'd by Mercy, Youth or Beauty spare.
 Thou mighty City, *Gaul's* Imperial Head
 Which hast so Wide thy Fame and Conquests spread,
 And in proud Triumph Captive Princes led,
 Which as an Empress hast been long renown'd,
 Enrich'd with Spoils, which Power and Plenty crown'd,
 Thy Day's at hand, thy fatal Hour is come
 That brings at last th' Irrevocable Doom.

The *British* King his Royal Standard rears,
 See where his Host upon the Hills appears.
 He shall abate thy Pride, thy slaves release,
 Revenge her Wrongs and give *Europa* Peace.
 He shall thy strong and deep Foundations raze,
 And on thy Ruins build Immortal Praise.
 Thy lofty Towers that with Majestic Pride
 In Height and Glory with each other vy'd.
 Which their aspiring Heads before did thrust
 Amidst the Clouds now hide them in the Dust:
 They in their broken Arms each other take,
 And ghastly Friendship in Destruction make.

High Roofs of Cedar from *Assyria* brought,
 Rare Statues all by ancient Masters wrought,
 Dishes of massy Silver high emboss'd,
 And Marble Pillars from *Ausonia's* Coast,
 Tables inlaid amazing to behold,
Mucroian Furrs, and *India's* purest Gold,
Sydonian Luxury, and wealth Immense
 Engros'd with wondrous care, and vast expence.
 These mingled by *Lutetia's* fall shall meet,
 And spread with noble Rubbish every Street.
 In after times thou'lt be with wonder show'd
 Magnificent in heaps, in Ruin proud.
 'Twill Learning be thy Monuments to know,
 And those thought-Wife who thy Remains can show.
 Grave Antiquarys shall the Traveller lead
 Around the Heaps, and on thy Reliques read.
 They'l point, and to th' admiring Stranger cry,
 See, yonder where those lofty Ruins ly,
 There stood *Lutetia's* King's Imperial Seat,
 Amazing then, now in Destruction Great.
 Delicious Gardens on th' inclining Side
 Of that fair Hill display'd their flowry Pride.
 What Labyrinths of everlasting Green,
 What lovely Walks adorn'd that Heav'nly Scene.
 Fountains of wondrous Art did ever flow,
 And high into the Air their Waters throw.
 Statues that Skill Inimitable show'd
 In beauteous order on the Terras stood:
 They stood indeed but yet such Life did show,
 Spectators wonder'd why they did not go.

How sweet a Shade Confederate Trees did spread,
 Raifing to Heav'n but one continued Head.
 There a Canal, a noble Flood contain'd,
 Which from reluctant Nature Art had gain'd,
 Where Boats of Pleasure pas'd along the Shores
 With Silken Pendants, and with gilded Oars.
 Elastic Engines wrought with wondrous Skill
 And mighty Coſt, rais'd Waters to the Hill
 Which firſt the Fountains fill'd, and then below
 Did all collected in the Channel flow.
 Now, as you ſee, the wild neglected Field
 Do's only Thorny Shrubs and Thistles yield.
 Now view the Reliques of that pompous Arch
 Thro' which King *Salmo* did in Triumph march
 Upon the Stones you may with Horror ſee
 Th' Inſcriptions, and audacious Blaſphemy
 With which to flatter his enormous Pride,
 Court Sycophants their Monarch Deify'd.
 There ſee the Baths and Aqueducts, and there
 See where the Dome its lofty Head did rear.

This ſhall, proud City, be thy diſmal State,
 The next to *Sodom's* and *Gomorrabs* Fate:
 The Shepherd's ſhall not here their Tents extend,
 Nor in their Folds their bleating Flocks defend.
 The Savage Kind ſhall their old Haunts forſake,
 And in this wilder Seat their Refuge take.
 The Serpents in thy Cedar Rooms ſhall ly,
 And o'er thy Heaps ſhall hisſing Dragons fly.

In

In thy gilt Rooms ſhall reſt th' ill-boding Owl,
 And Wolves within thy Palaces ſhall howl.
 About thy Streets the ravening Bear ſhall ſtray,
 And in thy Courts her unſhap'd Whelps ſhall lay.
 The Lyon ſhall poſſeſs thy Prince's Throne,
 The next Apartment ſhall the Panther own.
 The Tyger here his Reſidence ſhall make,
 And there the Leopard ſhall his Lodging take.
 The Bittern miſt thy moſſy Heaps ſhall cry,
 Vultures and all the Pyrates of the Sky,
 To this amazing Wilderneſs ſhall fly.
 All Beaſts and Birds of Prey ſhall hither come,
 That beat the Air, or thro' the Foreſt roam:
 A dire Convention, yet a milder Race
 Than what before poſſeſt this Cruel place.

Now, Valiant *Britons*, you may clearly ſee
 Your Arms are meant in this great Prophecy.
 You are th' Almighty's Chiefs, his Chofen Hoſt
 By him drawn out t' invade *Lutetia's* Coaſt.
 Succeſs and Triumph to your Arms belong,
 Play but the Men, and for your God be ſtrong.
 Now let your Valour and reſiſtleſs Sword,
 Shew that you fight the Battel of the Lord.
 Who in Compaſſion to *Britannia's* Fate,
 The Mighty *Arthur* rais'd to ſave her State.
 He, by this God-like *Moſes* ſet you free
 From your hard Tasks, and Marks of Slavery.
 And by a thouſand various Wonders wrought,
 The *Britiſh* Youth from heavy Bondage brought.

See

See where your war-like *Joshua* ready stands,
 To lead your Troops to Vanquish Pagan Lands.
 Advance then to Correct the *Gallic* Pride,
Arthur has God, and Victory on his side.

• He ceas'd. The Captains to their Tents retir'd,
 With *Caledon*'s Seraphic Tongue inspir'd,
 A martial Heat did in their Bosoms glow,
 And all impatient seem'd to engage the Foe.

King

KING ARTHUR.

BOOK X.

Soon as the rising Sun's victorious Light
 Had Scal'd, and pass'd the gloomy Mounds of Night.
 The *British* Partys who to beat the Road
 And gain Intelligence were sent abroad,
 Returning to the Camp did Tydings bring,
 That as Commanded by the *Gallic* King
 His Cavalry advanc'd at distance lay,
 Off from the Foot, and *Arbel* did obey.
Clotar himself did with the Foot remain,
 Which lay encamp'd on rich *Lutetia*'s Plain.

Then did King *Arthur* let his Captains know
 That he the Horse would Lead and Charge the Foe,
 Commanding that the Foot with utmost speed
 Should onward march to share the glorious Deed.

Great *Arthur* with Heroic Ardor warm'd
 His Weapons took and for the Battel Arm'd.
 Round his strong Legs he made his Pieces fast
 With Silver Studds, and Golden Buttons grac'd.
 Then did he lace his polish'd Helmet on
 Which with distinguish'd wondrous brightness shone.
 A noble Plume did his high Crest adorn,
 Fair as the Morning Star, or as the Morn.

A Purple Scarf, like mild *Aurora's* pride,
 Enrich'd with Golden Tassels grac'd his Side.
 Next, like the Moon at full, his spacious Shield
 Glaz'd on his Arm and dazled all the Field.
 As Forges full of melted Oar by night
 Appear at distance to the Travellers sight,
 Where brawny Smith besmear'd with Smoke and Sweat,
 For Ships of War unweildy Anchors beat.
 So did the Warriour's Burnish'd Buckler glow,
 And such fierce Light did from the Metal flow.
 His mighty Fauchion which of all the Field,
 Two of the strongest Chiefs could scarcely weild,
 Whose fatal Edge so many Heros felt,
 Hung down suspended in his glorious Belt.
 Then his long Spear he took which in his hand
 When firmly grip'd shook like an Osier wand.
 As when a *Cyclops* with his pondrous Sledge
 On the hard Anvil strikes a flaming Wedge,
 When he designs the malleable mass
 Shall into some Capacious Caldron pass,
 The fiery Dust at every blow that flies
 And glaring Light vex the Spectator's Eyes.
 The *Briton's* Arms shone thus excessive bright,
 Darted keen Glances and uneasy Light,
 And tho' his Glory pleas'd, it pain'd the Sight.
 While thus the Monarch Arm'd, his noble Steed
 Sprung from *Britannic* mixt with *Thracian* Breed,
 Praunc'd in the *Negro's* hand, and tost around
 His generous Foam that Whiten'd all the ground.

In

In his hot Mouth he champt the Golden Bit,
 And paw'd the Vally with his chund'ring Feet.
 The King advanc'd, and in his Martial Heat
 Mounting the Steed, and leaping cros the Seat
 Such was the clanking of his Arms as made,
 By the surprize his starting Friends affraid.
 The fiery Beast impatient of the Rein,
 Curveted, Bounc'd, and Bounded o'er the Plain.
 The Eagle scarcely flew so swift and strong,
 When she to Heav'n, as ancient Poets sung,
 From *Aëta's* Caves, and *Vulcan's* fiery Store
 Hot Thunderbolts, and vengeful Light'ning bore.
 Thus the swift Courser past, and thro' the Air
 Did on his back the glorious Tempest bear.

Next *Ofor* General of the *British* Horse
 In order follow'd, *Arthur's* rapid Course.
 Then Noble *Cloris* warm with martial Heat
 Advanc'd his great Achievements to repeat.
 Now all the Squadrons from the Camp were pour'd,
 All bold in Arms and to the Field inur'd.

The Trumpet's cheerful Voice the Region fills,
 Redoubled by the Rocks and echoing Hills.
 The Heav'ns with Arms and war-like noise resound,
 And fiery Coursers shake the trembling Ground.
 Thick Clouds of Smoke and Foam around e'm fly,
 And rising Fogs of Dust obscure the Sky.
 Soon *Albion's* Monarch with his speedy Course
 Came within prospect of King *Clotar's* Horle.

M m

The

The numerous Squadrons rang'd in Battel stood,
 And look'd at distance like an Iron Wood.
 As when a gathering Tempest do's arise
 With sullen Brow, and slowly mounts the Skys,
 The Stygian Vapours from their Caves repair
 To the black Rendezvous amidst the Air.
 Th' embattled Clouds in gloomy Throngs ascend,
 And cross the Sky their dreadful Front extend.
 So thick the *Franks* appear'd along the Plain,
 Ready th' invading *Briton* to sustain.
 A Grove of Lances o'er the Region spreads,
 With Bucklers intermixt and burnish'd Heads.
 As when some famous Master Engineer,
 Such as great *Ricar* and *Becano* are,
 A Triumph for some Conqueror do's prepare.
 Bright Rockets, Serpents, Stars of Nitre rise,
 And mingling Fires Inlighten all the Skys.
 Proud *Pyramids* aloft to Heav'n aspire
 Adorn'd with Wreathing Flames, and Laurels all of Fire.
 So now the Air shone bright with Helms and Spears,
 With Corflets, Shields, and plated Cuirassiers.

Arbel who neer was Conscious yet of fear,
 Soon as he saw the *British* Troops appear.
 Pleas'd with th' important Danger of the day
 Resolv'd th' advancing *Briton*'s Course to stay;
 And as a prudent Gen'l did prepare
 His numerous Squadrons to receive the War.
 He rode thro' all the Regiments and Ranks
 To animate and cheer th' Embattled *Franks*.

Then

Then the great Leader in the Center stood,
 And to the Troops around him cry'd aloud,
 On you, brave Men, Your Prince has still rely'd,
 Sure of your Faith and Courage often try'd.
 What mighty Warriours have you overcome?
 What Captive Princes brought in Triumph home?
 What wonders have your Arms in Battel done,
 What wealthy Spoils from vanquish'd Nations won?
 You've by the glorious Fields which you have fought,
 Not only kept what your great Fathers got,
 But have by humbling Neighb'ring Monarchs Pride,
 Extended *Gallia*'s Empire far and wide.
 You have the Power of distant Kingdoms broke,
 And on their Necks impos'd the *Gallic* Yoke.
 You have your martial fame and terror spread,
 And all *Europa*'s Youth your Ensigns dread.
 What Heros ever could your Arms resist?
 When have your Squadrons fought, and Conquest mist?
Arthur, 'tis true, did once some Troops defeat,
 But must not think his Vict'ry to repeat.
 The plying Infantry by giving Way,
 The great Disorder caus'd that lost the Day.
 You never were engag'd, you ne'er could show
 The Fire with which you us'd to Charge the Foe.
Clotar on you his Cavalry relays,
 And by your Arms the *British* Power defys.
 'Tis by the Cavalry the *Franks* have done
 Their mighty Deeds, and gain'd their chief Renown.
 Your Valour must determine *Gallia*'s Fate,
 You are the Bulwark, that protects her State.

M m 2

Who

Who can withstand, brave Men, the fatal Sword
Of Veteran Troops to Conquest long inur'd ?
What Danger is so great, what Task so hard
That can the Triumphs of such Troops retard ?

Scarce had he ended when his Courser's Flanks
The *Briton* gor'd, and Sprung amidst the Ranks.
His first projected Spear *Bermondo* flew,
Piercing his Cuirass, Shield, and Body thro' :
Drunk with the Wound which inwardly did bleed
The giddy *Frank* sat tottering on his Steed.
The Courser's Reins fell from his feeble hand,
Then down he headlong fell, and prest the Sand.
Next to the fight strong *Osbald* did advance,
But in his Breast receiv'd the *Briton's* Lance.
As Thunder struck from Heav'n, the mighty *Gaul*
Fell down, and shook the Vally with his fall.
The Conqu'ring *Briton* o'er his Body rode,
And deep into the Sand his reeking Entrails trod.
Stout *Monlac* next stood in the *Briton's* way,
And proudly hop'd the Victor's Course to stay.
Thro' his right Eye the Monarch's Weapon past,
And pierc'd his Skull which steel in vain encas'd.
He tumbled from his Seat, and on the ground
He felt his Life departing from his Wound.

Then by *Garontes* cast a mighty Spear
Cut thro' the downy Bosom of the Air :
Against the Conquering King it took it's Course,
But in his Buckler spent it's dying Force.

Garontes

Garontes wheeling off had strait retir'd,
But that the King with Indignation fir'd,
Flew to the Charge, and with an oblique stroke
His mighty Fauchion thro' the Helmet broke.
He did his Mouth from Ear to Ear divide,
And from the Wound gush'd out a reeking Tyde.
His sever'd Jaw depending ghastly show'd,
And from his Throat he Cough'd up Teeth and Blood.
He fell, and while he lay in torturing Pain,
Hot Courfers trod to Mire his Head and Brain.
Orvil advanc'd the *Briton* to repel,
But on his Crest the mighty Fauchion fell.
The noble stroke did the strong Captain stun,
Who dropt his Sword, and Shield, and in a Swoon,
A while lay senseless on his Courser's Main,
Then fell, and lay stretch'd out amidst the Slain.
Marcel, who still the hottest Battel fought,
And from the Combate frequent Laurels brought,
Advanc'd the Monarch's progress to arrest,
And hurl'd his massy Spear against his Breast.
On *Arthur's* temper'd Shield the Weapon broke,
In pieces flew, and lost the furious stroke.
The King incens'd, flew on t'ingage the Foe,
And at his Neck discharg'd a mighty Blow.
Off leap'd the Head, and murmur'd flew away,
Then gasping in the Dust, and twinkling lay.
So swiftly did the severing Fauchion go,
So quick, so strong, so suddain was the Blow,
That still the Trunk, tho' of the Head depriv'd,
Preserv'd its Seat, and scarce the loss perceiv'd :

A

A while a ghastly Prospect there it staid,
 And from the Neck the bloody Fountains play'd,
 Which high into the Air their Purple Streams convey'd,
 Then down it tumbled, and amidst the Dead,
 Lay at a distance from the sever'd Head.
 Next *Oroban* who grew in Battel bold,
 Because the *Augur* when consulted told,
 That from the War he should Victorious come,
 And chafe from *Gallia's* Coast the *Britons* home;
 Oppos'd the King, but th' unexpected Steel
 The wounded *Frank* did in his Bosom feel.
 Approaching Fate he did in vain resist,
 Dying he fell, and curst the lying Priest.

The Monarch then sprang forward to Assail,
Lusac, confiding in his Coat of Mail.
 The Fauchion thro' the Coat soon passage found,
 His Shoulder cleft, and made a ghastly Wound.
 The fainting *Gaul* fell headlong from his seat
 And lay extended at the Courser's feet.
 Then thus the Pious King the *Frank* bespoke,
 At last thy Crimes have met th' avenging stroke.
 How many Christians has thy Savage hand
 Rack'd and destroy'd, pleas'd with thy Lord's Command?
 No Torments, no Destruction could assuage
 Thy thirst of Blood, and Persecuting Rage.
 Think on the Arts thy Malice did invent,
 T' afflict the Poor, and vex the Innocent.
 Now thou must suffer for th' atrocious Guilt,
 For all the Blood thy impious hand has spilt.

Then

Then his bright Spear he thro' his Body thrust,
 Spur'd on his Steed, and crush'd him in the Dust.

Torbet stood next, distinguish'd from the rest
 Both by his gaudy Arms, and Priestly Vest.
 But when he saw th' advancing Conqueror near,
 And ready to discharge his massy Spear,
 He from th' Invader turn'd his Courser's head,
 And from the dreadful danger would have fled.
 But then despairing to escape by Flight,
 And yet afraid to undertake the Fight,
 Trembling and Pale with fear himself he threw
 At *Arthur's* Feet, and thus for Life did sue.
 Pity, great Prince, as well as Courage show,
 And turn from *Torbet's* head your fatal Blow.
 My Death alas can no Applauses move,
 Nor can my worthless Life e'er Dang'rous prove.
 A Priest I am, but never did perfwade
 With Fire and Sword the Christians to invade.
 I ne'er did *Clostar's* Cruelty Commend,
 But thought such Deeds Heav'n's Vengeance would attend.
 I still Compassion to the Sufferers shew'd,
 And ne'er my hands in Christian blood embrou'd.
 He said. The King the trembling Coward left
 By his own Fears almost of Life bereft.

Then *Bramar* trusting to his mighty Force
 Came boldly on t' oppose the Monarch's Course.
 Proudly he rein'd his generous, milk-white Steed
 As *Thracian* bold, swift as *Iberian* Breed.

The

The *Briton*'s Spear aim'd at his shining Crest,
 Missing the Rider struck the prauncing Beast,
 And entering deep lay buried in his Chest.
 He on his hinder Feet himself did rear,
 And with the foremost paw'd, and beat the Air;
 Then on the ground he fell, and with his fall
 The groaning Courser crush'd the war-like *Gaul*.
Arthur advanc'd, and gave the fatal Wound;
 The Weapon fixt the Body to the ground.
 At *Dagbert* next, and *Marodel* he flew,
 The first his Spear, the last his Fauchion slew:
 This split the Brain, that with a furious stroke
 The Warriour's Ankle-bone to Splinters broke.
 Then *Coffan*, *Aldar*, *Molan*, *Sarabel*,
Aranda, *Clobar*, and *Elviran* fell.
 As when loud *Boreas* blows his stiffest Gales,
 To swell some War-like Ship's expanded Sails,
 Driv'n with the furious Wind the Vessel braves
 The foaming Troops, and thick embattled Waves.
 O'er Billows thronging Heads the Victor rides,
 Cuts thro', and all the watry Host divides.
 With equal Force the Valiant *Briton* flew
 Amidst the Ranks, and charg'd as swiftly thro'.

Ofor mean time broke thro' th' opposing *Franks*,
 And bravely plung'd amidst the thickest Ranks.
 Great *Shabron*'s Head his fatal Fauchion cleft,
 And on the ground th' expiring Pagan left.
 T' engage the *Briton Rimon* did advance;
 But in his Buckler broke th' unprosperous Lance.

Ofor

Ofor incens'd advanc'd to Charge the Foe,
 Pois'd his long Spear and pierc'd his Body thro'.
 The *Pagan* sinking backward lost the Reins,
 The affrighted steed ran wild across the Plain
 And dropt the dying *Frank* amidst the Slain.
 Next the brave Warriour did his Javelin throw
 At *Ulna*'s Breast, which tho' it mist the Foe,
 The glittering point his Steed's right Eye-ball past,
 And stuck within the bloody *Orbit* fast.
 High in the Air he rose, then to the ground
 He backward fell, expiring with the wound.
 Struck Breathless with the Fall, the noble *Frank*
 Lay with his Shoulders on the Courser's Flank.
 Quick to the ground the *Briton* from his Seat
 With ardor leap'd, his Conquest to compleat.
 He laid his left Hand on the Warriour's Crest,
 And with his right Hand stab'd him in the Breast.

Then *Andolan* of *Ammon*'s noble Line
 Born on the flowry Banks of Silver Sein,
 Spur'd his hot Steed, and griping fast his Spear,
 Ran at the *Briton* with a full Career.
 Illustrious *Ofor* ne'er to fear inur'd,
 T' engage the *Frank* his Courser onward spur'd.
 Then with a mighty shock the Coursers met
 Dismounting both the Riders from their Seat.
 So when two Ships their Contest to decide
 In rude Rencounters meet upon the Tide,
 No more the Sailors can their Decks maintain,
 But with the Shock are forc'd into the Main.

N n

Their

Their feet recover'd, soon the Champions drew
 Their flashing Blades, and to the Combate flew.
 Forwards stretcht out they did their Bodys bend,
 And with uplifted Shields their Heads defend.
 Vast strokes were now discharg'd on either side,
 Strokes that with ease would unarm'd Limbs divide.
 Their Armour was deform'd with numerous dints,
 And their bruis'd Bucklers shew'd the Fauchions prints.
 For Conquest long the Captains did contend,
 And in vast strokes their Martial Vigour spend.
 Still both the Combatants maintain'd their ground,
 Neither had given, nor yet receiv'd a Wound.
 At last their Strength with equal honour spent,
 To end the noble Combate both consent.
 The valiant Chiefs in friendly manner part,
 Praising each other's Strength, each other's Art.
 The generous *Briton* to the *Gallie* Lord
 Did for a present give a famous Sword.
 The Haft an Agate was from *India* brought,
 Where inlaid Trees, and Birds by Nature wrought
 Appear'd distinct and fair, as Ants and Bees
 Kill'd and Entomb'd in drops from Amber Trees.
 With their best Skill *Iberian* Masters made
 Of purest temper'd Steel the faithful Blade.
 The ample Scabbard which the Sword did hold,
 Shone bright with glittering Gems and Studs of Gold.
 This Sword *Nazaleod* from rich *Colmar* won,
 When he the *Saxon* slew with great renown,
 And his rich Spoils midst loud Applauses brought
 From the fam'd Battel at *Gallena* fought:

The

The Sword *Nazaleod* to great *Ofor* gave
 Whose Arms did once his Life in Battel save.

The noble *Frank* a Saddle did present
 Glorious with Gems, with Work magnificent.
 The Pummel was an Ivory Lyon's Head
 That fiercely grin'd, as those in *Lybia* bred.
 The Seat rich Crimson Velvet cover'd o'er,
 Like that exported from *Liguria's* Shore.
 Th'embroider'd Skirts were all with Gold besmear'd,
 Where Figures wrought with curious Art appear'd.
 A Leopard's Skin th' appending Houfing was
 From *Afric* brought, and grac'd with Silver Paws.

Elsewhere brave *Clovis* did the Foe pursue,
 And first his massy Spear at *Ortan* threw.
 The temper'd Shield could not its Force Arrest,
 It pass'd the Plys and pierc'd the Warriour's Breast.
 The secret Springs of Life the Weapon found,
 And broke them open with a fatal Wound.
 The Spear fixt in his Breast, some time he hung,
 And with his left hand to the Saddle clung,
 But with his Right held fast the Courser's Main
 And thus a while his Body did sustain.
 But Death unstrung his Nerves, and loos'd his hold,
 Then in the Sand th' expiring Captain roll'd.
 Then with his Battel Ax great *Clovis* flew
 At *Maronac*, and cleft his Shoulder thro'.
 Down on the Ground the Arm dis-jointed dropt,
 As a great Limb falls from a Poplar opt.

N n 2

Strait

Straic the dismember'd *Frank*, a fearful Sight,
 Wheel'd off in vain to save his Life by Flight.
 Warm streams flew out from every fever'd vein
 And markt with tracks of Blood the Dusty Plain.
 Defrauded of his Strength the feeble *Gaul*
 At last did headlong from his Courser fall.
 Cold Death forbad his lab'ring Heart to beat,
 And in his blood suppress'd the vital Heat.
 Then *Carobel* who had advanc'd his name
 By learned Arts, and Skill in Nature's Fame,
 Bold too in Arms, and to the Camp innr'd,
 Fell in *Lutetia's* fields by *Clovis* Sword :
 Thro' Helm and Skull the Fauchion passage found,
 Cleft thro' the Brain, and ruin'd with the Wound
 The curious Imag'ry by Fancy wrought,
 All Mem'ry's Cells, and all the Moulds of Thought.
 Next *Alloman* lay dead, *Lugdunum's* Pride,
 And beauteous *Ormal* stretcht out by his Side.

Capellan also signaliz'd his Arms,
 And boldly prest amidst the *Gallic* Swarms.
 He flew at *Lucan* with a full Career,
 And thro' his Bosom past his fatal Spear.
 His second *Fromel* kill'd, the next he threw
 Young *Lamar* pierc'd, the next *Obella* flew.
 Then his Projected Dart transfixt the Head
 Of *Grutar's* Steed, which on the field lay dead.
 Acrofs the Beast on which before he rode
 Ghastly with Gore and Dust the Warriour strode

With

With his strong Arm he did his Spear protend,
 And with his burnish'd Shield his Head defend.
 A while he strove, and bravely kept his ground,
 Till the fierce *Briton's* Spear it's passage found
 Thro' Helm and Head, and then with Death oppress'd
 He fell, and lay acrofs th' extended Beast.

While Valiant *Clovis* so much Honour won,
 Elsewhere like Wonders were by *Lucius* done.
 First in his way by luckless Fortune stood,
 Young *Medolan* of *Trabor's* noble Blood.
 The Javelin thro' his Belly made it's way,
 And in his wounded Entrails buried lay.
 The Youth, so much he was to Arms inclin'd,
 Left unenjoy'd his beauteous Bride behind;
 He's now embrac'd by Death's unwelcom Arms,
 And to another quits her Maiden Charms.
 Brave *Arcan* burning with a Martial Flame,
 To aid his wounded Brother swiftly came;
 But felt the *Briton's* Steel within his Veins,
 Which thro' his Armour pierc'd the Warriour's Reins.
 Upon his Seat he could no longer stay
 But fell, and cros'd his dying Brother lay.
 Their mournful Friends look'd on, but were afraid,
 So great the Peril was, to give them Aid.
 So when a Lyon roaming o'er the Lawns,
 Descrys the Thicket where her tender Fawns
 The Doe as she believ'd did safely lay,
 In do's he leap, and tear the panting Prey :

The

The Doe at distance do's their Fate bewail,
 But dares not come the Murd'rer to Assail.
 While Valiant *Lucius* such destruction made,
 Against the Chief advanc'd a strong Brigade;
 And opening to the Right and Left, the Foes
 On every side the Leader did enclose.
 The noble *Briton* did himself defend,
 While Clouds of Spears from every part they fend.
 The missive War upon his Buckler rung,
 And showers of fruitless Deaths around him sung.
 So when fierce Dogs and clam'rous Swains surround
 A mighty Boar in neighb'ring Mountains found;
 His Bristles high erected on his Back,
 The raging Beast withstands the Foes attack:
 He whets his dreadful Tusks, and from afar
 He foams, and flourishes the Ivory War.
 The cautious Huntsmen at a distance rage,
 Cast all their Darts, but dare not close engage.
 At last the *Briton* from an unknown Spear,
 Receiv'd a painful Wound beneath the Ear.
 The striving Blood did thro' his Armour spout
 The *Franks* observing gave a mighty shout:
 Thus wounded and oppress'd, the *British* Chief
 Call'd to his Friends aloud to bring Relief.
 It chanc'd that mighty *Trelon* then was near,
 Who to his Squadron cry'd, the Voice I hear
 Is *Lucius*, who encircled with the Foe,
 Contends in vain to cut his passage thro'.
 To bring him off we'll force the *Gallic* Ranks.
 He said, and strait he spur'd his Courser's Flanks;

And

And shaking in his hand his glittering Lance,
 To Charge the *Franks* with Fury did advance.
 The *Franks* dispers'd when *Trelon* first appear'd,
 So much they all his famous Courage fear'd.
 So when fierce Wolves have seiz'd a fainting Deer,
 But newly wounded by the Huntsman's Spear.
 With reeking Blood they feast their hungry Jaws,
 And the warm Entrails pant beneath their Faws.
 But if a Lyon comes, the awful Sight
 Do's from their Prey the prowling Race affright.
 Then his bright Spear with Fury cast betwixt
 The Flank and Chest, great *Tolna's* Steed transfixt.
 The generous Beast beneath the Rider fell:
Tolna th' invading Tempest to repel,
 Springing with Vigour from the Courser's back,
 Advanc'd on foot great *Trelon* to attack,
 And that the *Briton's* Fury might be stay'd,
 His Left Hand on the Courser's Reins he laid,
 And held his flaming Fauchion in the Right,
 Resolving thus he would maintain the Fight.
 The *Britons* Steed that Swords and Spears disdain'd,
 With Indignation foam'd to be restrain'd:
Trelon enrag'd, divided at a blow
 His Arm, which dropt and let the Courser go.
 The generous Steed finding the Rein releas't,
 Sprang forth, and struck stout *Tolna* in the Breast,
 Who breathless fell, with endless Night oppress't.

Mean time, at distance *Arbel* bravely fought,
 And wondrous Fame by great Atchievements fought.

His

His Courage, Strength, and Conduct often try'd
 Made all the *Gallic* Youth in him confide
 As their Chief Champion, and their surest guide.
 He spur'd his fiery Steed, and forwards sprung
 Amidst the Troops, and broke th' opposing Throng.
 Brave *Gomar* first his fury did withstand,
 But while to cast his Spear he rais'd his hand,
 The *Frank's* bright Lance between his Armour's joyn't
 Beneath his Arm-pit pass'd its glittering point.
 Deep in his breathing Lungs the Weapon lay
 The *Neustrian's* fell, and saw no more the Day.
Coril advanc'd to undertake the Fight,
 And threw his Weapon with prodigious might.
 The *Frank* inclin'd his head, and heard the Spear
 Aim'd at his Crest pass ringing by his Ear.
 Then did his Dart against the *Briton* fly,
 And wounded thro' the Plate his brawny Thigh.
 A bloody Stream gush'd from the painful wound,
 And flowing down his Armour stain'd the ground.
 On did th' insulting *Frank* with fury fly,
 And eager to compleat the Victory.
 On high his dreadful Battel-Axe did heave,
 Hoping in two the *Briton's* head to cleave.
 But as it fell, the Courser rose, and took
 Between his Ears the Champions furious stroke.
 The Steel sunk thro' his Brain the staggering Beast
 Fell, and his weight the wounded Rider prest.
 Bold *Malgo* brought his Squadron up, and freed
 The groaning *Briton* from the unweildy steed.

They

They drew by force the Hero from the Field,
 Then bore him off laid on a spacious Shield.
 So when a Flag Ship is by Foes o'rborn,
 Unmasted, and with Cannon's Thunder torn,
 From the hot Fight attending Frigates pull
 And Tow along the maim'd, disabled Hull.

Mean time the *Briton* with his reeking Blade
 Had his swift passage to the Quarter made,
 Where *Arbel's* Sword destroy'd, and strew'd around
 With Riders and their Steeds th' encumber'd ground
 As when a Lyon from a Mountain's side
 Has in the Vale a lowing Herd descry'd,
 He stands, and turns his furious Eyes about,
 The strongest, slowest Bull to single out,
 One worthy of his Rage, by all the Herd
 Obey'd as Lord, and by each Rival fear'd:
 Then having fixt his choice aloud he roars,
 Proclaims the War, and to the Combate scowrs.
 So *Arthur* keeping *Arbel* in his Eye,
 Did to the fight with dreadful fury fly.
 The *Gaul* observ'd the Monarch from afar,
 And for the Combate did himself prepare.
 High on his Steed the might Warriour fate,
 Proud of his Strength, and fearless of his Fate.
 Like a great Pine o'ershadowing all the Wood,
 Or ancient Poplar reering by the Flood
 His lofty head, the towering *Pagan* stood.
 Well-pleas'd to undertake the noble Fight
 He did aloud to Arms the King invite.

O o

Who

Who on his fiery Steed advancing near,
 Projected thro' the Air his pondrous Spear.
 The *Frank* to make his weapon's message vain
 Stoop'd down, and lay upon his Courser's Main.
 Th' eluded Weapon o'er his Shoulder flew,
 And at great distance *Caumont's* Courser flew.
 Then did the *Frank* employing all his Strength
 Discharge his Spear of formidable Length,
 Hitting along the Air, the Weapon went,
 But in the Hero's Shield its fury spent.
 His second Spear the Pious *Briton* threw
 Which like a flash of Lightning swiftly flew.
 The wheeling *Frank* could not the Steel evade
 Which thro' his Shield and Thigh its passage made;
 Whence deep it sunk within the Courser's Chest,
 And fixt the Rider to the wounded Beast.
 From both their sever'd veins the recking Blood
 Gush'd out, and mingled in one Common Flood.
 Then down they fell and prest the slippery plain,
 The Rider wounded, and the Courser slain.
 The King with martial Ardor to the ground
 Leap'd from his Steed to give the fatal wound.
 His dreadful Fauchion glittering in his hand
 He o'er the vanquish'd *Frank* did threatening stand.
 The *Frank* in Anguish, Horror, and Despair,
 Did on the high rais'd Weapon wildly stare.
 Then thus the Pious Prince bespoke the *Gaul*,
 Think on thy Barb'rous Deeds, remember all
 The Fatherless and Widdows thou hast made,
 And Christian Martyrs to the Flames convey'd.

What

What numbers has thy single hand destroy'd?
 What numbers more the Troops by thee Employ'd?
 These Impious Deeds thou bloody Instrument
 Of *Clotar's* Cruelty at last Repent.

The *Frank* reply'd. No Sorrow can I own
 For my just anger to the Christians shown.
 Can he impiety to me object,
 Who do's the Worship of the Gods neglect?
 Whose sacrilegious hands their Temples raze
 Destroy their Altars, and their Shrines deface?
 Who do's the Gods, and Goddeses dethrone,
 Denying all th' Immortal Powers, but one.
 I grant I still pursu'd the Christian Sect,
 And from just Heav'n I my Reward expect,
 For sure th' Impartial Gods will ne'er condemn
 A Zeal that springs from Reverence to them.

He said. The King reply'd, Remorseless Wretch,
 Canst thou in Death such Consolation fetch,
 From thy black Guilt, which should thy Conscience Scare,
 And fill thy Breast with Terror and Despair?
 Tho' thou with Guilt and Prejudice are blind
 Thou in thy Torments wilt thy Error find.
 This Hand shall send thee to the sad Reward
 By Righteous Heav'n for Men of Blood prepar'd.
 Then thro' the *Frank*, extended on the Dust,
 His Spear, the King with Indignation thrust.
 Thro' his Left Pap it did its passage make,
 Transfixt his Breast and stuck within his Back.

O O 2

He

He fetcht thick dying throbs, and double Sighs,
While endless Night seal'd up his swimming Eyes.

Soon as the Pagans saw their Champion dead,
From *Arthur's* Arms the trembling Squadrons fled,
The Conquering King did eagerly pursue,
And in the Chace prodigious Numbers flew.
So when tempestuous *Boreas* stretches forth
His furious Wings, and leaves the frozen North;
Th' insulted Clouds dispers'd, and routed fly,
O'er all the liquid Defarts of the Sky.
The swift Pursuer hangs upon the Rear,
And drives the black Battalions thro' the Air.

While beauteous *Celon* with a loosen'd Rein,
Flew from the Conquering King across the Plain;
His Courser slippt, and fell by luckless Chance,
To take his Life the Monarch did advance.
When old *Velino* who together fled,
The Danger saw, he turn'd his Courser's Head;
Beneath the Victor's Feet himself he threw,
And for his Son Young *Celon* thus did sue.
O spare the Youth, and let, Victorious Prince,
Compassion joyn'd with Power, the World convince,
That by Heroic Enterprises you,
Laurels, but not with Cruelty, pursue.
The *Gallic* Forces to your Valour yield,
And with inglorious Rout o'erspread the Field.
If you in Pity give, as I entreat,
The Youth his Life, your Victory's still compleat.

He's

He's not a *Frank* sprung from *Germanic* Race,
But from the *Gauls* who first possess't this place.
His Mother was to Christian Faith inclin'd,
And he was ever to the Christians Kind.
Three of his Brothers on the Field lie slain,
This Son of Nine do's now alone remain;
My only Comfort, and my only Hope,
Of my declining Age the single Prop.
Pity my hoary Head, his blooming years,
The Son's true Virtue, and the Father's Tears.
Pity, if you a Father are, express
To a sad Father in such vast distress:
At least the tender Passion you may know,
Thinking on that your Father shew'd to you.
Avert, great Prince, from *Celon's* Breast your Dart,
Strike rather than the Son's, the Father's Heart.

Velino ceas'd. And from his Eyes apace
The gushing Tears flow'd down his mournful Face.
The Pious King toucht with the moving Prayer,
Forbore the stroke, and did young *Celon* spare.
Old Man, he cry'd, your Tears your Son reprieve,
Thus twice a Father to him Life you give.

Orban a noble *Velocassan* Youth,
Who once profess'd the Heav'nly Christian Truth,
But that his Wealth and Life might be secur'd,
Renounc'd Religion, and his God abjur'd.
Now felt King *Arthur's* Spear within his Reins,
And finding Death creep Cold along his Veins;

Mad

Mad with Despair aloud th' Apostate cry'd,
 Curst be the hour when I my God deny'd.
 The Ease, and Life, and Wealth I valu'd most,
 Are by the ways I strove to save them lost.
 Now must I Torments, Agonys, Despair,
 And everlasting Throws of Conscience bear.
 More had he said, but interposing Death
 To form his Words deny'd Supplys of Breath.

The King continu'd his pursuit, and made
 A dreadful Slaughter till the Evening Shade,
 To stop the Victor's Course, did interpose
 Between the *Britons* and their flying Foes.
Arthur return'd in Triumph to his Tent,
 Where he to Heav'n, in solemn manner sent
 Religious Praises, and his God ador'd,
 Who once more, had with Conquest crown'd his Sword.

King

KING ARTHUR.

BOOK XI.

When *Lucifer* observ'd the Pagans flee,
 And the great *Briton* crown'd with Victory,
 O'er-boiling Rage his lab'ring Mind possess'd,
 And thoughts of deep Revenge o'erwhelm'd his Breast.

Then thus he to himself:

Must *Europe* still with Acclamations ring,
 And loud Applauses of the *British* King ?
 Must he his glorious Triumphs still repeat,
 All my Allies, and faithful Friends defeat ?
 Can no obstructions stay his rapid Course ?
 No Task unequal for the *Briton's* Force ?
 Can I no Dangers, no fresh Plagues Invent ?
 Is *Lucifer* grown dull and impotent,
 My Arts exhausted, and my Vigour spent ?
 Are all my Torments, all my Vengeance gone ?
 Must I the *Briton's* Strength Superiour own ?
 Shall Hell's great Prince, and Monarch of the Air,
 Sit tamely down, and languish in Despair,
 Unable longer to support the War ?
 Would such a Deed become my high Degree,
 My Station in th' Infernal Hierarchy ?
 I shall dishonour by th' inglorious Course,
 Immortal Malice, and Immortal Force.

I shall debase our great and God-like Race,
 And draw on Hell Indelible Disgrace.
 Thus shall I shun insulting *Michael's* scorn ?
 Thus the Seraphic Character adorn ?
 Hell's *Sanbedrim* my Weakness will proclaim,
 And vulgar Demons will Affront my Name.
 Can I endure to hear my Subjects say,
 I did my Empire, and their Cause betray ?
 No Fellow Deitys you ne'er shall find,
 Or Pains or Danger once by me declin'd
 To serve the Interests of th' Infernal State ;
 No Disappointments shall my Zeal abate.
 I'll still the *Briton* and his Friends pursue,
 Shew him fresh Dangers, and the War renew.

He said. And strait his spacious Wings display'd
 Which hid the Moon, and cast prodigious Shade;
 Soaring he cut the liquid Region thro',
 And to the Palace of King *Clotar* flew.
 Arriving there th' Apostate took his way
 To find th' Apartment where *Palmida* lay.
Palmida was a Priest, whose Hellish Rage,
 And thirst of Blood, no Victims could assuage.
 He o'er *Lutetia's* Altars did preside,
 Did *Clotar's* Councils, and his Conscience guide.
 By him inspir'd, he laid his Kingdom waste,
 And from the Realm the peaceful Christian chas'd.
 Then that th' Apostate Seraph might appear,
 Ambitious *Orgal* to *Palmida* dear.

The

The late High Priest who did *Lutetia* guide
 With equal Cruelty, and equal Pride.
 He with Angelick skill did soon prepare
 A priestly Shape, and Reverend Robes of Air.
 He *Orgal's* Looks and Prefence did assume
 Ent'ring with Pontifical Port the Room.

Then thus the Prince of Hell the Priest address'd.
Palmida from the Regions of the Blest,
 From Gods, and God-like *Heros* I descend
 To show the way *Lutetia* to defend.
 With generous, open Arms you Hope in vain
 King *Arthur's* Strength, and Courage to sustain.
 No *Gallie* Chiefs such mighty Arms can wield,
 None such a Sword, or such a spacious Shield.
 This day his Arms with Spoils and Heaps of Dead
 Have all thy bloody Fields, *Lutetia*, spread.
Arbel in whom you chiefly did confide,
 By *Arthur's* Weapon much lamented dy'd.
 The *Gallie* Troops to Conquest long inur'd
 Are now dismay'd, and dread the *Briton's* Sword.
 He will advance *Lutetia* to assail,
 Will her strong Towers, and lofty Bulwarks scale.
 And shall, *Lutetia*, be the Conqueror's Prey ?
 Shall *Gallia's* Princes *British* Lords obey ?
 Shall all our Sacred Priests, and all our Gods
 Chas'd from their Temples leave their rich abodes ?
 Shall their high Groves by Christians be prophan'd,
 Their Shrines defil'd by an unhallow'd hand?

P p

Shall

Shall our high Domes with wealthy Gifts adorn'd
 Be all to Heaps of mingl'd Ruins turn'd ?
 Shall scoffing Christians spurn with impious Feet
 Our scatter'd Images thro' every Street ?
 Shall Holy Fragments, Limbs, defac'd Remains,
 And Trunks of Gods dismember'd spread the Plains?
 Her Yoke on *Gallia's* Neck shall *Albion* lay,
 And make the Mistress of the World obey ?
 Must *Gallia's* Youth of Empire long possess
 Be led in Triumph, be with Chains oppress'd ?
 Must her great Chiefs and Princes be destroy'd,
 Or in base tasks, as Captives, be employ'd ?
 With Ignominious Labour forc'd to groan
 While drawing Water, Hewing Wood and Stone ?
 Shall these sweet Rivers, this delicious Soil
 Enrich the pamper'd *Briton* with their Spoil ?
 Must *Gallia's* Sorts their Fields and Vineyards dress,
 And their rich Wine for a proud Stranger press ?
 Yet this must be, this is the dismal Fate
 Which now impends o'er high *Lutetia's* State,
 If from amidst her Sons she can't select
 Some, who her Power and Greatness to protect,
 Dare strike one noble Stroke, one Effort make
 With secret Arms King *Arthur* to Attack.
 Remove the *British* King at any rate,
 One single Blow secures the *Gallie* State.
 Such Deeds our Order always did commend,
 This Maxim we as Sacred still defend,
 That Means are hallow'd by their Pious End.

This

This only Means within your Power remains
 To save *Lutetia* from Inglorious Chains.
 Go then, *Palmida*, and the King prepare
 To make on *Arthur's* Person Secret War.
 But time to gain, and *Arthur* to amuse,
 First by an Ambassy demand a Truce :
 If he agrees that Arms a while shall cease,
 Commence a Treaty to concert a Peace.
 Do you, with what the *Briton* offers, close,
 Nor any Terms, tho' most unjust, oppose.
 If this be manag'd right, and by Degrees
 You all things yield that will the *Briton* please ;
 You will have time to form the great Design
 And dress the Snare, which *Arthur* can't decline.
 Then may the Ponyard in a valiant hand
 From hostile Arms set free the *Gallie* Land.
 No other Means you can securely trust,
 What's Necessary is with Statesmen just.
 Some may perhaps against the Deed declaim,
 But all to save a State would do the same.

This said, the Prince of Hell without delay
 Dissolv'd his Airy Form and flew away.
Palmida hence reviving Hopes conceiv'd,
 And by the Counsel *Orgal* gave, believ'd
 There ill affairs might be at last retriev'd.
 The Barbarous Priest on his dire purpose bent
 To find King *Clotar*, to his Palace went,
 To whom the Priest the Project did impart
 At which a Generous, Noble Mind would start :

P p 2

Would

Would be with Horror, and Amazement seiz'd,
 And show how much the black Design displeas'd.
 And yet without Reluctance he agreed
 Without delay t' effect th' Atrocious Deed.
Palmida from the *Gallie* King withdrew,
 The Bloody Undertaking to pursue.

Soon as *Aurora* with her dawning Ray
 Began to smile, and propagate the Day.
Clotar five Lords to *Albion's* Monarch sent,
 Who to obey their King's Instructions went.
 They with attending Heralds took their way
 To the high Camp where *Arthur's* Forces lay;
 There they arriv'd, while he in Songs of Praise
 And fervent Prayer did with his Captains raise
 Th' Almighty's Power, and Providential Care
 To which he ow'd his Laurels won in War.
 The Solemn Worship ended, *Arthur* Sat
 Within his Tent in his rich Chair of State;
 The *Franks* advanc'd their Message to relate.

Then *Orubac* their Chief first silence broke,
 And bowing low, the Monarch thus bespoke.
Clotar, great Prince, to put a happy end
 To this destructive War do's condescend
 To ask a Treaty may Commence for Peace,
 Mean time that Arms on either Side may cease.
 Blood to prevent our Monarch will withstand
 No Terms which *Arthur* justly can demand.

You

You oft declare, that 'tis not War and Blood
 Which you pursue, but Peace and Publick Good.
 You would poor Captives from their Chains release,
 And give afflicted Kingdoms Rest, and Ease.
 You publish, that your Arms you hither brought,
 These glorious Ends in *Gallia* to promote.
 These Ends King *Arthur* quickly may enjoy,
 And need no longer Force and Arms employ.
 All publick Grievances shall be redrest,
 Nor shall the Christians longer be Opprest.
 He said. The *British* Monarch thus reply'd;
 I yield that Arms shall cease on either side:
 And to the Treaty which you ask, consent,
 Th' Effects of hostile Fury to prevent.
 I would to all in Suffrings, Pity show,
 I would remove, but not encrease their Woe.
 My thoughts to *Clotar's* Throne did ne'er aspire,
 His injur'd Subjects Freedom I desire.
 Let him his Empire undisturb'd enjoy,
 But let him not his Arms, and Snares employ,
 His Subjects, and his Neighbours to destroy.
 Let all the Towns and Castles be restor'd,
 Which he has forc'd unjustly by the Sword.
 From weaker Neighbours, to their Rightful Lord.
 Let him his Christian Fugitives recall,
 To all the Rights they once possess in *Gaul*.
 And let him place for Caution in their hand,
 The Towns and Forts they did before Command.
 Let him the *Gallie* Liberty restore,
 And vest the Senate in its ancient Power.

This

This done, the *Britons* shall repass the Seas,
 And give this Kingdom Liberty and Peace.
 For six days space I will my Arms suspend,
 Your Prince's final Answer to attend.
 He said; And rose from his high Chair of State:
 The *Franks* return'd his Answer to relate.

Mean time *Palmida* labour'd to engage
 Fit Instruments to execute his Rage.
 Nor was it long before the Men were found,
 For *Clotar's* Guards with Murders did abound.
 Men who his Barb'rous Orders understood,
 Stedfast in Guilt, and long inur'd to Blood:
 Men who distinguish'd Cruelty had shown,
 Men with Inhumane Tasks Familiar grown;
 Ready to act the most Unnatural Deed,
 From all Remorse, and all Reluctance freed.
 Yet these th' Infernal Enterprize declin'd,
 Until their Order was by *Clotar* sign'd.
Palmida left the Ruffians to project,
 And fix the Means, their Purpose to effect.
 These various Ways and Methods did debate,
 How *Arthur* to Assault to Save their State.
 Some Poison, some the Ponyard did suggest,
 As what would gain their Bloody Purpose best.
 Some warmly pleaded for an Ambuscade,
 Whence issuing out they might the King invade.
 Some gave Advice, that with a vast Reward,
 They should attempt to gain King *Arthur's* Guard.

Others

Others of different Judgments did contend
 That all, themselves Deserters should pretend,
 That in the Camp they might a Season watch
 In which the bloody Task they might dispatch.
 These Ways rejected, 'twas at last agreed,
 They would accomplish their Atrocious Deed,
 When both the Monarchs from their Camps should go
 To Ratify the Peace with Solemn Vow.
 Then some as Heralds dress'd, and some as Priests,
 Should wait on *Clotar* to the Publick Lifts;
 And all short Swords and Ponyards should prepare,
 And hide beneath their Robes the Barb'rous War.
 And while King *Arthur* did his God invoke
 To bind the Treaty, they should strike the Stroke.

The *Franks* mean time who did the Peace promote,
 Had their Transaction to an Issue brought.
 All things the *Briton* ask'd the *Franks* agreed
 That from his Arms *Lutetia* might be freed.
 The Term which *Clotar's* Orators desir'd
 For Arms to be suspended was expir'd,
 When a fixt Day the Monarchs did propose,
 Wherein with sacred Rites, and Solemn Vows
 They would themselves to strict observance bind
 Of all things promis'd in the Treaty sign'd.

And now the Night approach'd which did precede
 The Day appointed for the bloody Deed.
 When *Derodan* who by his King's Command,
 Before the Battel with a chosen Band

T

T' attack a *British* Convoy was detach'd,
 His Expedition with Success dispatch'd ;
 Return'd, and with his Men rejoyn'd the Host,
 Griev'd, and enrag'd to find the Battel lost.
 He for his Stature, and his Strength was known,
 And for his Courage oft in Combate shown.
 None for the *Gallic* Int'rest did reveal
 Or for the *Pagan* Altars warmer Zeal.
Palmida to the Valiant Man address'd,
 And with the Language of a Crafty Priest,
 His Rage against King *Arthur* did Excite,
 And shew'd it vain to meet his Arms in Fight.
 Then by degrees *Palmida* did relate
 How to compose the War, and save the State,
 A brave Design was by a Party laid
 With secret Arms King *Arthur* to invade.
 The Reverend *Russian* then the Soldier prest
 T' embark in this Design and lead the rest ;
 And promis'd for Reward he should not miss
 Promotion here, hereafter Endless Bliss.
 The generous Captain tho' amaz'd to hear
 Such words from one of Holy Character,
 Yet seemingly contented, and suppress'd
 The generous Indignation in his Breast.
 The Priest retir'd, and valiant *Derodan*
 With horror seiz'd, thus to himself began.

In what dire Crimes will Sacerdotal Rage,
 And eager Bigotry Mankind engage ?

Shall

Shall I this desperate, black Design pursue,
 And in a Monarch's Blood these hands embroe ?
 Hands that did ne'er Clandestine weapons Sway
 Ne'er slew a Foe, but in a generous way :
 That none but in the Field have e'er destroy'd,
 Shall they in Murthering Princes be employ'd ?
 If so, what Vengeful Plagues must I expect ?
 Against this Head what Bolts will Heav'n direct ?
 To various Gods I offer up my Vows,
 But Murther none of all those Gods allows.
 Let Pontifical Biggots still contend
 That we our State, and Altars to defend,
 May any way, and any Weapon chuse,
 May hallow'd Poyson, or Stiletto's use.
 That we the Christians progress to arrest
 May leave the Ponyard in their Monarchs Breast.
 Such Priests, and such dire Maxims I abhor
 Nor would the Gods pleas'd with such Deeds adore.
 Th' Immortal Powers I always understood
 Were Merciful, Beneficent, and Good ;
 Swift to relieve our wants, to punish slow,
 Who perfect Justice in their Empire show.
 Such Cruelty, and Treacherous Violence
 Those pure and Righteous Beings must incense.
 I'll for our Altars, and my Country weild
 All honourable Arms in open Field.
 To save this Realm undaunted I'll oppose
 The greatest Dangers, and the Fiercest Foes :
 But I detest this ignominious Deed
 No Prince by me Perfidiously shall bleed.

Q 9

Then

Then *Uriel* Heav'n's high Order to obey,
 Did his Immortal Wings on high display,
 And from th' Emphyreal Towers down the Sky
 To valiant *Derodan* did swiftly fly.
 The Radiant Envoy quickly did prepare
 A youthful Shape, mild Eyes and Checks of Air.
 Then did he Silence break, and thus began,
 You bravely have express'd, undaunted Man,
 Your just Abhorrence of the black Design
 In which a Band of barb'rous *Franks* combine.
 But from the Heav'nly Regions I descend
 To let you know that here you must not end.
 You must the dire Confedracy disclose
 To save the Monarch from Clandestine Foes.
 If *Arthur's* blood is by the *Russians* spilt
 By not preventing it, you share the Guilt.
 Heav'n has by valiant *Derodan* decreed,
 To disappoint the black, Inhumane Deed.
 Go then and let that Prince his Danger know,
 Let him his Safety to thy Virtue owe.
 That said, the *Cherub* from the place withdrew,
 And to the Seats of Peace and Pleasure flew.
 The Starry Stranger gone, the *Frank* resolv'd
 The Message in his Mind and soon resolv'd
 To pay obedience; then with eager Zeal
 He went th' Important Secret to reveal.
 Conducted by the Stars uncertain Light
 He at the *Briton's* Camp arriv'd by Night.
 The watchful Out-guards who oppos'd his way
 To the great *Arthur* did the *Frank* convey.

Admit-

Admitted to his Presence *Derodan*,
 First low Obeisance made, and then began.

Hither I come great Monarch to detect
 A black Design that do's your Life respect.
 A bloody Band with Hellish fury fir'd,
 Against your Royal Person have conspir'd.
 I *Gallia's* Gods and Goddesses adore,
 And with th' advancement of *Lutetia's* power:
 But can't believe that for Religion's sake,
 I with the Ponyard may a Prince attack.
 Th' Immortal Powers to serve Religion's Cause
 Ne'er gave Command to break thro' Nature's Laws.
 Perfidious Outrage, Murder, Violence,
 Tho' us'd to serve the Gods, the Gods incense.
 When therefore by *Palmida* prest to joyn
 With bloody Men engag'd in this Design,
 My Soul the barb'rous motion did detest,
 And various Passions strove within my Breast.
 While with my thoughts Opprest, a glorious God
 Descended to me from his high abode.
 He seem'd *Apollo* by his Beamy Face,
 His blooming Beauty, and his Youthful Grace.
 Then did the bright Divinity direct,
 That hasting to your Camp I should detect,
 The horrid Plot against your Life design'd,
 And now I must perform the task enjoy'd.
 Then did the valiant *Frank* the King instruct
 Who were the Chiefs, that did th' Affair conduct.

Q 9 2

And

And where, and how, and when they had agreed
 To wreak their Malice by th' inhumane Deed.
 Then said, do you, great Prince, due Caution take,
 And for their hidden Arms enquiry make.
 I, that my Message may Belief obtain,
 Will under Guard within your Camp remain ;
 That if my Words are false your Vengeful hand
 May Death inflict, such as my Crimes demand.

The pious *Arthur* prais'd the generous Zeal
 Which mov'd the *Frank* this Treach'ry to reveal.
 And gave Command he should Rewards receive
 Such as great Kings do to great Merit give ;
 If the Succeeding Morn should clearly shew
 The Plot discover'd by the *Frank*, was true:
 Now had the Sun disclos'd the Mountains heads,
 And pour'd warm glory on the reeking Meads.
Clotar arose, and soon with Eager speed
 Came mounted on his *Mauritanian* Steed,
 Attended with th' Assassins some as Priests,
 Some habited as *Heralds* to the Lifts.
 Ensigns of Peace and Piety they bore,
 But treach'rous Arms beneath their Vestments wore.
 The Armies on the Plain drawn in Array
 On either Side did at a distance stay.
 Except the Troops who with their Shields reclin'd
 And Spears erect the *Palisado's* lin'd.

Next *Albin's* King advanc'd with God-like Grace
 Born on a *Courser* of *Eborac* Race.

The

The *Franks* with Wonder and with Fear behold
 His Martial Port, and Arms adorn'd with Gold.
 All by their Looks their inward Joy declare
 That now he came for Peace, and not for War.
 The Terror of *Lutetia* brightly shone
 In Armour clad, so well in Battel known.
 Advancing near to *Clotar* thus he cry'd,
 Have I in vain on *Clotar's* Vows rely'd ?
 'Tis hard, to think a Monarch should agree
 T' Assault my Life by Barb'rous Treachery.
 That with Assassins *Clotar* should combine,
 Approve, Abet, and Aid their black Design.
 This on a Prince so great a Stain would prove,
 As Rivers cannot cleanse, or Time remove.
 Yet, valiant *Franks*, and faithful *Britons*, know
 That one who seems a brave and generous Foe,
 Has unconstrain'd, unfought, unask'd, declar'd
 That *Clotar* has Perfidious Arms prepar'd.
 That these who Heralds and as Priests appear,
 Beneath their Robes short Swords and Ponyards wear:
 That these are Veteran Ruffians in disguise,
 Intending to Assault me by Surprise
 When I dismount, and to the Altar go,
 To Ratify the Peace by solemn Vow.
 I doubtful, neither wholly disbelieve
 The Charge, nor to it wholly Credit give.
 But if unjust these Accusations are,
 Then let the Search their Innocence declare.
 But if their Guilt will not the Search abide,
 The Charge is then too plain to be deny'd.

He

He said, King *Clotar* all enrag'd to find,
 That *Arthur* knew the Treachery design'd,
 Exclaiming loud, to *Franks* and *Britons* cry'd,
 To break the Treaty what mean Arts are try'd?
 What wild Suggestions, what vile Shifts are these,
 Which *Arthur* uses to retard the Peace?
 And do's the *Briton* thus his Faith betray,
 Yet by malicious Accusations lay
 On us the Guilt, 'tis plain his hostile Mind
 Is not to Peace, but to the Sword inclin'd.
 Since *Arthur* still on Blood and Slaughter bent,
 Eludes the Treaty, I to Arms consent.
 The Guilt he has suggested I abhor,
 No Prince to purge himself should offer more.

He said, and drawing off his Treacherous Band,
 Rejoyn'd his Army, which at his Command
 Did with Precipitation leave the Plain,
Lutetia's Bulwarks and strong Walls to gain.
 To line the Ramparts some Battalions flew,
 The rest themselves within *Lutetia* threw,
 Resolv'd the mighty City to defend,
 On which the fate of *Gallia* did depend.
 Mean time King *Arthur* did his Army head,
 And to th' Attack the eager *Britons* led.

The *Gallie* Lords *Lutetia's* Works to Guard,
 Against th' Invader all things had prepar'd.

Befar

Befar as Chief did in the Lines Command,
 The *Gallie* King within the Town remain'd.
 The *British* Youth advancing in Array
 Their Ensigns o'er the Neighb'ring Fields display.
 From their high Towers the *Franks* observe from far
 The rising Storm, and rolling Tyde of War.
 Before his Troops the mighty *Briton* rode
 Glorious in Arms, like some Terrestrial God.
 As when *Britannia's* Trading Fleets, that run
 For *Indian* Treasures to the rising Sun,
 Beneath the Equinoctial Line have spy'd
 A Spout ascending from the boiling Tyde;
 Whose watry Obelisk do's threat'ning rise,
 And thrusts his towring head amidst the Skies:
 The Sailors pale with Consternation, dread
 Th' impending Tempest gathering o'er their head.
 With no less Terror did the trembling *Gauls*,
 See *Albion's* King advancing to their Walls.

Then *Cutar* with his Monarch did prevail,
 That he might first *Lutetia's* Works Assail.
 Onwards he march'd with a select Brigade,
 Th' advanc'd Redoubts with Vigour to invade.
 The Chief on Fame and Martial Glory bent,
 To Storm the lofty Works with pleasure went.
 He strove to be the foremost in the Fight,
 For Danger was his Favorite Delight.
 His Ardor, cheerful Looks, and Martial Fire,
 Did all his Troops with double Life inspire.

As when a Dolphin sports upon the Tyde,
 Displays his Beautys, and his Scaly Pride;
 His various colour'd Arch adorns the Flood,
 Like a bright Rain-bow in a watry Cloud:
 He from the Billows leaps with gamefome strife,
 Wanton with Vigour and Immoderate Life.
 With fo much Spirit fwelling all his Veins,
 The fprightly *Briton* fled along the Plains.
 With more Delight he went to Charge the Foe,
 Than eager Bridegrooms to their Nuptials go.
 Approaching to the Works, the Warriour threw
 His glitt'ring Dart, and great *Orander* flew:
 Between the lower Ribs it pierc'd his Side,
 And did the Midriff, as it pafs'd, divide.
 The *Frank* a while with labour drew his Breath,
 Then fell, and pofted to the Shades beneath.
 Before *Lucretia* faw the *Britifh* Arms,
Orander vanquifh'd by *Pulcrina's* Charms:
 Long Wood, and won at laft the beauteous Maid
 By promis'd Nuptials, but his Faith betray'd:
 To fhun th' entreatys of the injur'd Fair,
 The Faithlefs Youth did to the Camp repair.
 But when fhe found her Prayers and Tears deny'd,
 Enrag'd *Pulcrina* thus defpairing cry'd:
 And can *Orander* thus unconstant prove,
 Break all the Bonds of Vows, and thofe of Love?
 Is he regardlefs of my Beauty grown?
 Will he expofe my Honour, and his own?

Will

Will the wild Savage no Compaffion fhew?
 Will he forfake *Pulcrina*? will he go,
 And leave me thus o'erwhelm'd with Shame and Woe?
 Go, Perjur'd Wretch, but midft the fighting Throng,
 May fome infulting Foe revenge my Wrong.
 May fome juft God direct his glitt'ring Dart,
 And guide the point to thy Perfidious Heart:
 Then think of me, and rack'd with Torment ly,
 In pangs of Guilt, and Throws of Horror dy.
 The fatal Curfes flew around his Head,
 And *Cutar's* Dart aveng'd the injur'd Maid.

With like Succels his fecond Dart he threw,
 Which fwiftly paff, and ftrong *Orellan* flew.
 It thro' his Windpipe and his Gullet made
 Its fatal way, and in his Neckbone ftay'd.
 His Elder Brother *Colon* he deftroy'd
 By fecret Poifon, and his Lands enjoy'd.
 Old *Meda* famous for her Art prepar'd
 The deadly Draught, and had a great Reward.
 He now by *Cutar's* Arms of Life bereft
 Fell, and his Wealth and great Poffeffions left.
 Next *Bofer* fprung from *Solon's* noble Blood
 In fplendid Armour on the Rampart flood.
 His Stature graceful, Courtey was his Air,
 And coftly Oyls perfum'd his Limbs and Hair.
 He by the Dames was with Applaufes crown'd,
 Of all the Dancing Nation moft renown'd.
 He came, as if he did expect to fall
 Embalm'd before-hand for his Funeral.

R r

When

When *Cutar* saw him on the Works appear,
 With great Disdain he threw his massy Spear.
 Which thro' his Coat of Mail and Crimfon Vest
 His Bosom pierc'd, and lodg'd within his Breast.
 The fragrant Warriour felt the fatal Wound,
 Fell on the Rampart, and perfum'd the Ground.

Next on the Bulwark *Zolon* did advance,
 Tho' void of Worth, of wondrous Arrogance.
 Deform'd alike in Body and in Mind,
 And more to scare, then Charge a Foe design'd.
 His livid Eyes retreating from the Day
 Deep in their hollow Orbits buried lay.
 His Back-bone standing out, drew in his Breast,
 This Shoulder elevated, that Deprest,
 And his foul Chin his odious Bosom prest.
 Long little Legs, such has the stalking Crane,
 His short ill figur'd Body did sustain.
 Still Mutinys he in the Army rais'd,
 Bursting with Spleen to hear another prais'd.
 Meager with Malice, with Ill-nature worn,
 And with th' envenom'd teeth of Envy torn
 To vent his Spite he labour'd to defame
 The Chiefs, whose Valour had advanc'd their Name.
 His pois'nous Tongue did all great Heros wound,
 Reviling those whom all with Honour crown'd.
 Some envious Men his Calumnys approv'd,
 And all who Merit hated, *Zolon* lov'd.
Cutar with Indignation at him cast
 His mighty Spear, which thro' his Body past.

Down

Down *Zolon* fell, and tortur'd with his Wound
 In Rage and Anguish beat, and bit the Ground.

Now *Cutar* mounts the Works with Sword in hand
 And that his Troops should follow gave Command.
 The fearless Men the lofty Works ascend
 Which with projected Arms the Foes defend.
Britons and *Franks* prodigious Courage show,
 And crimson Rivers down the Bulwarks flow.
 Arms meet with Arms, Fauchions with Fauchions clash,
 And sparks of Fire struck out from Armour flash.
 Thick clouds of Dust contending Warriours raise,
 And hideous War o'er all the Region brays.
 Tempests of Darts and showers of Arrows sing,
 And all the Heav'ns with dreadful Clamour ring.

Mean time great *Stannel* with his valiant Band
 Attacked the Works where *Bofar* did Command.
 Nor Clouds of flying Darts, nor storms of Fire
 Could force the Valiant Leader to retire.
 Midst showers of Stones which fell like Summers Hail,
 Th' undaunted Hero did the Foe Assail.
 Mounting the Bulwark's brow, he forward prest,
 And quickly with the Foe came Breast to Breast.
 Here the brave Man Immortal Deeds perform'd,
 And with resistless force the high Entrenchment storm'd.
 First *Baradan* his fatal Weapon felt,
 Who on the Banks of fair *Matrona* dwelt:
 The mighty Fauchion passing thro' the Side
 With its sharp edge the Liver did divide:

R 1 2

The

The blood gush'd out from the large hollow Vein
 And mixt with Choler did the ground distain.
 Then *Oftacar* a *Bellovasian* Lord
 High lifted in the Air his flaming Sword.
 Against the Foe he meant a mortal stroke,
 But on his Shield th' unfaithful Weapon broke.
 While for another Sword aloud he cry'd,
 The *Briton's* Fauchion did his Throat divide.
 The gasping Wound pour'd forth a Crimfon flood,
 Down fell the Warriour Strangled in his Blood.
 The Conquerour next *Stellander* did attack,
 And drove his mighty Spear thro' Breast and Back:
 For Astrologic Science he was fam'd,
 By all that lov'd the Art with honour nam'd.
 He oft Collect'd from the Conscious Stars
 The Fall of Empires, and th' Event of Wars.
 He could predict a rising Fav'rite's Fate,
 The Death of Kings, and mighty Turns of State.
 To him the Heav'nly Orbs had often shown
 The fate of others, but conceal'd his own.
 Nor Arms nor Science could his Life protect
 Against the Spear the *Briton* did direct.
 Then *Soron*, *Harim*, and *Germander* dy'd
 By *Stannel's* Arms, all three in Blood ally'd.
 Thirsty of Glory and of Martial Fame
 These from the Verdant Vale together came,
 Where ling'ring *Liger* draws along the Plain
 Thro' flowry Labyrinths his Silver train.
 Next in his tortur'd Bowels *Drapar* felt
 The Conquerour's Spear beneath his shining Belt.

The

The fainting Warriour fell, but from his Wound
 His Entrails gushing out first reach'd the ground.

By this time *Erla*, at a third Attack
 Had Storm'd the Works, and chas'd the Squadrons back.
 He on the Foe with so much Fury prest,
 That soon their high Entrenchments he possest.
 With mighty Slaughter he pursu'd the *Gauls*,
 Who fled to save themselves within their Walls.
 When Valiant *Ansel* saw his Friends retreat,
 He made a Sally from the Eastern Gate,
 And cry'd aloud, What means this shameful Flight?
 Assert your Honour, and renew the Fight.
 Hear from the Walls your Wives and Children cry,
 Whither will these inglorious Cowards fly?
 Will they expose us to th' invading Foe,
 To all the Rage insulting Conquerours show?
 Must we endure the haughty *Briton's* scorn,
 And his proud Triumphs led in Chains adorn?
 Where are the Heros, where the Valiant *Franks*,
 Who on th' astonish'd *Rhine*, and *Musa's* Banks
 By Martial Deeds acquir'd Immortal Fame,
 And laden home with Spoils and Laurels came;
 Who from the Field in Triumph still return'd,
 And with their Trophys our high Domes adorn'd.
 Do you your selves the Progeny pretend
 Of these great Men, who did so well defend
 Their Country, and so far their Power extend.
 Ye Valiant Chiefs, so oft with Conquest crown'd,
 Ye mighty Shades, who did our Empire found,

How

How will you all Despise, Disdain, Disown
 Your Sons, so feeble, so degenerate grown;
 Prevent, O *Franks*, their Grief, prevent your Shame,
 You fight not now for Empire, and for Fame,
 But for your Being, for your Gods, and all
 Which you can either Dear, or Sacred call.
 Advance then, *Franks*, your ancient Courage show,
 I'll lead your Squadrons on to Charge the Foe.

He said, and burning with a Martial Rage,
 The Chief march'd on th' Invaders to engage.
 The *Franks* turn'd back, inspir'd by *Ansel's* words,
 And once more brandish'd their Refulgent Swords.
 Then in a noble Fight their Strength they try'd,
 And many Heros fell on either side.
Lofel, *Alduran*; *Streban*, *Otho* flew,
 And *Graman's* Javelin pierc'd *Athleta* thro'.
Orfaber's Spear pierc'd great *Elmondo's* Side,
Barnel by *Humbert's* Arms, and *Omar* dy'd.

Then Valiant *Brla*, *Loran* did Attack,
 The Spear transfixt his Stomach and his Back.
 From the *Vogesian* Mountains *Loran* came,
 To signalize his Arms, and raise his Fame:
 His wealthy Father late of Life bereft,
 Had to his Son four noble Mannors left.
 His Mother lab'ring with Prophetic Fears,
 With unsuccessful Prayers, and fruitless Tears,
 Ev'n on her Knees long strove to overcome
 His Martial Zeal, and keep the Youth at home.

Now

Now in his dying Throws too late he said,
 Would I my Mother's Counsel had obey'd.

Then Valiant *Cubal*, *Arpan* did invade,
 But on his temper'd Buckler broke his Blade.
Cubal who midst the wrestling Rings had won
 In great *Augusta's* Squares so much Renown,
 Ran in, and with an unexpected War
 Made *Arpan's* Heels fly up amidst the Air.
 Flat on his Back the Warriour prest the Sand,
 Strait the Victorious *Briton* from his hand
 Did with main Force the flaming Fauchion wrest,
 Then plung'd the Weapon deep into his Breast.

Vebba with Martial Rage, on *Carlot* prest,
 And with his Back-Sword hop'd to cleave his Crest.
 The Warriour's Head the erring Weapon mist,
 But cut the Veins and Sinews of his Wrist.
 The *Frank* unable more his Arms to wield,
 Dropt on the ground his Sword and mighty Shield.

First, in his wounded Veins did *Strabor* feel
 The fatal Edge of *Ansel's* glitt'ring Steel.
 Deep in his Sides between his Ribs it sunk,
 And cut in two the large Arterial Trunk,
 Thro' which the Heart throws up the Vital Flood;
 The *Briton* fell, and delug'd lay in Blood.

Then *Heban*, who had left fair *Deva's* Banks,
 To make this great Campaign against the *Franks*,
 Who *Gallie* Power, and *Gallie* Faith abhor'd,
 Dy'd near *Lutetia's* Walls by *Ansel's* Sword.

His

His Fauchion next thro' *Rollo's* Helmet broke,
 And cut in sunder with the furious stroke
 His Hairy Scalp, which hung below the Ear,
 And left the Skull in ghastly manner bare.
 Back to his Tent the wounded Hero came,
 Where great *Bernardo* of Immortal Fame
 For his Chirurgic Skill, gave quick Relief,
 Sticht up the gaping Lips, and heal'd the wounded Chief.

Toson, a noble, valiant, wondrous Boy,
 His Father's Pride, and his fond Mother's Joy,
 Who ne'er till now had grip'd a Shield or Lance,
 To Charge the *Frank*, undaunted did advance.
 The *Frank* despis'd him, and exclaiming cry'd,
 I'll soon chastise your Arrogance and Pride;
 Ambitious Youth, too soon the Field you take,
 And for the Camp too soon the School forsake.
 You should at home have with your Sisters play'd,
 And her great Comfort with your Mother stay'd.
 Heav'ns! that a Boy should *Gallie* Chiefs provoke,
Toson while thus th' insulting Warriour spoke,
 Aim'd at his shining Helm a noble Stroke. }
 The prosperous Weapon thro' the Buckler past,
 And *Ansel's* Arm beneath the Shoulder raz'd.
 From the divided Veins the Blood flew out,
 The *Britons* gave a loud applauding Shout.
 The *Frank* enrag'd, attack'd the Beardless Foe,
 Threatning to take his Head off at a Blow.
 Thro' the Youth's Shield the Fauchion passage found,
 Inflicting on his Neck a painful Wound.

The

The *Britons* strait rush'd in to give him Aid,
 And to the Rear th' advent'rous Youth Convey'd.
Ansel retir'd, and Interposing Night
 Parted the Warriours, and broke off the Fight.
 The *Britons* kept the Outworks, and the *Gauls*
 Retreating sav'd themselves within their Walls.

S f

King

KING ARTHUR.

BOOK XII.

Mean time the *Gallic* Monarch fore distressed;
 With dreadful Thoughts and anxious Cares oppressed
 Sought rest in vain upon his downy Bed,
 With Tyrian Purple and fine Linnen spread.
 From side to side he did in Torment roll,
 But turn'd in vain to ease his restless Soul.
 Short were his Slumbers, often would he start,
 And wildly stare, while with her painful Dart,
 Insulting Conscience stab'd him to the heart. }
 Ten thousand Horrors did his thoughts affright,
 And ghastly Figures pass'd before his sight.
 Distracting Agonies and wild Despair,
 Did from their roots his guilty Heart-strings tear.
 Sometimes he thought he heard the dismal cry
 Of suffering Prisoners begging leave to dy.
 He saw extended Martyrs on the Rack,
 And thought he heard their tortur'd Members crack.
 He saw poor Widdows delug'd in their tears,
 And Cries of helpless Orphans fill'd his Ears:
 Widdows and Orphans which the Russian's hand,
 Had thro' all *Gallia* made at his command.
 The Ghosts of those he murder'd fill'd the place,
 And threatening stood, and star'd him in the Face.

Around his Bed dire Apparitions walk'd,
 And *Stygian* Terrours thro' the Apartment stalk'd.
 Then starting up and leaping from his Bed,
 Thus to himself the restless Monarch said.
 What Tragic Scenes before my eyes appear,
 What inward Whips my tortur'd Bowels tear ?
 Fierce Vipers twist their Spires about my Heart,
 And Bite, and Sting, and Wound with deadly smart.
 With more than *Atlas* weight my Soul's oppress'd,
 And raging Tempests beat along my breast :
 Corroding Flames eat thro' my burning veins,
 And all within I feel Infernal Pains.
 As oft as *Arthur* has my Troops assail'd,
 His Arms by Heav'n assisted have prevail'd.
 The Victor of our Out-works is posses'd,
 He next *Lutetia* from our hands will wrest
 Must *Gallia's* Empire fall by *Arthur's* Sword,
 And *Clotar's* house obey a *British* Lord :
 Must Tributary *Gallia* be condemn'd
 To serve a Prince which I so much contemn'd ?
 Forbid it all ye Gods, that such a Fate
 Should e'er befall the high *Lutetian* State.
 If Heav'n will not assist, I'll try if Hell,
 But from these Gates the *British* King repel.

He said. And on his impious Purpose bent,
 Attended only with *Palmida* went,
 To find the fam'd Enchantress *Maneton*,
 His Dignity conceal'd, his Name unknown.

When

When they had found her, to the Sorcerers,
 Thus did the *Gallie* King himself express.
 Wisest of Women, whose controuling sway,
 The dark Dominions of the Dead obey :
 Whose Charms can all the Nations move that dwell,
 Thro' all the spacious Continent of Hell.
 Who can departed Men restore to Light,
 From the low Shades and dark Abyss of Night.
 At your Command th' awaken'd Dead will rend
 Their Tombs, and thro' the cleaving Ground ascend.
 We may, if you with potent words are pleas'd
 To bring them up, converse with Friends deceas'd.
 Now mighty Woman, I your Aid implore,
 You'll find me grateful, pray exert your Power.
 Your Force let all th' Infernal Regions know,
 And bring back hither from the Shades below
 A faithful Friend, whose presence I desire,
 Whose wife Advice, my pressing Wants require.

Then did th' Enchantress bid him name his Friend,
 Whom he desir'd should from beneath ascend.
Belcoran is the Man, the King reply'd,
 Who did the *Gallie* Arms and Councils guide.
 Then did th' Enchantress with accustom'd care,
 Her noxious Herbs and Magic Drugs prepare.
 She fetch'd white Poppys, Henbane, Aconite,
 Bald Toad-stools, Savine Tops, all which by Night,
 The wandring Sorcerers was us'd to cull
 In neighb'ring Mountains, when the Moon was Full.

All

All these she stamp, with more of Magic use,
 And from the Mals prest out the potent Juice.
 The green Enchantment in a Caldron flow'd,
 To which she pour'd a Bowl of humane blood.
 Then did the Sorcerers in the Center stand,
 And drew dire Circles with her Magic Wand:
 She mutter'd with her Voice mysterious sounds,
 And terms with which the Hellish Art abounds.

Nature molested, felt the powerful Charm,
 And various Terrors did the World alarm.
 The starting Planets from their Orbits flew,
 The lab'ring Moon sick and unease grew,
 And far from sight the wandering Stars withdrew.
 Hoarse Thunder murmur'd with a hollow sound,
 And heaving Tempests bellow'd under ground.
 Contending Elements with horrid Fight,
 Did vex the Air, and guilty Minds affright.
 Clouds, Hurricanes, and Lightnings did conspire,
 To pour down Floods of Rain, and Floods of Fire.
 Dun, Dusky Demons troubled all the Air,
 And Ghosts were heard to groan in deep Despair.
 Around the house, tremendous to behold,
 Vast Dragons flew, prodigious Serpents rowl'd,
 And treble-headed Hell-hounds yell'd and howl'd.
 The Pavement trembled, and the Dwelling shook,
 And thro' the King a shiv'ring Horror struck.
 Then did th' Enchantress to the Monarch cry,
 I from beneath a God ascending Spy.

Speak,

Speak, said the King, what Aspect do's he wear,
 And tell the Form in which he do's appear.
 The Sorcerers cry'd, he is in Armour clad,
 His Mien is Martial, but his Eyes are sad.
 Thro' th' opening Ground he do's Reluctant come,
 Behold, he now appears within the Room.

Belcoran then the Monarch thus bespoke;
 Why do's King *Clotar* Magic Aids invoke?
 Why have you thus compell'd me to arise,
 And brought me back to these unwelcome Skies?
 The King reply'd: With heavy Cares oppress'd,
 I'm forc'd *Belcoran* to disturb thy Rest.
 When thou wert here, Success I always found,
 And triumph'd o'er the vanquish'd Realms around.
 Thou both my Champion and my wisest Friend,
 Didst guide my Councils, and my Throne defend.
 Thy Arms the *Gallie* Greatness did support,
 And made Submissive States my Friendship court.
 Since thy departure *Gallia's* Empire shakes,
 The mighty Fabrick unsupported, cracks.
 Before *Lutetia's* Gates the *Britons* ly,
 Before their Arms our trembling Cohorts fly.
 They by Assault have our high Bulwarks won,
 And now lie ready to invade the Town.
 With such resistless Fury they Attack,
 In vain the *Franks* contend to drive them back.
 So black a Storm o'er *Gallia's* Realm impends,
 So sad a Fate, *Lutetia*, thee attends!

And

And must King *Arthur* with a Victor's Pride,
Thro' high *Lutetia's* Streets in Triumph ride ?
Must great *Lutetia* from her Empire fall,
And Foreign Lords insult the Captive *Gaul* ?
And shall the proud Oppressors mock our Crys,
And whom they fear'd and envy'd, now despise ?
Shall *British* Masters to enrich their Isle,
Freight their proud Navys with *Lutetia's* Spoil ?
O *Gallia*, this ! this is thy heavy doom !
Unless some unexpected Succours come.
In these extream Affairs, thus sore distress'd,
In such a strait, and with such danger prest,
I am constrain'd to call thee from thy Rest.
My Prayers are fruitless to the Gods, in vain
I've Rams and Bulls at their Altars slain.
The Gods are Deaf, their Oracles are Dumb,
No Powers invoc'd to our Assistance come.
Of Heav'n forsaken, whither shall I go ?
The Gods have all deserted to the Foe.
In this Distress, *Bellcoran*, Counsel give,
What means can *Gallia's* sinking State retrieve ?
By what sure Methods may the Gods be brought,
To fight for *Gallia*, who for *Gallia* fought ?

He ceas'd : And thus *Bellcoran* did reply,
In vain, O Prince, to Magic Arts you fly,
To gain those Succours which the Gods deny.
In vain your Charms the Courts of Death invade,
Hell cannot give, if Heav'n refuses Aid.

If

Their Presence if Celestial Gods deny,
No friendly Helps their absence can supply.
Since Heav'n forsakes you, no Infernal Power,
No Humane Force your Empire can secure.
No means are left to prop your sinking State,
Your Doom's decreed by never changing Fate.
Lutetia's Crimes which righteous Heav'n provoke,
Bow down her neck beneath the *British* Yoke.
Your Cruelty, O King, and thirst of Blood,
Your Persecution of the Just and Good,
Your Pride, Ambition, Breach of Solemn Vows
Are more destructive than your Foreign Foes.
These strong Domestic Enemies betray,
Lutetia's Empire to the *British* sway.
These furious War with *Gallia's* Monarch wage,
And angry Heav'n against your Arms engage.
Who can a Realm from Wrath Divine protect,
And save a Monarch whom the Gods reject ?
Plainly I speak, the Dead will flatter none,
From thee the Kingdom's rent, the Scepter gone,
And Pious *Clovis* shall ascend thy Throne.
By *Arthur* rais'd, he *Gallia* shall command,
And Rule with just and equal Laws her Land.
Thus Heav'n Decrees thy Punishment at last,
This is thy Fate irrevocably past.
No more, O King, shall I arise to thee,
But thou to morrow shalt descend to me.

He said. And from the Apartment did retreat,
And thro' the Ground sunk to his *Seygian* seat.

T c

The

The King, as if with Thunder struck, fell down,
 And Breathless lay extended in a Swoon.
 The Sorcerers to whom the King appear'd
 Greatly disturb'd and mov'd by what he heard,
 Scream'd out, and fetch'd reviving Essences,
 Rich Spirits, Od'rous Ballams, and with these
 She rub'd his Nostrils, Temples, and his Neck,
 Till he awaken'd, and began to speak.
 Then *Maneton* the Monarch did constrain,
 With Wine and Meat his Spirits to sustain.
 That done the troubled King th' Enchantress left,
 Of all his Hopes, and all support bereft.
 He to his Palace came when dawning Day
 Began to spring, and streak the Eastern way.
 Wild was his Aspect, sad as Death his Air,
 And on his Brows state Horror and Despair.
 Distracted Gestures, and deep Sighs confest,
 The inward pangs and torment of his Breast.
 Conscience enrag'd a fiercer Ravager,
 Than ravening Vultures, Did his Bowels tear.
 Around his Veins envenom'd Adders clung,
 And to the Heart the tortur'd Monarch stung.
 Vengeance Divine upon his Soul was pour'd,
 And unextinguish'd Flames his Life devour'd.
 Now on the Bed his restless Limbs he threw,
 Now started up, and round th' Apartment flew.
 Oft in a threatening Posture did he stand,
 And on his mighty Fauchion lay'd his hand.
 Sometimes he Curs'd, Blasphem'd, and Rav'd aloud,
 Then on a suddain, Mute and Stupid stood.

At last he gave in these expressions vent
 To the sad Thoughts, that did his Soul torment.

The Kingdom from me rent ! the Scepter gone !
 And Pious *Clovis* shall ascend the Throne !
 Prevent it all ye Powers ; this cannot be :
 Can Heav'n to such unrighteous Deeds agree ?
Belcoran says it, he must be believ'd,
 A heavy Doom, and ne'er to be retriev'd.
 And has his God sav'd *Clovis* from my Hand,
 That he might *Gallia* in my stead Command ?
 Curst be the Fatal Inauspicious Day,
 Which to my Eyes did the first Light convey.
 Curst be the luckless Hour in which I broke
 My Infant Fetters, and the Womb forsook.
 O think it not, Celestial Powers, a Crime,
 To raze that Day from the Records of Time.
 Let it for ever perish, cut the Link
 That fastens it to Time, and let it sink.
 Let this unhappy Day return no more,
 But let the Year in passing leap it o'er.
 Let it be sunk, let it for ever Sleep
 Swallow'd and lost in vast Duration's Deep.
 But if this Day in turn must be restor'd,
 Let it for Clouds and Darknes be abhor'd.
 Let not a glimpse of Light, no cheerful Ray
 Distinguish from the Night this dismal Day.
 Let it by no good *Omen* be endear'd,
 Let no reviving Sounds of Joy be heard.

Let Lamentations, Groans and dreadful Crys,
 With their sad Accents fill the troubled Skys.
 By marks of Horror let it still be known,
 And prove unprosperous, till 'tis hateful grown;
 Till Men this Day, as some great Judgment mourn
 And Pray, and Wish it never may return.

Oh! Why did ne'er a blest Abortion blast
 This Life, that must expire in Shame at last?
 Why was not *Clotar* strangled in the Birth,
 Why had my Mother Strength to bring me forth?
 Why did not fatal Pangs and Labour Throws,
 Destroy, and save me from these mighty Woes?
 On *Gallia's* Throne must haughty *Clovis* sit?
 Must she to take his Yoke her Neck submit?
 Ye Powers why do's your Vengeance thus pursue
 A Prince whose Guilt is Piety to you?
 Push'd on by Zeal for Heav'n I first embru'd,
 My reeking hands in Slaughter'd Christians Blood.
 And is this wretched End the sad Reward,
 Which you to Crown my Labours have prepar'd?
 Against the Gods just is my discontent,
 They either are Unjust, or Impotent;
 Who leave me thus to an inglorious Fate,
 And thus desert the Pious *Gallie* State.
 Who will Devotion at their Altars pay?
 Who will regard them, or their Priests obey?
 Who on their Power and Favour will depend?
 Who will their Groves and Shrines henceforth defend?

If they their Vot'ry thus desert at last,
 Forget my Zeal, and pious Labours past?

Hereafter may the *Franks* revenge my Fate,
 And to the *Britons* bear Immortal Hate.
 May some great Man, or some great Woman rise,
 T' assert *Lutetia's* Gods and Liberties.
 Who may the *Britons* from this Region chase,
 And leave no Footsteps of the impious Race.
 That may the Honour of our Arms restore,
 Rebuild our Altars, and regain our Power.
Franks, think it just all methods to employ,
 To spoil *Britannia*, and her Sons destroy.
 By Wiles, and Frauds, or Force, th' advantage take,
 And only to betray them Friendship make.
 May *Britons* still your specious Words believe,
 May you as oft th' uncautious Foe deceive.
 In Peace and War let them be equal Foes,
 And let your Interest rule your Faith and Vows.
 Still let your Arts the Easy Race beguile,
 And when they blame you, at their Folly smile.
 Whate'er they win by Courage in the Field,
 Let them by Treaty back to *Gallia* yield.
 Where Power, and all perfidious Measures fail,
 Let *Gallia's* Women's stronger Arts prevail.
 Let *Albion's* Youth yield to their powerful Charms,
 Dissolve in Pleasures, and neglect their Arms.
 Let these soft Conquerours teach them to obey,
 Enslave their Princes, and their State betray.

Let our Men's Malice, and our Women's Love,
To *Albion's* Realm alike destructive prove.

This day before the Sun must *Clotar* set,
And in the Shades below *Belcoran* meet ?
Must I my Empire and my Friends forsake,
Of *Gallia* my Eternal Farewel take ?
But why do I thus idly vex the Air,
And vent in fruitless Accents my Despair ?
Tho' my Complaints are just, yet 'tis in vain
To rave at Heav'n, and all the Gods arraign.
I am, 'tis true, by partial Powers oppress'd,
But how shall Heav'n's Injustice be redrest ?
Complaining thus, fresh Sufferings I create,
But can't decline Irrevocable Fate.
While Life remains, 'tis better to employ
My utmost Power the *Britons* to destroy.
With Sword in Hand th' Invader I'll repel,
And at the dearest rate my Life will sell.
Since I must fall, let me incircled ly
With heaps of slaughter'd Christians, when I dy.
Since I these Regions must forsake, I'll go
Attended well to the Cold Shades below.
As a tall Oak do's with a mighty Sound,
Bring with its fall the Forest to the ground ;
So would I lie with Spoils encompass'd round.
Oh that my Arms could both the Poles embrace,
And wrest the World's strong Pillars from their Base,
That all the cracking Frame might be dis-joyn'd,
And bury in its Ruins Humane Kind.

Thus

Thus would I fall in Vengeance, as 'tis said
An injur'd Champion of the *Hebrews* did.

He said. And raging did his Arms demand,
Then brandishing his Fauchion in his hand,
Onward the Monarch went to Head the *Gauls*,
And led his Cohorts to defend the Walls.
Hopeless become he, therefore fearless grew,
And from Despair immoderate Courage drew.
He rav'd aloud, and boldly did invite
The *British* Monarch to renew the Fight.
So when a desperate Wretch in *Indra* bred,
To Death devotes his hot distemper'd Head,
The raging Murd'rer flies about the Streets,
And wounds with savage Outrage all he meets :
Till he himself receives a fatal Wound,
And weltring in his Blood distains the Ground.

Mean time, the Valiant *Britons* did prepare
Their Arms, and all their Instruments of War ;
Resolv'd by Storm *Lucretia's* Walls to gain,
And with this Triumph end the great Campaign.
Before the furious Onset did Commence,
The *Franks* prepar'd to make a brave Defence.
Thick on the Walls the *Gallie* Youth appear'd,
And War-like noise thro' every Street was heard.
Some brought long Spears, vast Bars of Iron some,
Part arm'd with Darts, and part with Arrows come.
Some raging ran with huge *Herculean* Clubs,
Some massy Balls of Brass, some mighty Tubs

Of

Of Cynders, some great Pots of Sulphur bore,
 And some the Stones up from the Pavement tore.
 What Instruments of Death came next to hand,
 The *Franks* caught up, the *Britons* to withstand.
 So when the Foe invades the Fragrant Cells
 In which the Bees industrious Nation dwells;
 The watchful Centinels the Signal give,
 To raise the whole Militia of the Hive.
 Strait mighty Uproar, Tumult, War-like sound
 Thro' all the Waxy Labyrinth rebound.
 From their high Seats the noisy Youth descend
 In raging Troops, their Fortrefs to defend.
 The trembling Roof refounds with threatning Swarms,
 With Captains Fury, and the Din of Arms.

Then Pious *Arthur* three Detachments made,
 And gave Command *Lutetia* to invade
 In three distinct Attacks; the Chiefs he nam'd
 To lead the Troops, were all for Courage fam'd.
Cutar, to whom pale Fear was yet unknown,
 With Death and Danger long familiar grown,
 Was nam'd to lead the First, the Second Band
Talmar, the Third brave *Maca* did Command.
 Boldly the *Britons* march'd to Storm the Walls,
 And from their lofty Towers to chase the *Gauls*.
 The Archers on the Foe their Arrows spent,
 And their long Spears the raging Spear-men sent.
 Some flaming Firebrands at the Turrets threw,
 Here Oaken Trunchions, here bright Javelins flew.

Here

Here glittering Darts a bearded Tempest fung,
 Here showers of Stones by skilful Hands were flung.
 Part hurl'd up massy Balls of Iron, part
 Threw Wild-fire temper'd with destructive Art;
 Artillery more dreadful than the Sword,
 Which *Sodom's* Lake, and *Ætna's* Caves afford }
 With Sulphur, Nitre, and Bitumen stor'd.
 The Storm was dreadful, while prodigious Cries,
 And War-like noise rang thro' th' astonish'd Skies.
 Many brave *Britons* on the place expir'd,
 And many Wounded from the Town retir'd.
 Thus long th' undaunted *Britons* from beneath,
 With missive Ruin, and projected Death,
 Gaul'd the *Lutetians*, but in vain they strove,
 From their strong Walls their Squadrons to remove.

Then *Cutar* hot with Martial Fury, cry'd,
 Enough, brave Friends of this; and then apply'd
 His Scaling Ladder to the Walls, the rest
 Provok'd by his Example, onward prest.
 To guard their Heads against the impending War,
 They joyn'd their Shields, and held them in the Air,
 Which with Contiguous Brims a Covering made;
 And thus advanc'd *Lutetia* to invade.
Cutar with noble Ardor in his Eyes,
 Clad in Refulgent Arms began to rise.
 Profuse of Life he mounted from beneath,
 With Danger pleas'd, and negligent of Death:
 Of Death which thick descended from the Wall
 In all its Shapes, and horrible in all.

U u

Spears,

Spears, Arrows, Darts stuck in his batter'd Shield,
 Thick as the Canes which crown an *Indian* Field.
 A thousand Deaths he on his Shield sustain'd,
 And the high Battlements had almost gain'd :
 At last the Warriour by a Javelin struck,
 Which past his Shield, and in his in-step stuck,
 He was oblig'd to quit the hot Attack,
 And by his Spear supported, halted back.
Hobbesian (who with Honour do's not name
Hobbesian : his has rais'd *Britannia's* Fame)
 Apply'd his Balm with wondrous Art prepar'd,
 The Hero heal'd, and had a great Reward.

Tho' from the Walls the Chief was forc'd to halt,
 His Troops by *Vebba* led, renew'd th' Assault.
 Beneath the brazen Canopy's high Roof,
 Made by their Shields to beat the Tempest off,
 They rais'd their Scaling Ladders to the Top
 Of the high Battlements, and mounted up.
 But still the *Gallie* Troops maintain'd their Post,
 And many Valiant Chiefs the *Britons* lost.
 Many were crush'd to pieces by the fall
 Of Trees, and Rocks hurl'd from *Lutetia's* Wall.
 Some fell in Storms of Arrows, some in Showers
 Of Darts projected from the lofty Towers.
 Some were by massy Clubs of Life bereft,
 Some had their Heads by Battle-Axes cleft.
 Part had their Brains dash'd out by Iron-Balls,
 Which flying round bespatter'd all the Walls.

Some

Some were with flaming Pitch or Sulphur burn'd,
 Some from th' inclining Ladder headlong turn'd.
 Some having gain'd the Battlement's high tops;
 And leaping boldly midst the *Gallie* Troops,
 Before their Shields were rais'd to ward the thrust,
 Pierc'd with the Spear, fell Breathless to the Dust.

Mean time in Arms great *Talmar* glorious Shone,
 And with a noble fire assail'd the Town.
 Illustrious *Ansel* did the Troops Command
 Which *Talmar's* valiant Squadron did withstand.
 The *Briton* did his usual Ardor show,
 And with amazing Courage Charg'd the Foe.
 He show'd a Mind for great Atchievements form'd,
 And midst a thousand Deaths, *Lutetia* storm'd.
 Now he retreated, now he onward flew,
 Tho' still repuls'd, did still th' Assault renew.
 When he at last receiv'd a fatal Blow,
 From a vast Stone which once th' impending Brow
 Of some high Rock, fell down with weather worn,
 Or from it's Airy Seat with Thunder torn.
 Great *Afroban* with both his hands did throw
 The craggy heap to crush th' adventurous Foe.
 It did his nerves above the Knee-pan wound,
 The *Briton* fell, and strecht along the ground,
 His Friends came round, and to the Army's Rear
 Did from the Walls with grief the Hero bear.

Mean time, a Third Assault was carry'd on
 By *Maca*, who Immortal Praifes won.

U u 2

Twice

Twice his Brigade with Vigour did Attack,
 The lofty Walls, and twice was beaten back.
Maca enrag'd did the third time renew
 The fierce Assault, and with his Ladder flew
 To Scale the Town, boldly the Warriour rose,
 And leap'd upon the Walls amidst the Foes.
 He beat the Squadrons off, and leaping down
 Maintain'd a noble Fight within the Town.
 His Friends with wondrous Brav'ry strove to gain
 The high rais'd Battlements, but strove in vain.
 After a sharp Assault, the Walls at last
Lanar to follow *Maca*, only past.
 So when the Sea urg'd by a furious Gale,
 Musters his watry Squadrons to assail
 A lofty Mound, that do's some Port defend,
 In fruitless Insults they their Fury spend:
 Yet some tall Waves that to the Storm advance
 O'erlooking all the Ocean, may by chance
 O'er the high Fence their liquid Mountain throw,
 While all the rest defeated backward flow.
 Soon, as great *Maca* saw his valiant Friend,
 Let us, he cry'd, bravely our selves defend.
 The *Britons* may a prosperous Onset make,
 Bring us Relief, and Strong *Lutetia* take.
 Let us howe'er the *Gallie* Troops defy,
 Combate like *Britons*, and like *Britons* dy.
 Let us such firm, unshaken Courage show,
 As may at least intimidate the Foe:
 Who when they see what Men the Town assail,
 Will feel their Spirits sink, their Courage fail.

Thus

Thus by a great and honourable Fall
 We shall dismay and help subdue the *Gaul*,
 And leave him heartless to defend the Wall.
 Bravely the Chiefs th' invading Foe sustain'd,
 And prest with whole Brigades, the Fight maintain'd.
 Great numbers they destroy'd, and spread around
 With sever'd Limbs, and gasping Heads the ground.
 Long Back to Back th' unbroken Warriours stood,
 Panting with Slaughter, red with hostile Blood.
 Those of the *Franks* who hardier than the rest,
 Close on the mighty Champions onward prest,
 Did sure Destruction from the Fauchion meet,
 And fell in heaps before the Conquerours feet.
 Henceforth from every Side the Clamorous Foe,
 Against the Chiefs, promiscuous Weapons throw.
 Spears, Javelins, Arrows, Darts across the Sky
 In storms of bright Destruction round them fly.
 A brave Defence they made, and each great Chief
 Show'd Strength, and Courage which exceed Belief.
 Their ample Orbs sustain'd a pondrous Wood
 Of thick set Spears, that high and horrid stood.
 Their Arms were blunted, and their Armour bruised,
 And gaping Wounds their Blood around diffus'd.
 Till faint with bloody Labour, Wounds and Pain
Lanar fell down and lay strecht out as slain.
Maca turn'd round, and o'er his Body stood
 Bath'd in his Own, his Friends, and *Gallie* Blood.
 With wondrous Constancy th' Intrepid Man
 Beat off the thronging Troops, which on him ran.

Till

Till *Clotar* hearing that the Walls were Scal'd,
 Came to repel the *Britons*, and assail'd
 With utmost Rage the *Caledonian* Chief,
 Who bravely still maintain'd the War-like Strife.
 At last, exhausted with expence of Blood,
 Which from his gaping Wounds in Rivers flow'd,
 He fell, and o'er his Friend expiring lay,
 And gasp'd without a groan, his Life away.
 So when strong Shipwrights fell a lofty Pine,
 Which they a Mast for some tall Ship design,
 With thick repeated Strokes, and frequent Wounds
 The Mountain trembles, and the Wood rebounds:
 As yet th' unshaken Tree amidst the Skies,
 Scarce nods his head, and the sharp Axe defies:
 At last, his roots cut off, at every stroke,
 He learns from side to side to roll and rock;
 As he his fitness for the Work would shew,
 Which when a Mast he must hereafter do.
 Then on a suddain, with a mighty sound
 He leaves the Heav'ns, and loads the groaning Ground.
Clotar rush'd in, and with the Fauchion's stroke,
 Each Champion's Head from off his Shoulder took.
 Which high amidst the Air on lofty Poles,
 To daunt their Friends he planted on the Walls.
 The *Britons* by the miserable Sight
 VVere not dismay'd; but more provok'd to Fight.
 The Pious King by the sad Object mov'd,
 For he the Warriors much esteem'd and lov'd;
 Grasping a flaming Fir-Tree in his hand,
 Flew to the *Eastern* Gate, and gave Command,

That

That his undaunted Troops should do the same,
 And burn the Gate down with devouring Flame.
 The *British* Youth their Valiant Prince obey'd,
 And Trees and Timber to the Gate convey'd,
 Where soon they rais'd a thick and lofty Wood,
 Which, as thy Funeral Pile, *Lutetia*, stood.
 Quickly the lighted Trees began to Choak
 The Heav'ns around with tow'ring Flame, and Smoke:
 Fast to the Gate th' incumbent Plague adher'd,
 Which soon but one vast glowing Cole appear'd.
 The ruddy Conq'rour with refulgent Arms
 Climbs up the Towers, and all the Town alarms.
 From the high Gate the melted Iron flow'd,
 And on the ground a pond'rous Deluge glow'd.
 The fierce Invader fasten'd on the Walls,
 And from the cleaving Stones broke mighty Scales,
 With ravening Teeth it tore vast pieces out,
 And raging, threw the Fragments round about.
 The Fire with such Success the Gate assail'd,
 O'er Oaks, and Stones, and Bars of Brass prevail'd.
 Some *Franks*, dismay'd to see the Burning spread,
 Left the high Walls, and from its Terror fled.
 Some to the ground from the high Turrets came,
 Smother'd with pitchy Smoke, and fry'd with Flame.
 Some, who to quench the Burnings, forward rush'd,
 Were by the falling Heaps in pieces crush'd.
 For the high Towers, the Gate, and shatter'd Wall,
 In mingled Ruin now began to fall.
 The cracking Structure, crackling Flames, and Cries
 Dreadful to hear, distract'd all the Skies.

Thus

Thus did the lofty Gate the Flames obey,
And on the ground in smoking Rubish lay.
The Streets were open to the *Briton's* view,
To guard the Breach The *Gallie* Squadrons flew.

Then Pious *Arthur* Waving o'er his Head
High in the Air, broad *Caliburno*, said.
Come, follow, *Britons*, where I lead the way,
These Walls no longer can your progress stay.
Then with an ardor wholly *Arthur's* own,
Such as before was ne'er in Battle shown,
Up the high Breach the fearless Monarch rose,
Resolv'd to cut his passage thro' his Foes:
To whom his glorious Arms more dreadful shone,
Then all the impetuous Flames before had done.
He did with Ease o'er the high Ruins leap,
And strode with mighty strides from Heap to Heap.
The *Briton* thus advanc'd; on the other hand
The *Franks* drew up his fury to withstand.
Marac did first the *Briton's* course resist,
Threw his bright Javelin, but the Warriour mist.
Then his vast Spear the mighty Monarch cast,
Which all the folds of the thick Buckler past.
Thence thro' his Skull it passage did obtain,
And pierc'd the inmost Marrow of the Brain;
Where the melodious Strings of Sense are found
Up to a due and just extension wound;
All tun'd for Life, and fitted to receive
Th' harmonious strokes which outward Objects give.

Great *Stuffa* next oppos'd the King who came,
From *Alpine* Mountains to advance his Fame.
The mighty *Allobrog* all swoln with rage,
Shook his long Ash preparing to engage.
A Breast, and Back, and Boots of Brags he wore,
Dreadful for Arms, but for his Aspect more.
High in the Air his polish'd Shield did glow,
As when a Wood burns on a Mountains brow.
Colossus like he on the Ruins stood
Verst in Destruction, and inur'd to Blood,
The haughty Chief resolv'd to guard the Breach,
And as the King advanc'd within the reach
Of his long Spear, the vast *Helvetian* threw,
Hoping to pierce th' invading *Briton* thro';
But o'er his Head the pond'rous Weapon flew.
Then at the hideous *Allobrog*, the King
Did with his usual Force and Fury fling
His Glitt'ring Javelin, whose impetuous Stroke
The Warriour's Shin-bone all in Splinters broke.
The *Pagan* fell, and did in Torment roar,
Curst all his Gods, but Curst King *Arthur* more.
He on the Breach did his vast Limbs extend,
And with his Bulk did still the Town defend.
Arthur came up, and with a single Blow
Struck off his Head, and then amidst the Foe
The ghastly heap with Indignation threw,
Which gnash'd its Teeth, and Curs'd ev'n as it flew.

Soon as th' *Helvetian* Champion fell, the rest
 Forsook the Breach with panick Fear possest.
 The Conquering *Briton* march'd undaunted down,
 And wav'd his flaming Sword within the Town.
 The *British* Youth the King's Command obey'd,
 Onward they came *Lutetia* to invade,
 And o'er the Breach their Ensigns they convey'd.
 Here did the *Franks* a stout Resistance make,
 And boldly Charg'd the Foe, to beat them back.
 Long did their Troops a bloody Fight maintain,
 And many Chiefs were wounded, many slain.
 While on the Foe the Pious *Briton* prest,
 He struck his Javelin thro' *Palmida's* Breast.
 Next at his feet lay great *Olcarden* slain,
 Thro' his right Eye the Weapon pierc'd his Brain.
 Then *Gyon*, *Bumont*, and brave *Harlam* dy'd
 By *Arthur's* Arms, and many Chiefs beside.
 Broad *Caliburno* mighty Slaughter made,
 And high in heaps the *Gallie* Cohorts laid.
 Limbs, sever'd Heads, dismember'd Trunks around
 With Helms and Bucklers mixt, o'erspread the ground.
 As when a loud Autumnal Tempest moves
 Th' inclining Pines, and shakes the Golden Groves,
 The Leaves and Fruit from bending boughs fall down
 In yellow Showers, and all the mountains Crown.
 So thick a long the Streets the *Pagans* lay,
 Where the destroying *Briton* made his way.

Mean time King *Clotar* his Battalions brought,
 From distant Parts where he before had fought.
 Urg'd with resifless Fate, and wild with Rage,
 He wav'd his Fauchion eager to engage.
 King *Arthur* seeing *Clotar* from afar,
 Advanc'd with martial Joy to meet the War.
 The *Franks* and *Britons* did their Ranks divide,
 And show'd a vast Concern on either side.
 As when two Lyons eager to possess
 The howling Empire of the Wilderness
 Rush to decisive War on *Lybia's* Plains,
 They lash their Sides, and shake their Tawny Mains.
 Then grin, and roar, and from their raging Eyes
 Send out fierce Streams of Fire amidst the Skys.
 Death and Defiance in their looks appear,
 And all the Forest seems to shake with Fear.
 With no less deadly Looks, with such a Rage
 The mighty Foes for Conquest did engage.

The *Gallie* King with Fury onward prest,
 And aim'd a mortal stroke at *Arthur's* Crest.
 His faithful Shield the Fauchion's progress slaid,
 Which in the Plate a deep Impression made.
 The Pious Prince enrag'd, against the Foe
 From his strong Arm discharg'd a dreadful Blow.
 It beat against his head his spacious Shield,
 His Eyes grew dim, and back the Monarch reel'd.
 But he recovering soon his Feet and Sight,
 Return'd with Fury to renew the Fight.

The War was terrible, and either Foe
 Did mighty skill in Arms and Courage show.
Lucretia's Towers did with the Strokes rebound
 And the pale Cohorts trembling stood around.
 So when two Eagles on the Airy Brow
 Off some high Rock, their Strength and Courage show
 In single Fight; the Feather'd Foes employ
 Beaks, Pounces, Wings each other to destroy:
 Woods, Valleys, Mountains, Shores, and echoing Rocks
 Ring with the War, and feel the furious strokes.

The *Frank* observing that his Arm did wield
 His Sword in vain against King *Arthur's* Shield.
 Retreating, to the ground did downward stoop,
 And heav'd a mighty Rocky Fragment up.
 Then did the furious Warriour forward step;
 And hurl'd with both his hands the pondrous Heap.
 The *Britons* trembled when they saw the Stone
 With such a Force against their Monarch thrown.
 O'er *Arthur's* Shoulder flew the flinting Rock,
 But as it past a craggy Corner struck
 The Shoulder's point, and his bright Armour bruise'd,
 Which in his Flesh a painful Wound produc'd.
 His Friends grew pale to see that Shoulder hurt,
 Which did their Empire, and their Hopes support.
 The Pious Monarch did the Wound neglect,
 And for one Mortal Stroke did all his might collect,
 Like some Celestial Sword of temper'd Flame,
 Down on the *Frank* keen *Caliburno* came.

It

It fell upon his Neck with vengeful Sway,
 And thro' the shrinking Muscles made its way,
 The Head reclin'd, on the right Shoulder lay.
 Down fell the *Frank*, disabled by the Wound,
 Weltring in Gore, and raging, Bit the Ground.
 The Pious Prince did o'er the Warriour stand,
 Bright *Caliburno* flaming in his hand.
 And thus the *Frank* bespoke: Ambitious Prince,
 Justice Divine do's now Mankind convince,
 That Heav'n, tho' patient, do's not still neglect
 To crush Oppressors, and th' Opprest protect.
 What Seas of Blood hast thou in pastime shed?
 What Rapine has thy Lust of Empire fed?
 How hast thou Ravag'd, Ruin'd, Spoil'd, Undone
 The Realms of Neighbour Princes, and thy own?
 Thy Friends thou hast betray'd, surpriz'd thy Foes,
 And broke the Sacred Bonds of solemn Vows.
Europa's wasted Realms proclaim aloud,
 Thy Thirst of Empire, and thy Thirst of Blood.
 Long have the Nations round address'd the Skies,
 For Bolts and Vengeance, with Confederate Cries;
 And Heav'n at last with the just Prayer complies.
 This said, the Monarch with a second Blow
 Struck off his Head, and spurn'd the Vanquish'd Foe.
 The *Britons* rais'd to Heav'n a joyful Shout,
 The *Franks*, dismay'd with Ignominious Rout,
 Began to fly; the King their Squadrons chas'd,
 And o'er their slaughter'd Heaps Victorious pass'd.

So

So when a Shoal of flying Fish have spy'd,
 By the Reflection from his glittering Side,
 A swift Fin'd Dolphin striking thro' the Tyde;
 They fly with all the speed that deadly fear
 Can give, to scape the glorious Ravager :
 The noise of clashing Arms, amazing Cries,
 And horrid Clamours, rend th' astonish'd Skies.
 Anguish, Despair, Distraction, ghastly Fear,
 In all their frightful Forms, and Looks appear.
 Thro' every Street ran down a Sea of Blood,
 Shields, Heads, and Helms lay mingled in the Flood.
 The King prest onward with resistless Force,
 Nor dar'd they make a Stand to stay his course:
 As when to Plant some Island newly found,
 Men Fire the Woods to free th' unwholsome Ground.
 The lawless Flames born by Impetuous Winds,
 Burn down the ancient Oaks, and lofty Pines.
 They clear the Region, and enrich the Soil
 With heaps of Ashes, and the Forest's spoil.
 So did th' invading Monarch make his way,
 So thick the Spoils behind the Conquerour lay.

The *Franks* at last, seeing *Lutetia* lost,
 That nothing could resist the *British* Host,
 By prudent *Clodion's* Counsel made a stand,
 Threw down their Arms, and did their Lives demand.
 Then *Clodion* thus the *British* King bespoke :
 We your Compassion, mighty Prince, invoke.
Lutetia's yours, we your Imperial Sway
 Will, as your Subjects, or your Slaves, obey.

Your

Your raging Troops, Victorious King, restrain,
 And save the *Gallie* Youth who yet remain.
 Our Wives, our Maids, our Babes for Pity cry,
 Your Justice will not let the Guileless dy.
 From the destroying Sword their Lives secure,
 And let your Mercy Triumph o'er your Power.

He said. The King did with Compassion melt,
 And in his Breast relenting Mercy felt.
 Enough of Blood he cry'd, the Sword forbear,
 Th' Oppressor's Slain, let us the Subject spare.
 The *British* Youth the King's Command obey'd,
 And Soon the progress of the Sword was stay'd.

Thus in despite of all th' Efforts that Hell
 And Earth could make the *Briton* to repell,
 With wondrous Toyl, and mighty Fortitude,
 The valiant King the haughty *Frank* Subdu'd.

The

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T H E
I N D E X,

E X P L A I N I N G

The Names of *Countrys, Citys, and Rivers, &c.*
mention'd in this BOOK.

A.

A Ballaba, Appleby in West-
morland.

Abum, the River Humber.

Alaunus, the River Alne or
North Tync in Northum-
berland.

Alba, Mountauban in Lan-
guedoc.

Alba, the River Elbe : It runs
thro' Germany, and falls into
the Sea near Hamborough.

Albion, Britannia or Great
Britain.

Alduabis, a River that has its
Rise from Mount Jura, and
falls into the River Arar or
Seon in France.

Allobrogians, Inhabitants of
Savoy and Piedmont, &c.

Alpes, or Alpine Mountains,
those which part Italy from
Germany and France.

Antona, which the Additions
to Camden supposes to be the
Lower Avon.

Aquitanian Ocean; the Sea
that washes the Shores of
Aquitain, now Guienne, a
large Part of France.

Aquæ Solis, the City of Bath.

Arabia, a Country of Asia, be-
tween Judea and Egypt.

Arar, the River Seon, which
runs into the Rhone at Ly-
ons in France.

Arausio, the Town of Aurange.

Arbeia, suppos'd to be Jerby in
Cumberland.

Arborosa, Arbois in Burgun-
dy.

Arcadia, a Country in the Mid-
dle of Peloponnesus, or the
Morea.

Assyria, a large Country in Asia.

Atlantic Ocean, it lyes on the
West of Spain and Africa.

Atlas, a high Mountain in Mau-
ritania.

Attrebations, People of Berk-
shire.

Aufona, the River Nyn in
Northamptonshire, or Avon
in Warwickshire.

Y y

Au-

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Augusta, the City of London.
Augustodunum, a City of the
Vadicaſſians, between the
Loire and the Seon.
Auſonia, Italy.
Arona, a River of France,
call'd the Diſne or Aſine.

A.

Atna, a burning Mountain in the Iſland of Sicily.

B.

Babilon, Old Babilon ſtood in Caldea, the River Euphrates ran thro' the City.
Belgians, Inhabitants of Hampſhire, the South Part of Wiltſhire, and the Iſle of Wight, &c.
Bellovaſians, People of Beauvois in France.
Boiatum, Bayonne, a Town of Guyenne in France, on the Conſines of Spain.
Branonium, or Branovium, the City of Worceſter.
Brechinia, Brecknockſhire in Wales.
Breviodunum, a Town near the Mouth of the River Sein in France.
Brigantes, Inhabitants of Yorkſhire, Lancaſhire, the Biſhoprick of Durham, Weſtmoreland, and Cumberland.
Brigantium, Briancon, a Town in Dauphine in France.

British Sea, waſhes the Southern Shores of England.
Bromagus, a Town of the Helvetians near Lauſanna.
Bruis, a River in Somerſetſhire.
Burgundians, Inhabitants of the lower and upper Burgundy, the one the Dutchy of Burgoin, the other the Franche Comte.

C.

Calidonians, People that inhabited Part of Scotland.
Calcaria, Tadcaſter, or Aberford in Yorkſhire.
Camelet, a Mountain in Somerſetſhire, where remains the Footſteps of a Camp, call'd by the Inhabitants, King Arthur's Palace.
Campania, in the Kingdom of Naples.
Cangians, the Additions to Camden think they inhabited Somerſetſhire, and the North Part of Wiltſhire.
Catalanians, they inhabited two Cities in France, one in Champagne call'd Chaalons, the other in Burgundy.
Catuculanians, or Caticuculanians, the People of Buckinghamſhire, Bedfordſhire, and Hartfordſhire.
Carcassum, Carcaſſou in Languedoc.
Cenonis, Falmouth Haven.
Charybdes, a Gulph of the Scythian Sea, over againſt Scylla.
Cim-

The INDEX.

Cimbria, Part of the Country now call'd Denmark; Cimbria Cherſoneuſus is divided into four Parts, Jucland, Holſtein, Dithmarſh, and Sleſwick.
Coitmaur, Selwood in Somerſetſhire.
Cononium, Chelmsford in Eſſex.
Coritanians, Inhabitants of Northamptonſhire, Leiceſterſhire, Rutlandſhire Lincolnſhire, Nottinghamſhire, and Derbyſhire.
Cornavians, Inhabitants of Warwickſhire, Worceſterſhire, Staffordſhire, Shropſhire, and Cheſhire.

Colam, a Village in Wiltſhire.
Cunetio, Marlborough in Wiltſhire.

Cyclops, Vulcan's Aſſiſtants in the making of Jupiter's Thunderbolts; they were an ancient People inhabiting Sicily; they were mighty great Men.

D.

DAnmonians, People of Cornwall and Devonſhire.
Danum, Doncaſter in Yorkſhire.
Danaw, Danubius, the greateſt River in Europe, it riſes out of the Hill Abnoba, and runs into the Euxine Sea.
Darventia, River Darwent in Derbyſhire.

Deva, River Dee in Cheſhire.
Dimetians, People of Weſt-Wales, viz. Caermarthenſhire, Pembrokeſhire, and Cardiganſhire.
Dobunians, Inhabitants of Glouceſterſhire and Oxfordſhire.
Dola, a City in Burgundy in France.
Dovus, River Dove or Dow, it parts Staffordſhire from Derbyſhire:
Druentia, the River Durance in the South of France, it falls into the Rhone near Avignon.
Durnavaria, Dorceſter.
Durotrigians, the People of Dorſetſhire.

E.

Eboracum, the City of York.
Ethiopia, or the Blackmoor Country beyond Egypt, now the Abſſinians, or Preſter John's Country.
Etocetum, a Town call'd the Wall, in Staffordſhire.
Eſia, a River that riſes not far from the Sambre, it receives the River Axonna, and runs into the Sein in France; 'tis now call'd Oyſe.
Euphrates, a River of Meſopotamia, it riſes out of the Hill Niphates in Armenia,
Eyder, a River in Denmark.

F. Fran-

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F.

FRancia's Isle, the Isle of France in which Paris stands.
Franks, Franci, People of Frania in Germany: They planted Gallia which had from them the Name of France.

G.

Gabrosentum, suppos'd to be Newcastle, or its Suburbs.
Galatum, or Calatum, suppos'd to be Whallep Castle, or Kirby Thore in Westmorland.
Gallena, or Galliva, Wallingford in Berkshire.
Gallia, the Country of France.
Ganges, a great River in East-India, it divides it into two Parts, the one India within Ganges, the other India without Ganges.
Garumna, the River Garonne in France, it rises out of the Pyrenean Hills, and runs into the Sea below Bourdeaux.
Gebenna, the Civennes and Auvergne Hills in France.
Germanic Ocean, that which washes the Coast of Norfolk and Suffolk, &c.
Glascona's Isle, in which stood Glaffenbury Abbey in Somersetshire.
Guinea, a large Country of Africa.

H.

Helvians, a People of France, whose Country is call'd le Vivarais, near the Civennes.
Helvetians, People of Switzerland: this Country lyes between the Rhine and the Rhone, the Hill Jura and the Alpes.
Hibernian Sea, the Irish Sea.

I.

IBeria, Spain.
Icauna, the River Yonne in France, as likewise the chief City of the Senones, now Sens in France.
Icenians, Inhabitants of Suffolk, Norfolk, Cambridgshire, and Huntingdonshire.
Jerne, Scotland.
Jerneans, Inhabitants of Scotland.
Isaura, a River that rises in Savoy, runs by Grenoble into France, and falls into the Rhone.
Ilica, the City of Exeter.
-----The River Ex in Devonshire.
Isis, or River Ouze.
-----for Thamisis.
Ituna, the River Eden, runs thro' Cumberland, and emptys it self into the Sea by a Frith, which is call'd Solway Frith.
Judea's Head, the City of Jerusalem.

Juliobana,

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L.

Juliobana, Honfleur in France.
Jura, Mont St. Claude in France, which divides Burgundy from Switzerland.
Lactodorum, suppos'd to be Stony-Stratford, or by Some, Bedford or Loughborough.
Lanfanna, a City of the Switzers, on the Lake Lemanus; the Lake it self was likewise call'd the Lake of Lanfanna.
Leckham in Wiltshire.
Lemovicians, Inhabitants of the Province of Limosin in France.
Liger, River Loire in France.
Liguria, a Country in Italy, whereof Genoa is the chief City.
Ligustic Sea, the Gulph of Lyons.
Lindum, the City of Lincoln.
Lucullus Grot, near Naples in Italy.
Lugdunum, Lyons in France.
Lusitania, Portugal.
Lutetia, the City of Paris.
Lybia, Africa or part of Africa.

M.

MAncunium, Manchester in Lancashire.
Mandubians, People of Avois in the Dutchy of Burgundy.
Margadunum, suppos'd to be Belvoir Castle, or Market Overton.

Matrona, the River Marne in France, which runs thro' Champagne, and falls into the Sein.
Mauritania, Barbary.
Meldunum, suppos'd to be Malmisbury in Wiltshire.
Memphis, a City in the Island Delta in Egypt, famous for the Pyramids, now call'd Grand Cairo.
Mendippa, Mendipp Hills in Somersetshire.
Merseia, River Mersey, which runs between Cheshire and Lancashire.
Midland Sea, or Mediterranean, which parts Spain, &c. from Africa.
Mona's Isle, the Isle of Man, likewise the Isle of Anglesey is so call'd.
Monument, Stonehenge on Salisbury Plain in Wiltshire.
Moricambe, in Cumberland, near the Picts Wall and Solway Frith.
Mosa, the River Maes or Meuse, it falls into the German Ocean below Dort.
Mountains which divide Gaul from Spain; the Pyrenean Hills.

N.

Narrow Tyde, the Streights of Gibraltar.
Nemausus, Mimfes in France.
Nerigon, Norway.
Neustria, Normandy.
Zz Nicæa,

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Nicaea, the City Nice in the South of France.
 Nile, the greatest River in Africa.
 Pomona, the chief Isle of the Orkneys call'd Mainland.
 Pontes, Paunton.
 Prefidium, Warwick.

O.

Ochi, Hol, a large Cave in Mendipp Hills in Somersetshire.
 Ophir, a Place whence King Solomon us'd to fetch Gold.
 Orcades, the Isles of Orkney on the North of Scotland.
 Ordovicians, the People of North Wales, viz. Morgometyshire, Merionethshire, Caernarvanshire, Denbighshire, Flintshire, and the Isle of Anglesey.
 Ottradenians, Inhabitants of Northumberland.
 -----Ouze and Tama meet at Oxford.

P.

PArthenope, the City of Naples in Italy.
 Parthia, a Country of Asia, lying between Media Carmania and the Hircane Sea: The Parthians fought with Bows and Arrows, and that flying.
 Piets, People that inhabited Part of Scotland.
 Pictland, or Pightlandian Gulph, the Frith that parts Cathness in Scotland, from the Orcades.

R.

RAgia, City of Leicester.
 Regnians, Inhabitants of Surrey and Suffex, &c.
 Regnian Strand, the Coast of Suffex.
 Rhenus, River Rhine which parts Germany from France.
 Rhodanus, River Rhone, it rises near the Head of the Rhine, and falls into the Mediterranean.
 -----Roman Bulwark, the Piets Wall in England built by the Emperour Severus, from Sea to Sea.
 Rotomagus, the City of Roan in Normandy.
 Rubicon, a River which formerly parted Italy from Gallia Cisalpine, now call'd Runcone, Rugon, and Pisatello.
 Rutenians, a People that dwell hard by the Helvians near the Civennes in France.

S.

Sabrina, River Severn that parts England from Wales.
 Scandinavia, or Scandia, Norway and Swedeland, &c.
 Scylla,

The INDEX.

Scylla, a dangerous Rock in the Sicilian Sea, opposite to the Gulph Charybdis.
 Scythians, Tartarians in the North Part of Asia, and also in some Part of Europe Eastward.
 Senones, a People of Gallia Celtica, which inhabited between the Rivers Yonne and the Sein.
 Sequana, River Sein, upon which the City of Paris in France stands.
 Sidon, a City of Phenecia, near to Tyre.
 Silures, the People of South-Wales, viz. Herefordshire, Radnorshire, Brecknockshire, Monmouthshire, and Glamorganshire.
 Sorbiodunum, Old Salisbury in Wiltshire.
 Stronfa, an Isle of the Orcades towards the South-East of Pomona's Isle.
 Sybills, Grot, near Naples in Italy.

T.

TAmara, Tamerton, or Tavestock in the West of England.
 Tamara, the River Tamer, runs by Tamerton, and parts Cornwall from Devonshire.
 Tarnais, a River in Languedoc France, Montauban stands upon it.

Thamisis, the River of Thames.
 Thone, River Thone in Somersetshire, on which Taunton stands.
 Thracia, a large Country in Europe, now Romania.
 Thule, the North-East Part of Scotland.
 Thulcan Fields, Tuscia, a large Country of Italy, call'd Tuscany.
 Tolosa, the chief City of Languedoc in France.
 Trinobantes, Inhabitants of Middlesex and Essex.
 Tyber, the River whercon Rome stands.
 Tyre, a City in Syrophenicia, in former Times the Mart of the World.

V.

VAdicassians, they inhabited Part of Gallia Celtica, between the Loire and the Rhone.
 Vagenna, a River call'd Vienne in France.
 Vecta's Isle, the Isle of Wight.
 Velaunians, a People of Aquitain in France.
 Venta, Winchester in Hampshire.
 Verlucio, suppos'd by Camden to be Westminster, a Town in Wiltshire, between Bath and Marlbourough or Westbury, as the Additions think.

Verometum,

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Verometum, Burrow Hill in
Leicestershire.

Vogelian Hill, now call'd Vauge,
that parts Lorrain from Bui-
gundy and Alface.

Voluba, an old Town on the Ri-
vel Vale, on which Fal-
mouth stands.

U.

URbigenians, Inhabitants
of Part of Helvetia, or
Switzerland.

Ufa, River Ouze.
Uzella, Evil-mouth in Somer-
setshire.

W.

W^{ESTERN} World, Ameri-
ca.

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